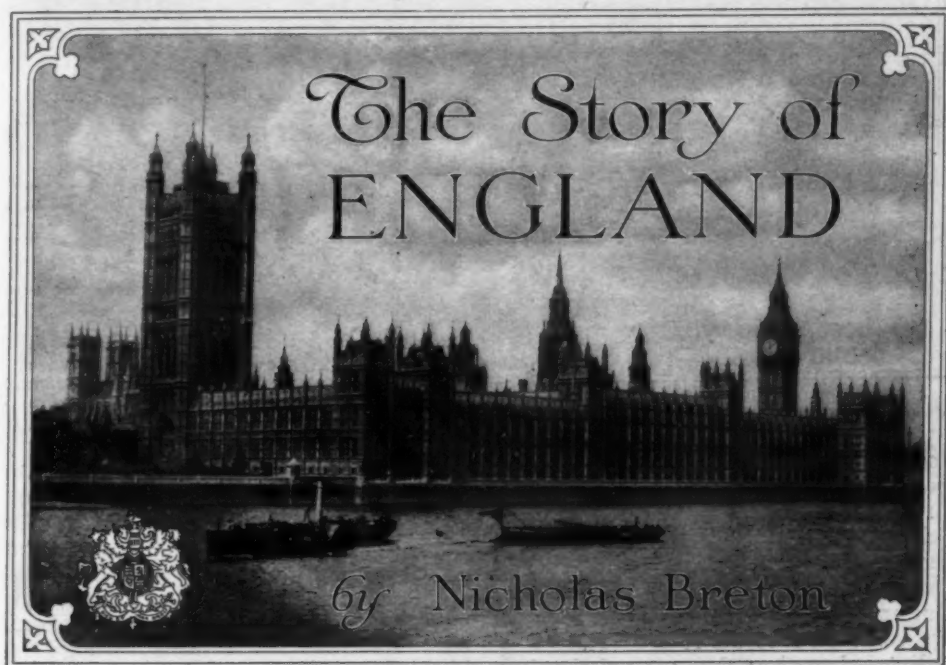


MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, WESTMINSTER, WITH THE TOWERS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY
IN THE DISTANCE TO THE LEFT

AT the outbreak of the present war, when the British alliance with Russia was stigmatized in Germany as a piece of "racial disloyalty," it was retorted in England that the complaint illustrated that pedantic antiquarianism which is a marked feature of the German mind. By thus drawing attention to the undisputed origins of the English people, Germany only emphasized the more the striking manner in which races originally one have developed away from each other, till differentiation has made of them nations which to-day seem indeed to have little in common save that far-away beginning.

To-day the cousinship is so distant that they have practically ceased to be of the same family; for, while the German has remained German, the modern Englishman seems no more a German than he seems a Frenchman. Yet when England first began to be England, with the Anglo-Saxon subjugation of the imperfectly Romanized

Britain, "it was," in Green's phrase, "the one purely German nation that rose upon the wreck of Rome."

The chemistry of the subsequent change is as mysterious as that of all other racial transmutations. Once more, as in Greece, geographical situation and climate are seen to be potent determining factors—the fact of England being an island, favored of the Gulf Stream, sufficiently divided by water from the continent of Europe to be protectively aloof, yet near enough to share in its mental processes. That curious progressive conservatism which has for centuries been one of the marked features of the English people, the power of preserving their own character, while at the same time cautiously—as some would say, slow-wittedly—evolving strictly organic modifications under foreign influences, is largely due to that geographical insularity.

That, side by side with her "insularity," she should have been characterized by such an instinct for colonization is due, of



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE LONDON RESIDENCE OF THE KING OF ENGLAND—THIS SHOWS THE RECENTLY REBUILT EAST FRONT, FACING ST. JAMES'S PARK

course, to the blood impulse that first made her. The same *wanderlust* that carried the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes from Schleswig, Jutland, northern Germany, to the shores of Britain was later to carry their descendants to Virginia and New England, to India, to Australia, and, generally speaking, to the four winds.

But before they thus roamed the four winds and the seven seas, they had to be made into Englishmen. When Hengist and Horsa landed in Kent in 449, there was, properly speaking, no Englishman in the world. There were Germans and there were Frenchmen; there were Irishmen, Welshmen, and Scotsmen, too, much as they are to-day; but that composite being, the Englishman, was as yet to be made. "The tight little island" of Britain was the seclusion chosen by the fates for his making, and the process of his making was English history.

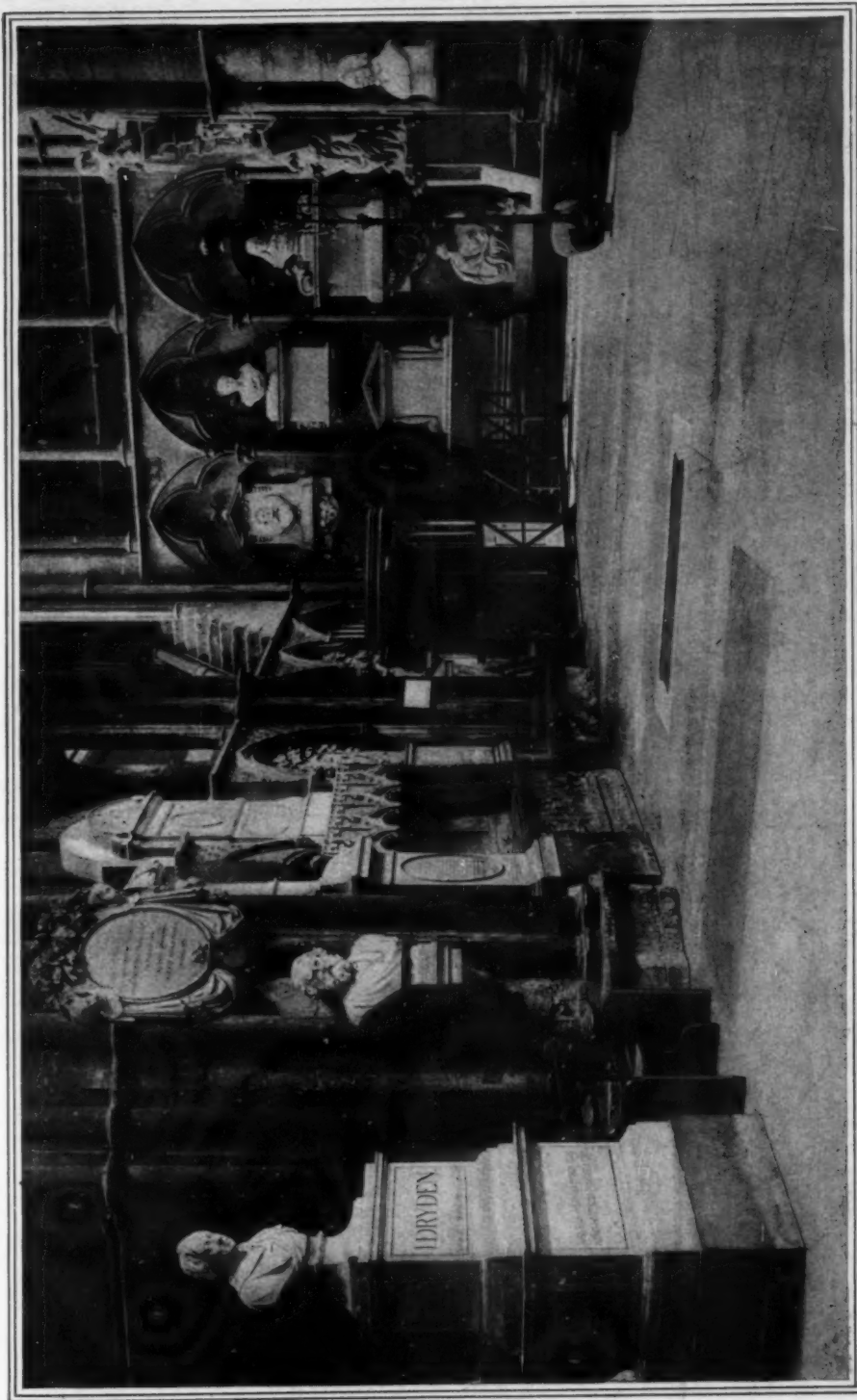
As we trace that history, we are struck by the curious fact that, though four races have collaborated in the making of the British Empire, the making of the Englishman, properly so-called, was not the result of racial admixture. The Irishman has remained Irish, the Welshman Welsh, the Scotsman Scot. In certain parts of England, no doubt, their Celtic strain has left its mark; but for the most part the average Englishman remains strikingly distinct from his national comrades. And he seems, in fact, to have come about largely by the reactions from such drastic reinfusions of

his own blood as the Danish and Norman conquests—for the Danes of Canute were, of course, of the same blood as the original Saxon sea-rovers, and the Normans were but Gallicized Danes.

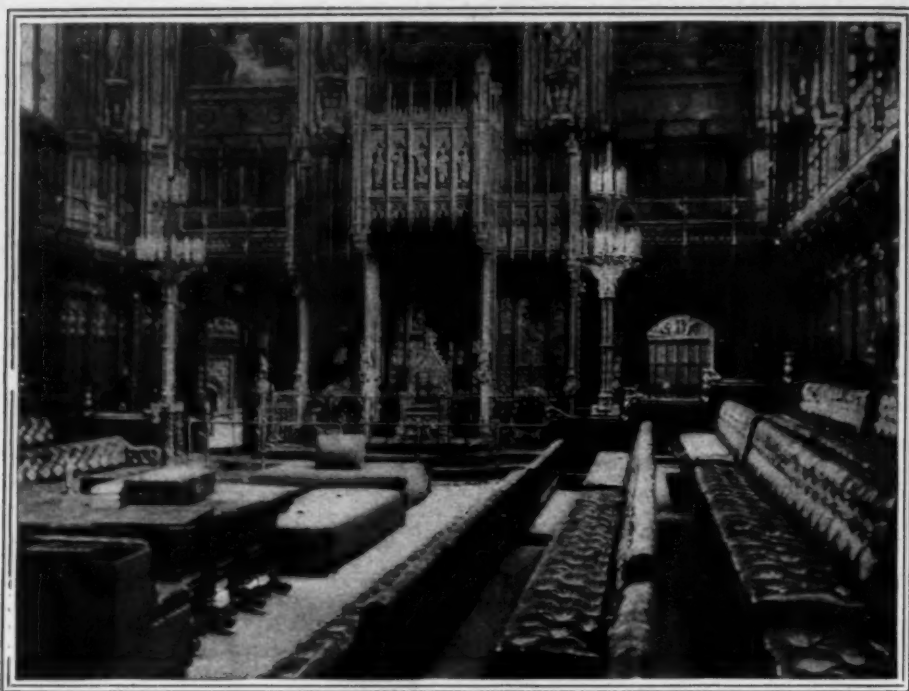
What share the original Britons whom Cæsar knew had in the making of the modern Britisher, beyond bequeathing him his name, what ethnologist shall say? It was probably negligible, for the Saxon conquerors either exterminated them, or drove them into those mountainous sections of the island where they have since remained.

When Cæsar landed near Deal in 55 B.C., two branches of the Celtic family occupied the British Isles—the Gaelic Celts, from whom have descended the inhabitants of the Scottish Highlands, the Isle of Man, and the western part of Ireland; and the Brythonic or Gallic Celts, from whom have descended the inhabitants of Cornwall, Wales, and Brittany. The latter occupied the greater part of the island. In Ireland the Gaelic Celts were known as Scots, and in northern Britain they were known as Picts.

The Roman occupation, which was not completed till the reign of Hadrian (A.D. 117-138), was confined to southern and central Britain. Though the native chiefs became Romanized, the Roman colonists were too small in number to leaven the Celtic population; and when, in the fifth century, the Gothic invasions forced Rome to withdraw her forces for the protection of her nearer provinces, she had left little



POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—IN THIS CORNER OF ENGLAND'S NATIONAL TEMPLE OF FAME ARE BURIED CHAUCER, SPENSER, TENNYSON, AND BROWNING—THE MONUMENT ON THE LEFT IS THAT OF DRYDEN; NEXT TO IT IS A BUST OF LONGFELLOW



THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WESTMINSTER—AT THE END OF THIS FINE HALL IS THE THRONE OCCUPIED BY THE KING WHEN HE OPENS PARLIAMENT; IN FRONT OF IT IS THE "WOOLSACK" OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

permanent mark on Britain. The chief traces of Roman dominion were roads, which still remain the basis of some of the chief highways; defensive walls, such as Hadrian's wall; some towns whose Roman origin still speaks in their names, such as Lincoln and Chester; and a few villas whose tessellated floors still surprise us in lonely meadows.

Of material civilization the Romans had indeed laid the ground-plan. They had also introduced Christianity, under Constantine, if not before; but they had refrained from giving the British that military training and organization which alone could safeguard these gains. Therefore, when the Roman legions had to be withdrawn (409 A.D.), the British found themselves at the mercy of the more warlike Picts and Scots, and of Norse sea-rovers, who had long been intermittently ravaging their desirable land.

Their king, Vortigern, as a counsel of despair, sought safety in pitting one invader against the other, inciting the Jutish vikings, Hengist and Horsa, to help him

against the Picts and Scots. With the landing of Hengist and Horsa on the Isle of Thanet (A.D. 449), English history proper begins. As might be expected, these dangerous allies, once on shore, had no intention of returning home, but settled in Kent and became the ancestors of those stout Kentishmen whose stubborn championship of popular rights was often hereafter to give pause to tyrannous kings.

The Saxons were not long in following their Jutish cousins, one band founding Sussex (South Saxons) in A.D. 477, and a still more vigorous immigration establishing Wessex in 495. These West Saxons had, perhaps, the largest share in the making of England.

The Angles did not gain a foothold till 547, but their first conquests included practically the whole of the north of England, as well as Norfolk and Suffolk (North Folk and South Folk). From them descended that hardy and hard-headed "north country" breed of Englishmen—the Yorkshireman, the Lancastrian, the Northumbrian, whose spirit of individualism has had so

much part in the molding of British democracy.

• Later bands of Angles were to people middle England (Mercia) as far south as Leicester, while later bands of Saxons were to settle Essex (East Saxons) and Middlesex (Middle Saxons). Thus, a good two-thirds of Britain having been settled by the Angles, it was natural that theirs should be the name to survive, though it was not till King Edgar's reign (958-975) that Britain came to be known as "Englaland," the land of Englishmen. The intervening five hundred years from the landing of Hengist and Horsa had been taken up with struggles for supremacy among these various Angle and Saxon settlements under their several kings, Egbert of Wessex emerging as first supreme king in 828.

Sporadic invasions of Norwegians and Danes, beginning toward the end of the eighth century, had complicated these struggles, and had culminated in something like a complete conquest of the country under the Dane, Guthrum, when Alfred became king (871-901), and by his heroic overthrow of the invaders contributed one of the most familiar chapters of English history. But these Danes, though con-

quered, brought new vigor to the English stock, and though Alfred's successors, assisted by the first of the long line of English ecclesiastical statesmen, Dunstan, were able still to maintain a precarious supremacy for a century, a new and more powerful influx of Danes in 1016 placed Canute, or Cnut, on the throne, and from 1016 to 1042 England was but a part of a larger Scandinavian empire.

On the death of Canute's son, Hardicanute, the old dynasty returned with Edward the Confessor (1042-1066), who, meanwhile, had found shelter at the court of Duke Robert of Normandy. Robert's son William—famous in English history as William the Conqueror—afterward claimed that his father's guest promised him the succession to the English throne. Whether this was true or not, that exile of Edward resulted in the introduction of Norman influence at the English court, and paved the way for the Norman conquest.

Much as that conquest and its results were to do in developing them, it is curious to note how all



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, AND THE WEST END OF THE STRAND (ON THE RIGHT)—IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE NELSON MONUMENT, A HEROIC STATUE OF THE GREAT ENGLISH SAILOR ON A TALL GRANITE COLUMN, WITH LANDSEER'S BRONZE LIONS AROUND THE PEDESTAL

From a copyrighted photograph by the H. C. White Company, New York

the characteristic features of the English constitution, and English ideals, were already formed in the social order of that early Anglo-Saxon world. "English liberty" was already there, in germ, in the social unit of the freeman, the "free-necked man," who owned and tilled his own parcel of land, and had his "yea"

soon to be confused, as the stranger would encroach, or the unthrifty barter his rights for food and protection, and a military caste—known as "thegns," or "thanes"—was to be evolved; yet the old ideal was never long lost sight of, and all the subsequent struggles between kings and parliaments, and all the bills of rights and



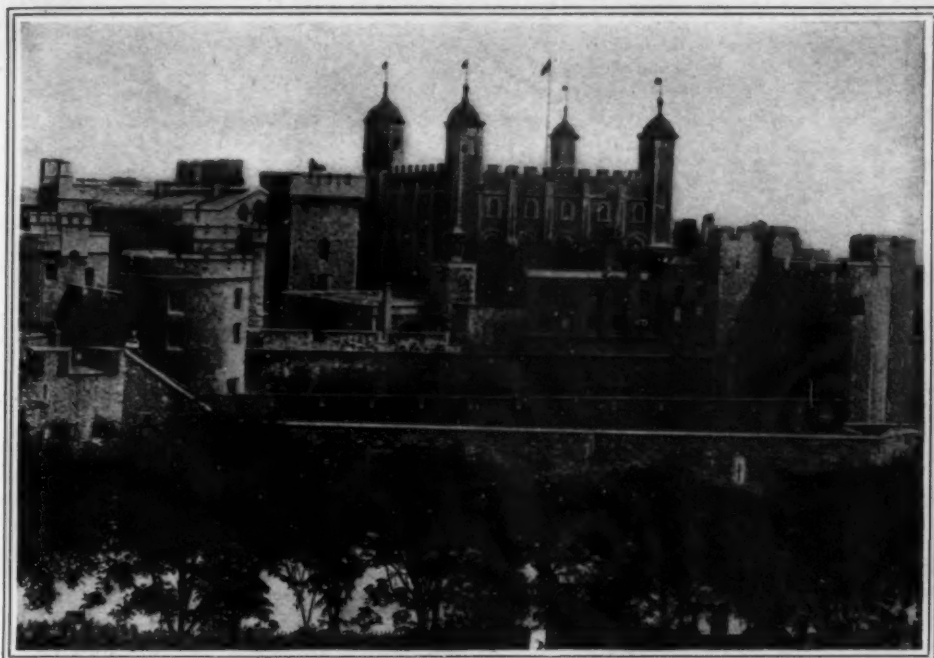
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON, AS IT IS SEEN RISING ABOVE THE ROOFS OF THE CITY—THIS, THE LARGEST OF ALL PROTESTANT CHURCHES, WAS BUILT BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN IN 1675-1710, AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF OLD ST. PAUL'S IN THE GREAT FIRE OF 1666

and "nay" alike in the local "mote" and in the great "witan" or council of the realm. The subsequent distinctions of lords and commons was already there in the distinction between "eorls," hereditary heads of notable families, and "ceorls," the simpler yeomen. The division of the land into shires and hundreds, with their sheriffs and aldermen—"shire-reeves" and "ealdormen"—exists to this day, as fragments of the "folklands" still survive in those gorse-clad commons and rights of way on which no landlord may encroach.

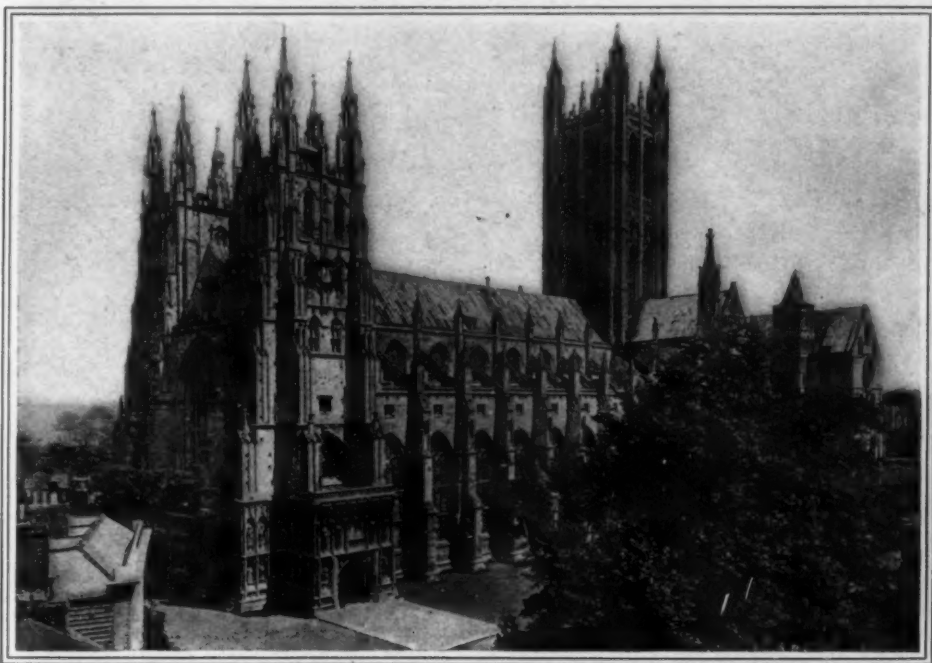
This ground-plan of freedom was too

declarations of independence, harked back to that free-necked man tilling his own land and having his own say in the government of the realm.

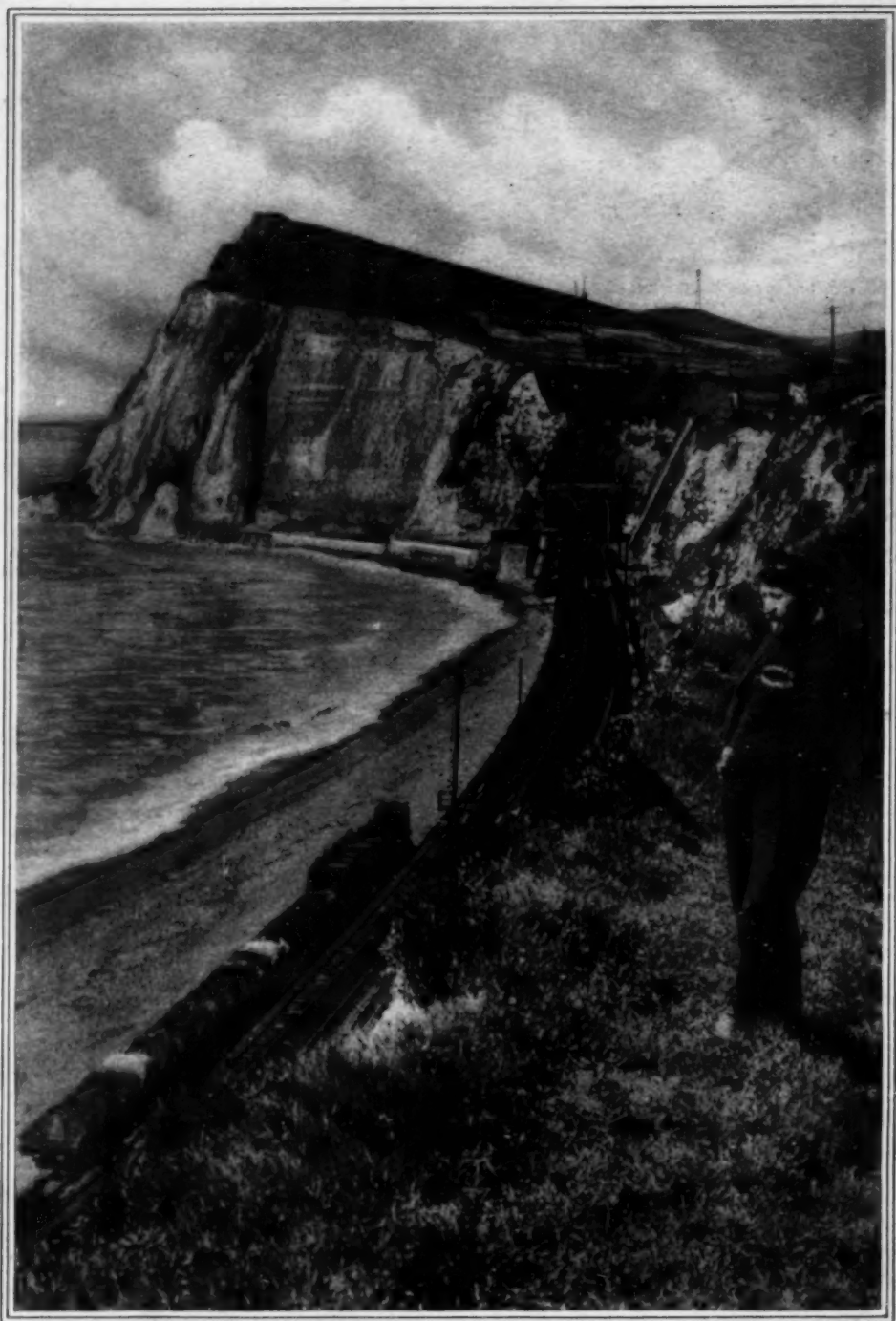
The part that was to be taken by religion, too, in the development of the English race—its political as well as spiritual influence—was foreshadowed very early in the English story. The beautiful chapters of the early Celtic missionaries—St. Columba (563), St. Aidan, St. Cuthbert, St. Kilda—and the later Roman missionaries—St. Augustine (597), Paulinus (607)—can be no more than referred to here; but there



THE TOWER OF LONDON, AN ANCIENT FORTRESS AND STATE PRISON DATING FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR—IN THE CENTER, WITH FOUR CORNER TURRETS, IS THE WHITE TOWER, BUILT IN 1078; IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE MOAT, NOW DRY

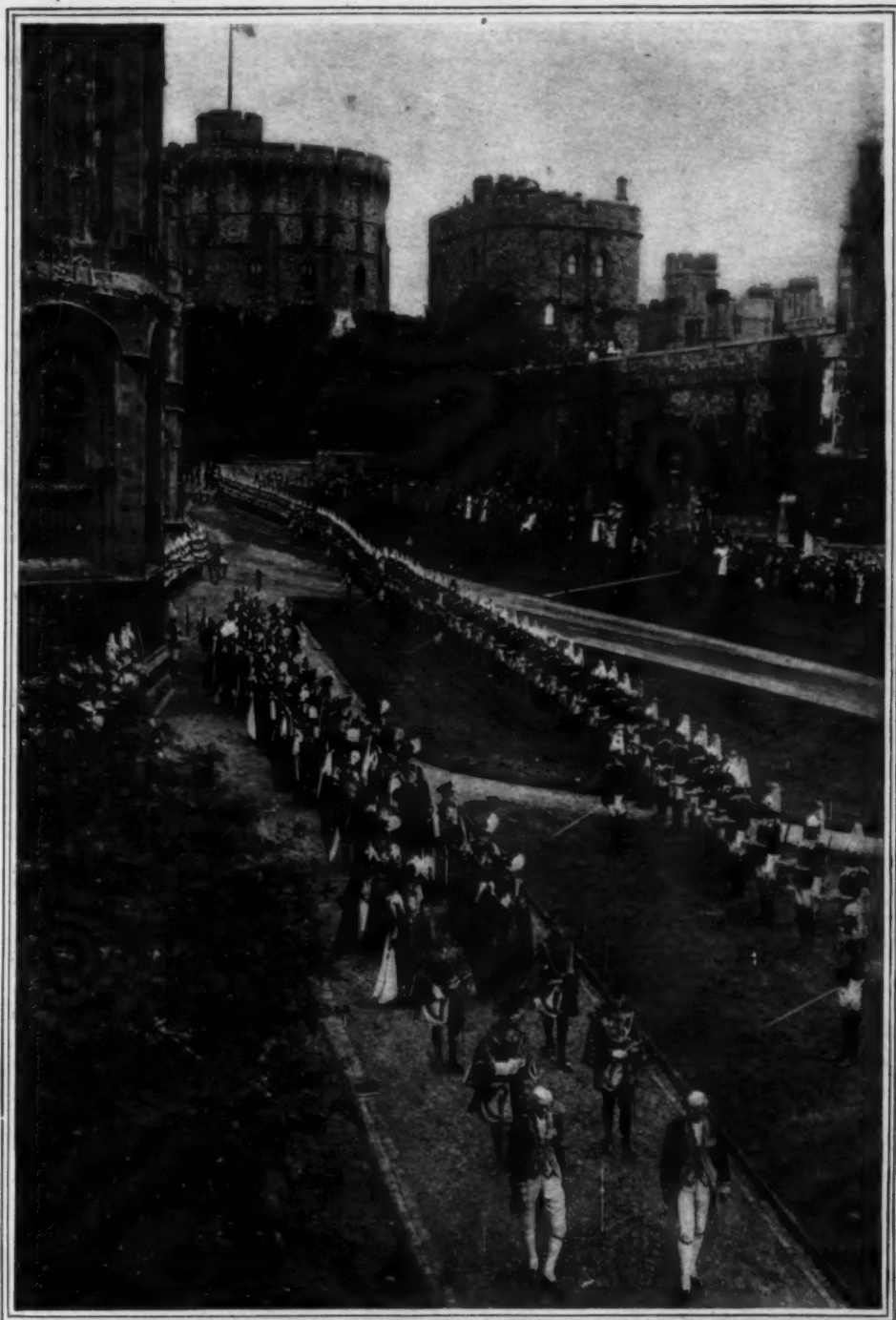


CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, ONE OF THE FINEST AND MOST HISTORIC OF ENGLISH CHURCHES, DATING FROM ST. AUGUSTINE, THE FIRST PRIMATE OF ENGLAND (597-604)—THE PRESENT CATHEDRAL WAS BUILT BETWEEN 1174 AND 1495



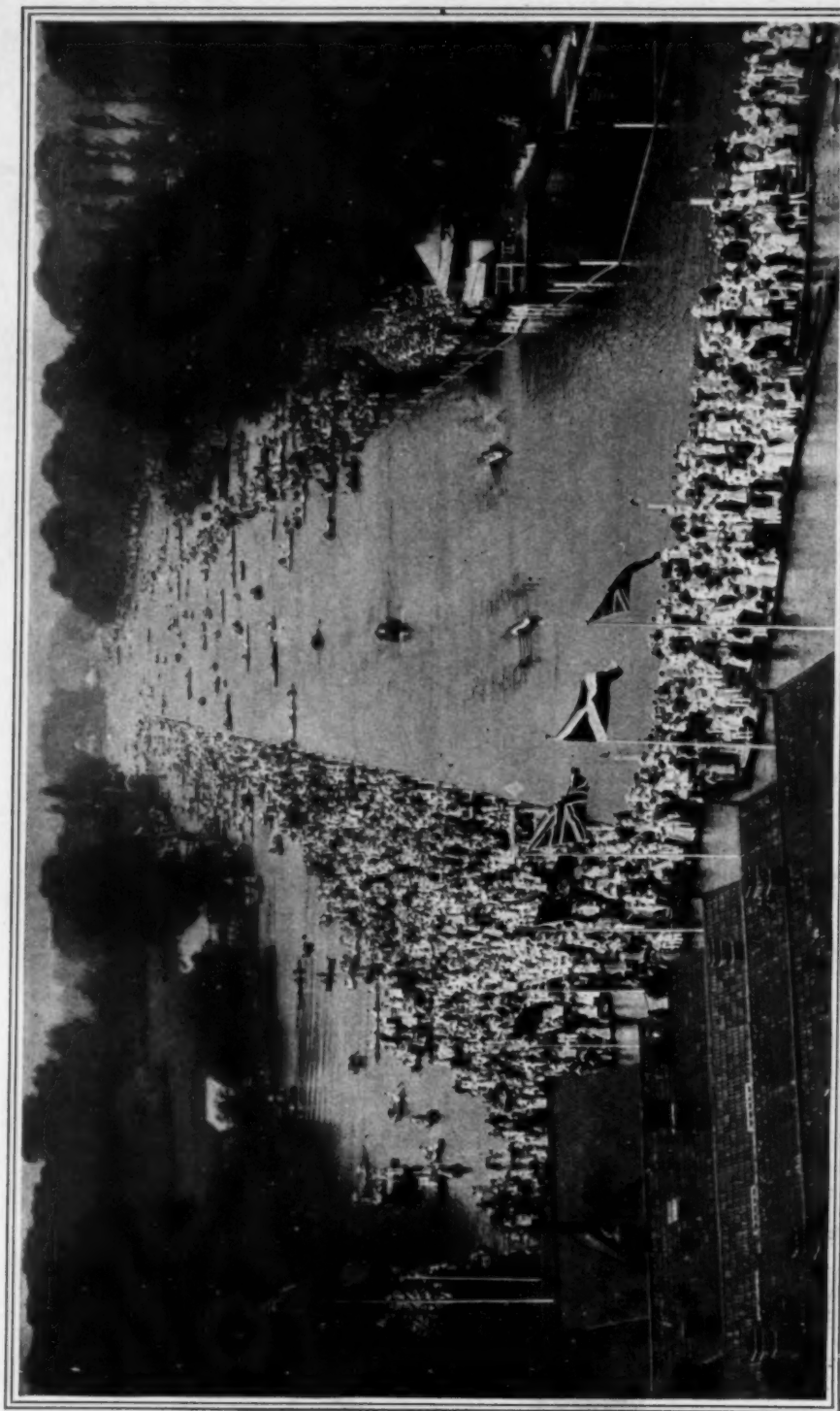
SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, DOVER, SO CALLED FROM A FAMOUS PASSAGE IN "KING LEAR"—IT WAS THESE CHALK CLIFFS OF THE SOUTH COAST THAT GAVE ENGLAND ITS ANCIENT NAME OF ALBION, THE WHITE LAND

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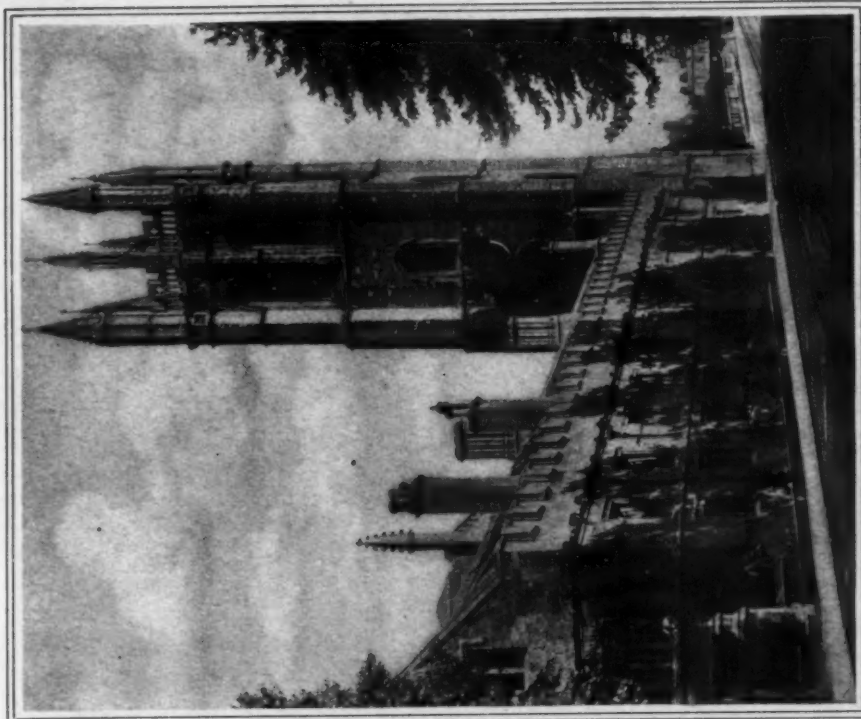


WINDSOR CASTLE, THE CHIEF COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF BRITISH ROYALTY, ON THE THAMES, ABOUT THIRTY MILES ABOVE LONDON—THE PICTURE SHOWS THE INSTALLATION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York



THE THAMES AT HENLEY, IN OXFORDSHIRE, TWENTY-TWO MILES ABOVE WINDSOR—THE PICTURE SHOWS THE CROWD OF BOATS AND SPECTATORS GATHERED AT THE FAMOUS ANNUAL REGATTA, WHICH USUALLY TAKES PLACE HERE AT THE BEGINNING OF JULY, BUT WHICH HAS BEEN SUSPENDED DURING THE PRESENT WAR



MAGDALEN TOWER, ONE OF THE CHIEF ARCHITECTURAL LANDMARKS OF OXFORD, BUILT BY CARDINAL WOLSEY WHEN BURSAR OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, IN 1492-1505

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York



KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, THE GEM OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS OF CAMBRIDGE—THE COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED BY HENRY VI AND FINISHED BY HENRY VIII

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STONEHENGE, ON SALISBURY PLAIN, THE MOST REMARKABLE MONUMENT OF PREHISTORIC BRITAIN—THIS HUGE STONE CIRCLE IS SUPPOSED TO DATE FROM THE BRONZE AGE, AND MAY HAVE BEEN A TEMPLE, A SOLAR OBSERVATORY, A LAW-COURT, OR A BURIAL-PLACE

From a copyrighted photograph by the H. C. White Company, New York

is no more inspiring reading in the history of any people, and the debt of England to the intrepid and saintly men who carried the twin torches of humanity and learning among the savage worshipers of Odin and Thor can never be sufficiently acknowledged.

Thus early, too, church and state were to begin that partnership in English government which, with many vicissitudes, has continued to this day. As we have seen, it had been the churchman Dunstan who had long buttressed up the tottering Anglo-Saxon throne. Similarly, when Harold fell at the battle of Hastings (1066), and William of Normandy took the distracted realm into his strong hands, it was the churchman Lanfranc who was, as we would say, his prime minister.

England was never more in need of a strong hand. The earlier innocence of the church was already giving way to worldliness, and the social order had long since developed away from its original simplicity.

The free-necked man was growing scarce; the more primitive eorls had grown into powerful hereditary barons, grabbers of the folklands, more and more reducing their fellows to dependence upon their bounty and protection. The word *ceorl* was hardening into the contemptuous "churl." In short, a kind of loose-jointed feudal system had already taken the place of the old birthright of freedom and voluntary service. The larger barons were already setting up for petty kings, and the hard-won solidarity of the Anglo-Saxon realm was in danger of being resolved into its original constituents.

Into the details of William's conquest it is impossible to go here. We cannot trace his stern campaigns, his building of castles, his partition of great sections of the land among his followers, coupled with his mildness toward those who submitted; but one general feature of his drastic reorganization of England must be referred to—his particular modification of the feudal system.



KENILWORTH CASTLE, THE FINEST AND MOST EXTENSIVE BARONIAL RUIN IN ENGLAND—FOUNDED IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY, IT REACHED ITS GLORY IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN, AND WAS DISMANTLED BY CROMWELL'S SOLDIERS—THE PICTURE SHOWS LEICESTER'S BUILDINGS (LEFT) AND THE NORMAN KEEP (RIGHT)

As it already existed half-developed in England, and indeed in Europe, it was a menace rather than a prop to monarchy. William, by a simple stroke, made of it a source of strength.

Previously, each vassal in the feudal scale swore fealty only to his immediate

register of landholders, down to the humblest vassal, for the purposes of taxation.

William's expedition to England had enjoyed the blessing of the Pope, and Gregory VII, in return, had counted on having the conqueror do homage to him for his new kingdom. William firmly refused, thus



THE CLOISTERS OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, BUILT IN 1350-1410—WITH THEIR BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC WINDOW TRACERY AND FAN VAULTING, THESE ARE THE FINEST CLOISTERS IN ENGLAND

superior, and none but the highest barons gave personal homage to the king. William, however, decreed that all vassals, however humble, should, in addition to swearing fealty to their immediate overlords, also swear it separately to him. Thus every man in England was the sovereign's vassal first and his local lord's afterward, and, in the event of war between the king and the barons, was bound by oath to follow the royal standard.

This was at once a good stroke for the king at the top and for the poor man at the bottom, as it tended to safeguard the one from rebellion and the other from oppression. As data for the carrying out of this system, William compiled his famous "Domesday Book," which was a

initiating what was to be, in the main, the national policy of England toward the papal see throughout its history. Also, though William substituted Norman ecclesiastics for Saxon, he supported the English church in its traditional attitude of independence, and constituted himself what one might call its political head.

Generally, in church and state, William and his Normans, who were skilled in military and governmental arts, imposed a salutary reorganization on a people greatly in need of it. With Norman rule, too, came the finer Norman culture, and that association with the broader intellectual life of Europe which was periodically to quicken the slower English genius and create English literature. The fusion of



THE CHOIR OF GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL, A FINE SPECIMEN OF PERPENDICULAR GOTHIC, AND THE EAST WINDOW, WHICH IS THE LARGEST IN ENGLAND, MEASURING SEVENTY-TWO BY THIRTY-EIGHT FEET—ON THE LEFT IS THE TOMB OF EDWARD II (DIED 1327)

Norman and Saxon in language, as in other matters, was to take two centuries, but when we see it finally completed in the writings of Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400), we find that it is the English character that has conquered, and that the ground-swell of national life was still, as it was always to remain, Anglo-Saxon. In Chaucer's day official recognition of this fact was made by the English language, much as we know it to-day, superseding the Norman French as the language of the law-courts.

To William's family connections in France, his dukeship of Normandy and all that it entailed, we owe England's entrance into continental politics, her long rivalry with France, many glorious and foolish wars; but with these and other complications was opened the door, too, to foreign trade. It is from this period that the rise of English commerce may be said to date, with the growth of towns, whose merchants were soon rich enough to buy franchises from the king, and, thus protected against the barons, inaugurated that wealthy middle class which was to be the backbone of future parliaments and the chief factor in the long struggle for popular government.

In a word, as Green has said, it is to William and his Normans that "we owe not merely English wealth and English freedom, but England herself." At his death, so to say, the equation of England was fully stated. Her subsequent history was but to be its working out. England had become England; the Englishman as a national type had been created. His character had set, and his ideals and the problems of their solution were already face to face. Her destiny was already announced as a free, a democratic people, a trading people, and a religious people.

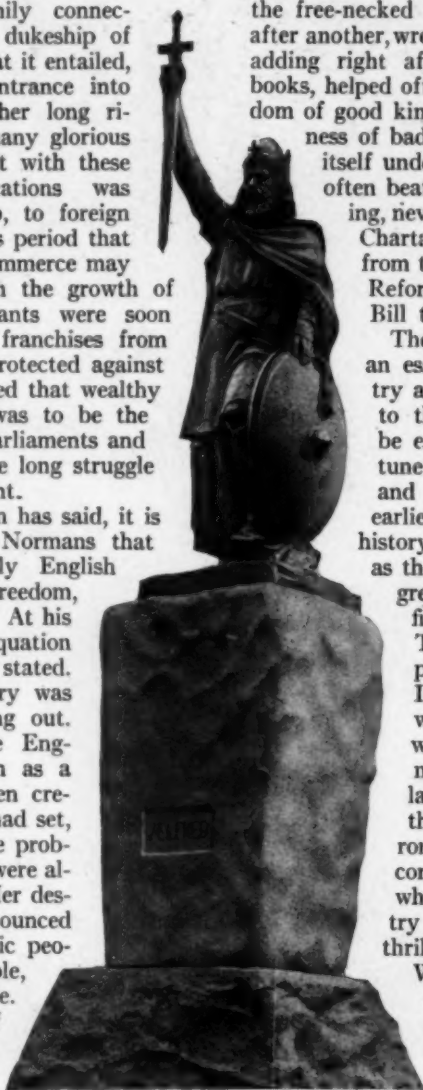
In the fulfilment of that destiny, she was to meet with the customary obstacles in the evolution of freedom anywhere—

tyrannous kings, selfish aristocracies, frivolous wars; but, whatever the forces of suppression or reaction, she was never to lose sight of her ideal, never to forget that free-necked man of her earliest day. Beneath the heraldic surface of her subsequent history—the dramatic changes of dynasty, the turmoil of domestic dissensions, the glitter of foreign wars, the stern shadow of this or that king, or the white dazzle of this or that patriot or martyr—there is ever the steady urge of the soul of the people, the soul of the free-necked men, carrying one barrier after another, wresting charter after charter, adding right after right to the statute-books, helped often by the justice and wisdom of good kings, profiting by the weakness of bad ones, and grimly steeling itself under the tyranny of despots; often beaten down, but never yielding, never giving up—from Magna Charta to the Long Parliament, from the Long Parliament to the Reform Bill, from the Reform Bill to Mr. Lloyd George.

The apparent paradox of such an essentially democratic country as England remaining loyal to the monarchical idea may be explained by her good fortune in having certain strong and just sovereigns in the earlier formative period of her history—great lawgivers such as the first and second Henrys, great warriors such as the first and third Edwards.

The glamour of strong royal personalities from William I to Elizabeth—sovereigns who, for the most part, whatever their faults, did masterfully embody England and her ideal—has, for the Englishman, thrown a romance over kingship which continues to our own time, when "For king and country" is still a living and thrilling battle-cry.

Weak kings, even, are associated with popular victories; such a king as John, for example, from whose extremity barons and people together wrung that immortal Magna Charta (June



STATUE OF KING ALFRED, "THE FIRST OF THE ENGLISH," IN THE ANCIENT CITY OF WINCHESTER, WHICH WAS HIS CAPITAL



15, 1215), by which it was forever established that "no free man shall be taken or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or outlawed, or banished, or in any way destroyed, nor will we go upon him or upon him send, except by the legal judgment of his peers or by the

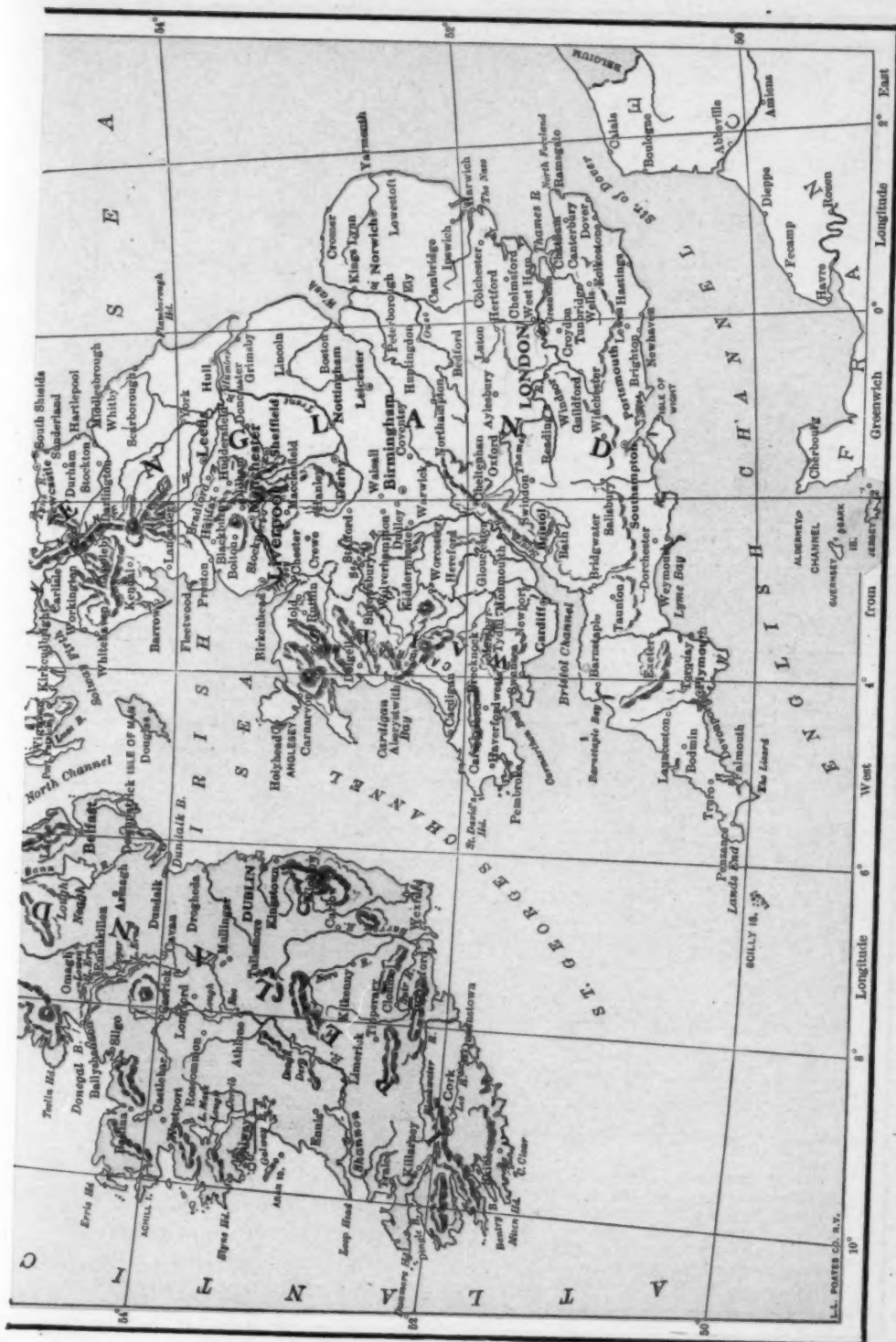
law of the land. To no one will we sell, to no one will we deny, or delay, right or justice."

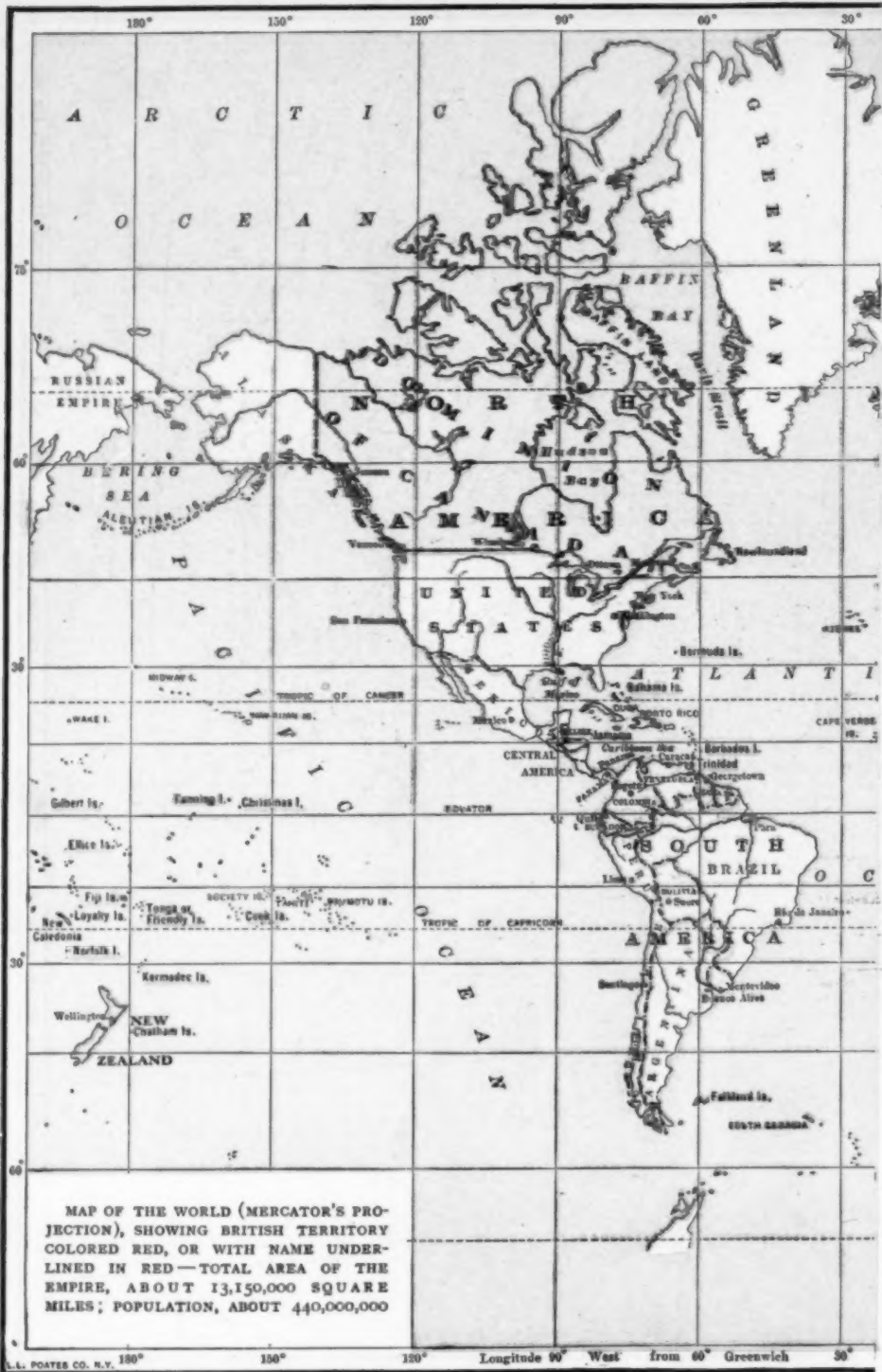
Wonderful, solemn words, once written,
never to be erased from English hearts!

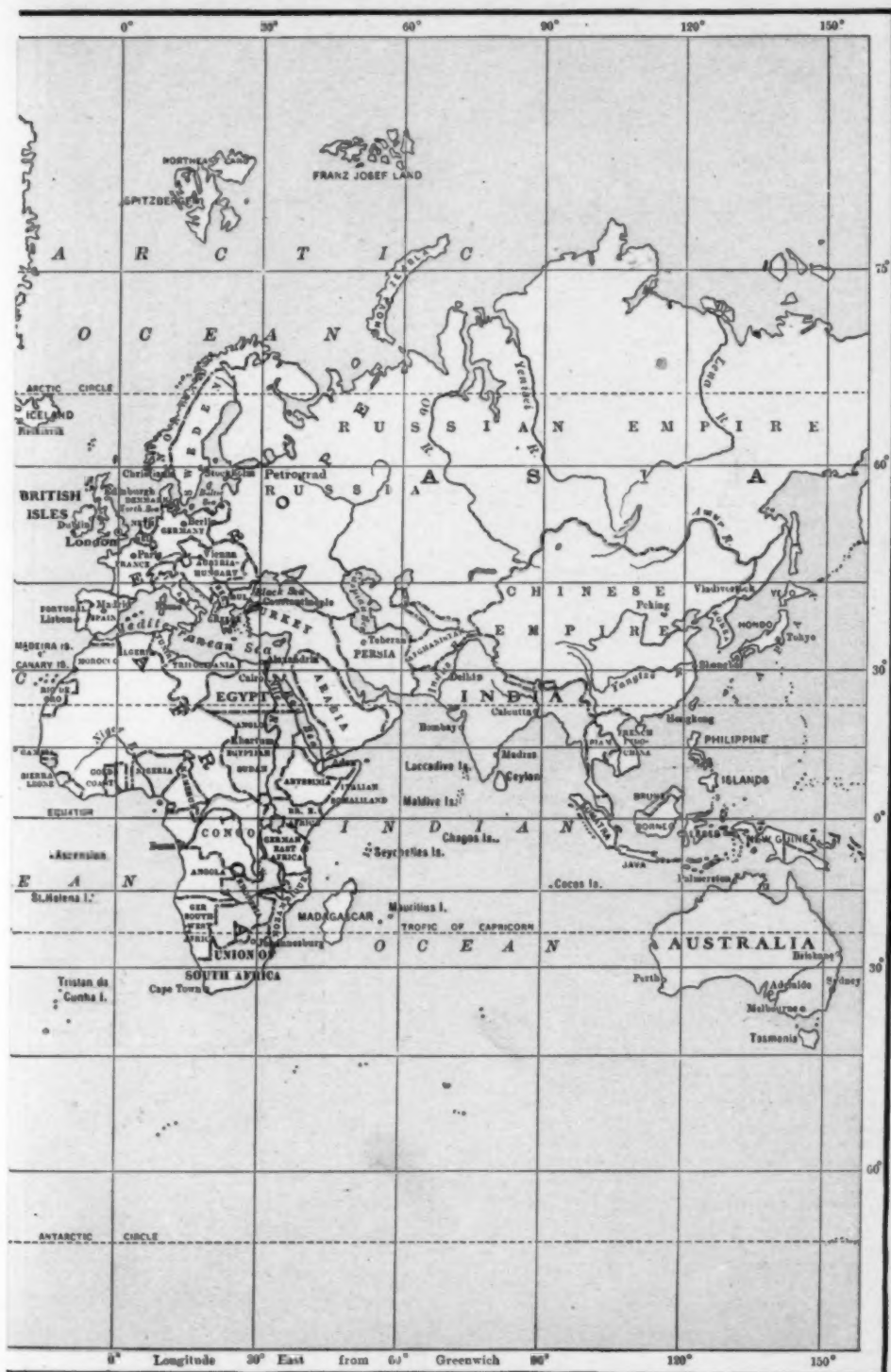
Again, a king like Henry III gives occa-

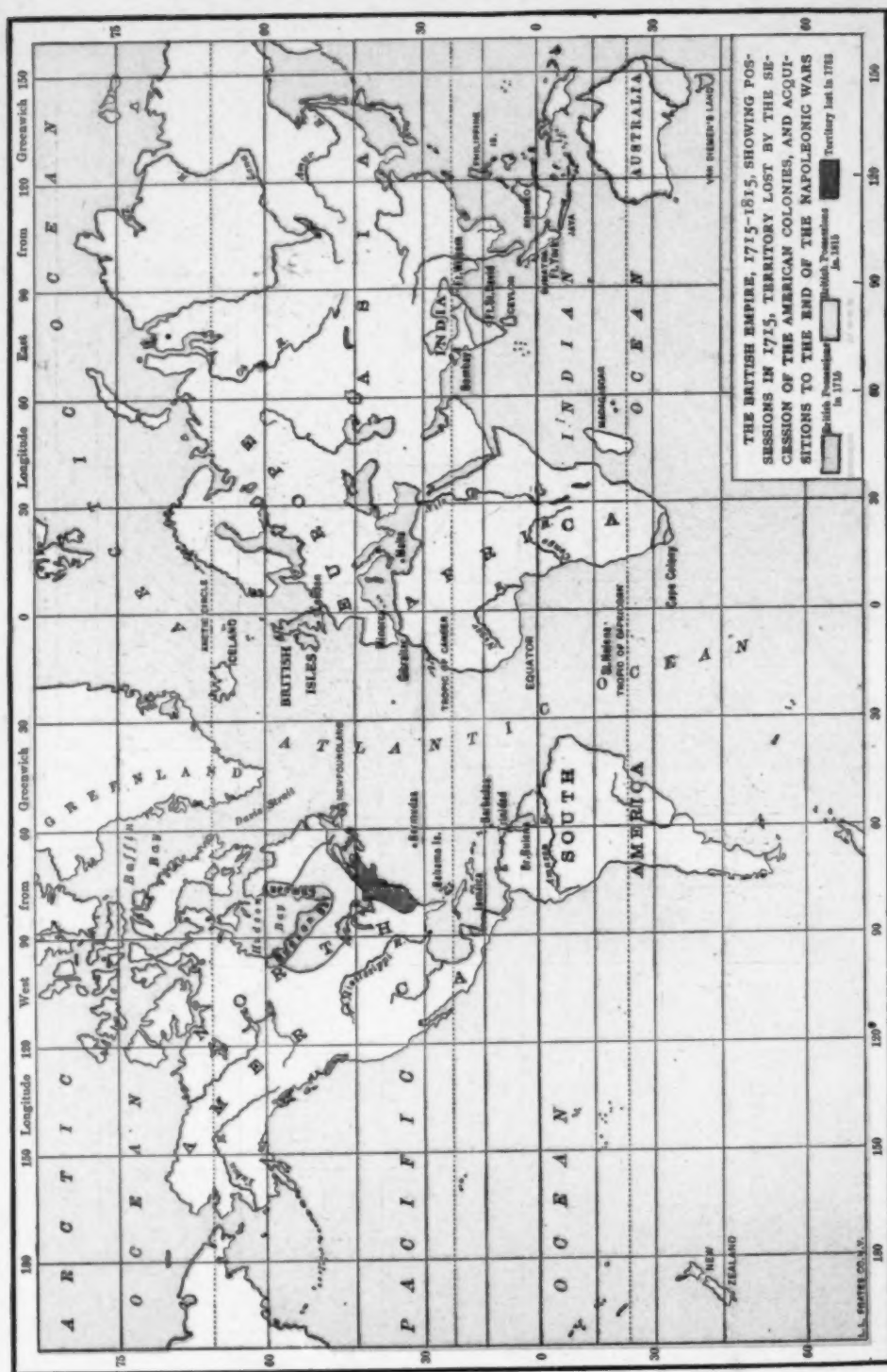


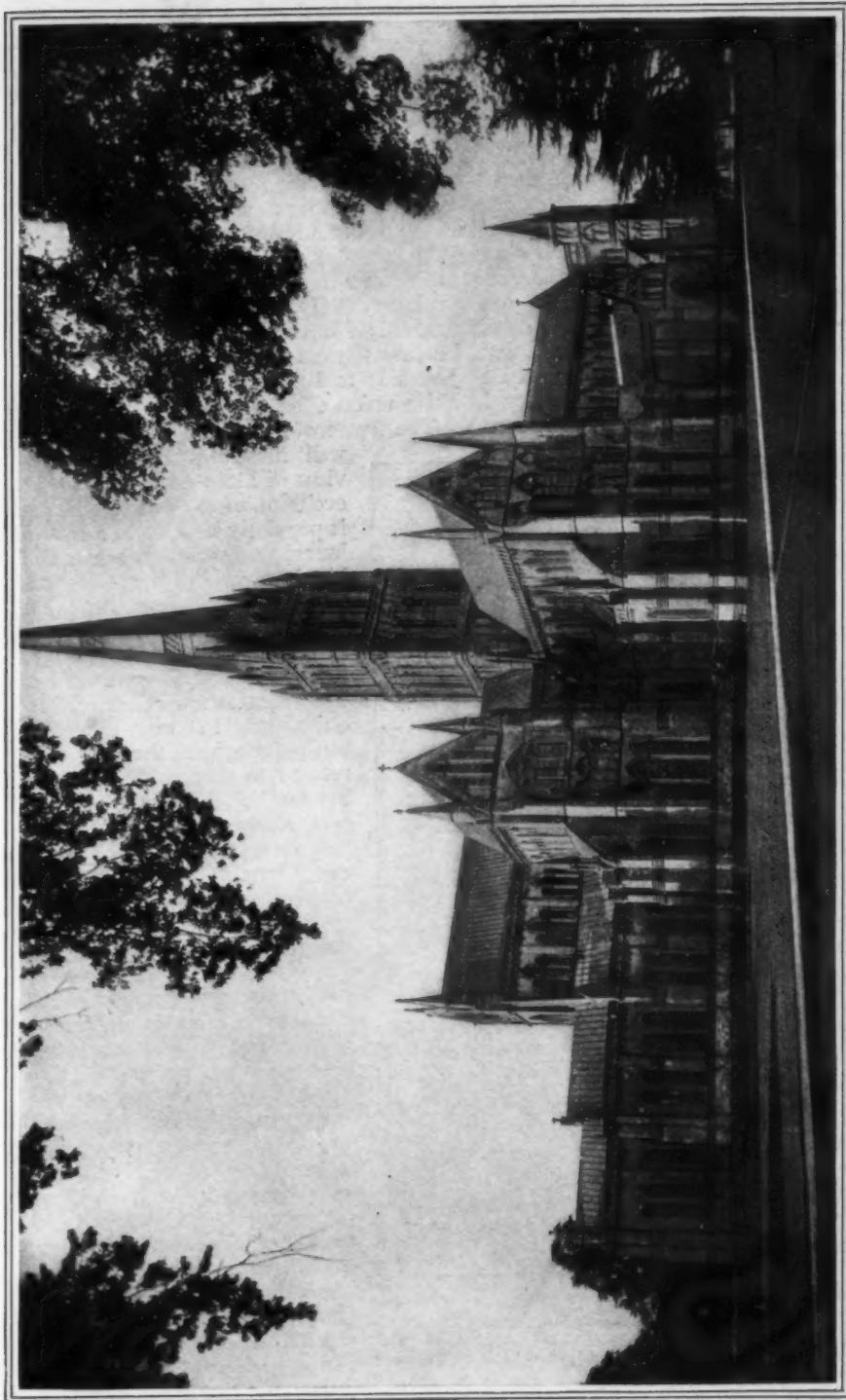












SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, THE FINEST EXAMPLE OF THE EARLY ENGLISH GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE, BUILT IN 1220-1260—THE SPIRE, 406 FEET HIGH, IS THE LOFTIEST IN ENGLAND—THIS IS THE ONLY ENGLISH CATHEDRAL, EXCEPT ST. PAUL'S, BUILT WITHIN A SINGLE PERIOD AND FROM A UNIFORM PLAN—THIS VIEW SHOWS THE LADY CHAPEL (LEFT), CHOIR, DOUBLE TRANSEPTS, AND NAVE (RIGHT).

sion for a splendid patriot like Simon de Montfort, and for the first great Parliament (1265), in which the towns were represented for the first time. The oppressions of a Richard II produce a Wat Tyler (1381), and show the peasants the force that may lie in popular revolt.

Kings like Edward I and II and Henry V, though they may seem to waste the national time with their Hundred Years' War with France, plucked from such family disputes of succession—and the Angevin claim to the throne of France was a sound enough one, according to the ideas of the time—martial glories such as Crécy (1346), Poitiers (1356), and Agincourt (1415), which still stiffen the national courage in 1916. Even civil dynastic con-

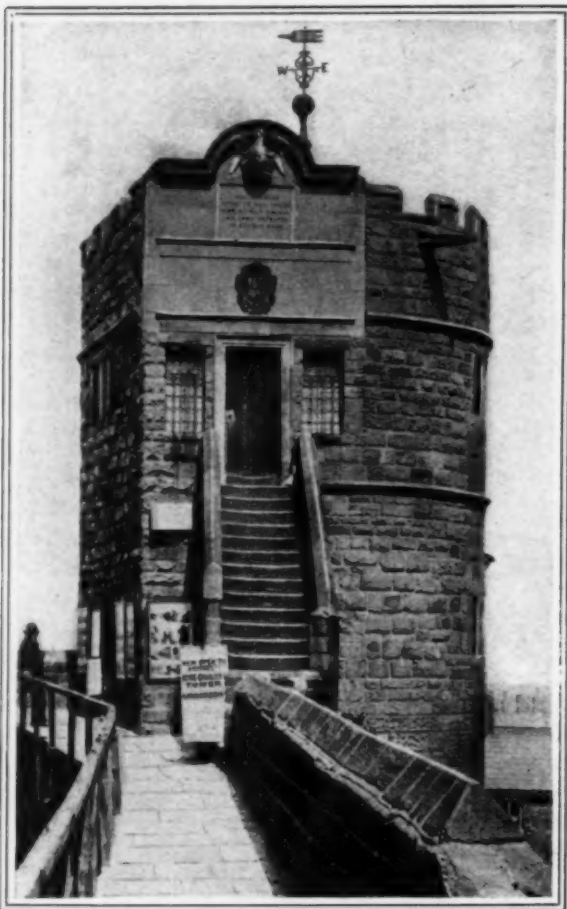
flicts, such as the Wars of the Roses (1455-1485), in which the rival houses of York and Lancaster struggled for the throne, helped on the growth of parliaments, and Edward IV, in the midst of them, had time to foster English shipping and lay the foundation of the British sea-power.

One factor that was to become permanent was introduced into English politics by Henry II's invasion of Ireland in 1171. Wales, though conquered by Edward I, was not finally united to England till the reign of Henry VIII. Scotland was England's dramatic foe till the crowns of the two kingdoms were united on the head of James I; and not until 1707 was a legislative union effected.

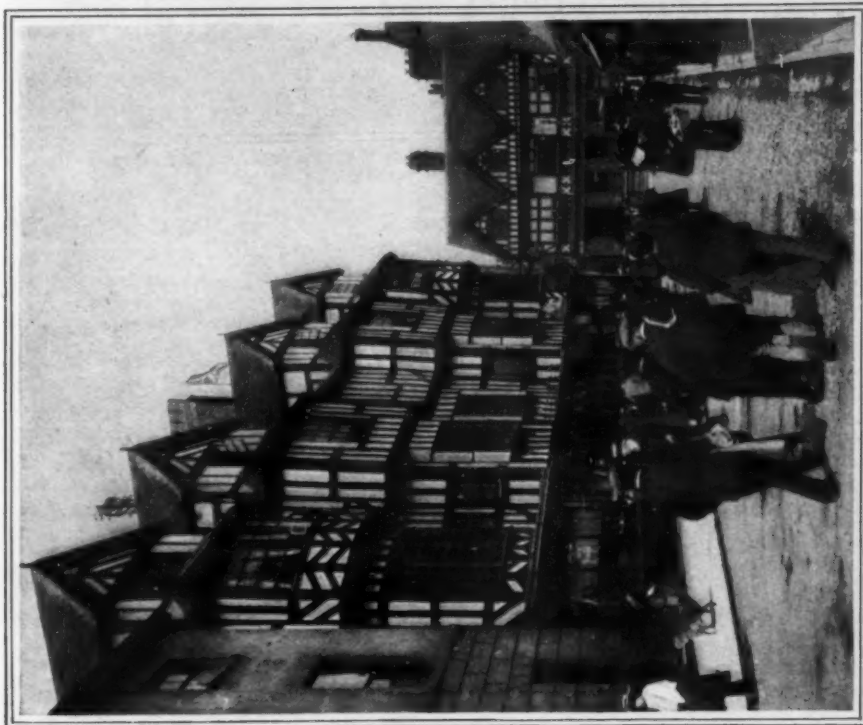
The figure of Henry VIII (1509-1547)

well illustrates how even the vices of kings contribute to the evolution of the people. Henry is popularly held up to a sort of humorous execration because of his six wives, but it was his passion for Anne Boleyn that made England a Protestant country. It would seem that the political motives behind the greatest historic movements can never be quite pure; but even though it was pique against the Pope, who refused to divorce Henry from his first wife, that led to the suppression of the monasteries and the foundation of the Anglican Church, those momentous happenings were stout pieces of work for England, and Henry had the people behind him.

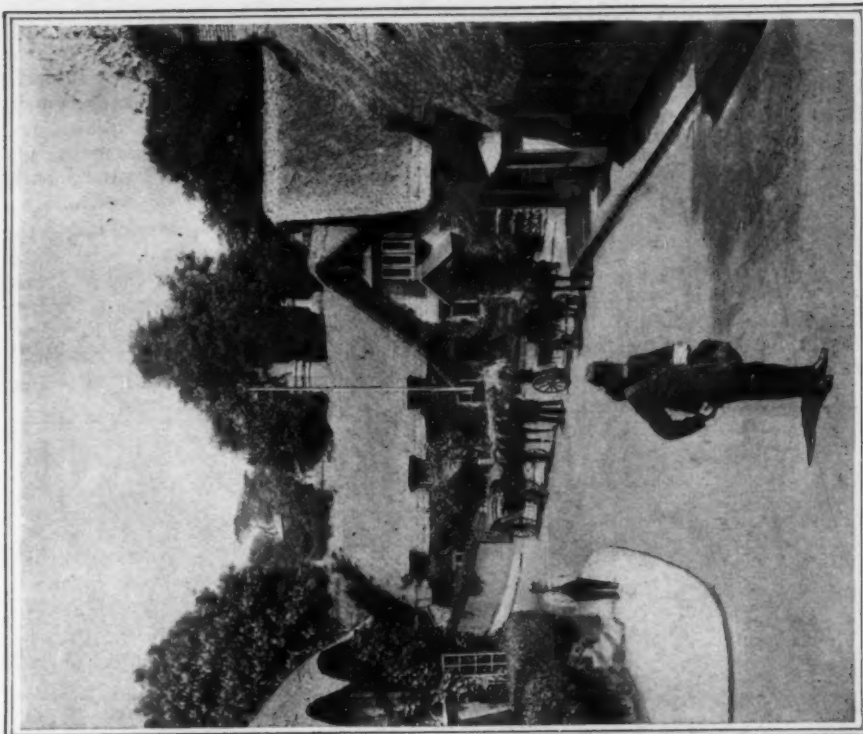
For the noble usefulness of the monasteries in England had come to an end in oppressive abuses, and a spirit that had been growing up among the people since the days of that lonely and saintly reformer, John Wyclif (1320-1384), was taking courage from the incipient Reformation soon to break over Europe to demand a purer form of religion. William Tyndale's Bible was already in the hands of the people, and henceforth the movements for political and religious liberty were to go hand in hand, in spite of the bloody persecutions of Catholic by Protestant, and of Protestant



THE CITY WALL OF CHESTER, AND THE PHENIX TOWER, ON WHICH CHARLES I STOOD (SEPTEMBER 24, 1645) AND SAW HIS TROOPS DEFEATED BY THE PARLIAMENTARIANS, WHO SUBSEQUENTLY BESIEGED AND TOOK THE CITY



A TYPICAL SCENE IN AN OLD ENGLISH COUNTRY TOWN—A STREET IN SHKEWSBURY, WITH A ROW OF TIMBER-BUILT HOUSES
 From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



A TYPICAL SCENE IN AN OLD ENGLISH VILLAGE—THATCH-ROOFED HOUSES IN SHANKLIN, ON THE COAST OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT
 From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

by Catholic, that were to stain the reigns of Henry, Mary (1553-1558), and Elizabeth (1558-1603). Finally Puritanism and democracy became one under the oppressive personal government of Charles I (1625-1649), and a long chapter of history ended in the triumphant emergence of a free people under Cromwell.

Probably the two epochs of English history most vivid in the English memory are "the spacious days of great Elizabeth" and the "Cavalier and Roundhead" period of the Stuarts, when at length the long struggle for popular rights, freedom of religion and speech, and all that is con-

how decisively England had come into her own in the realm of the mind as well as in that of material conquest. The splendid victory over the Armada, the settlement of America, and Shakespeare's plays had raised her to an eminence among the nations from which she was never permanently to decline.

Even under Charles II (1660-1685) the reaction was only superficial. His recall had but shown that England was as averse to a Puritan tyranny of her own making as to the tyranny of kings, and the short shrift she gave to James II (1685-1688) speedily proved that she would suffer that



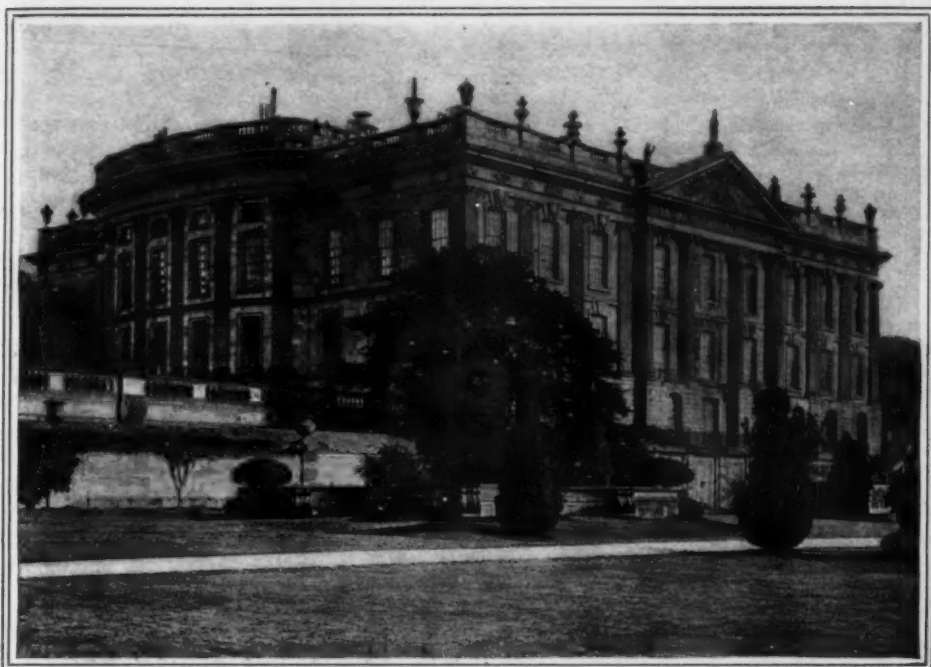
EATON HALL, NEAR CHESTER, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, BUILT IN 1870-1882, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST MODERN MANSION IN ENGLAND

tained in the phrase "English liberty," came to its final stern arbitrament as the head of Charles I fell on the block at Whitehall on January 30, 1649. It was this righteous, though cruel and illegal act which was to make the French Revolution possible in years to come.

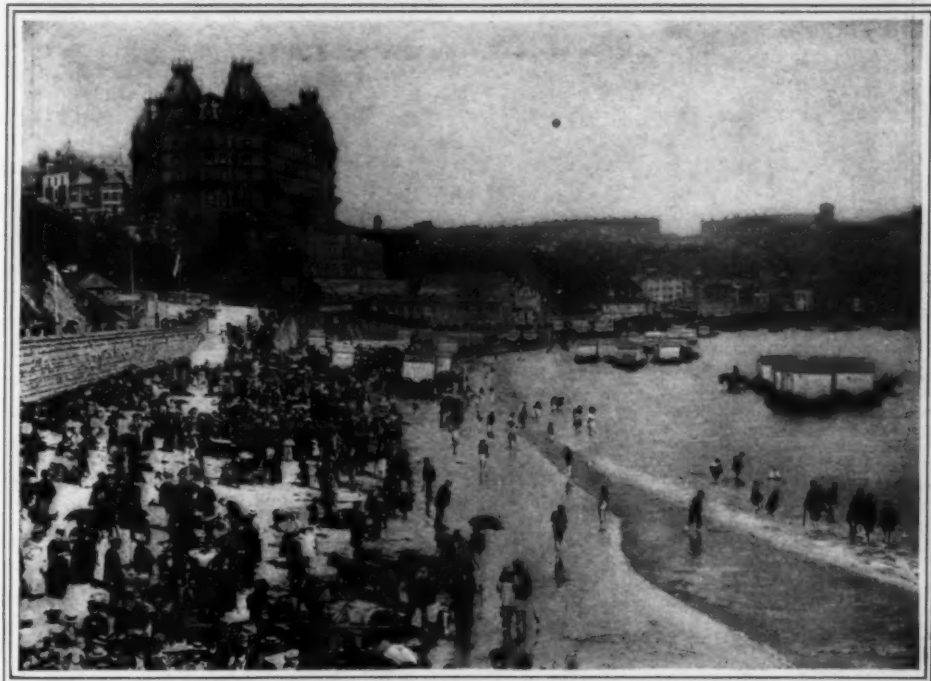
England's consciousness of being a nation had begun with Elizabeth. In her reign came the great national effort against the Armada (1588), and the crippling of Spain, at once a commercial rival and a religious menace. Now there stirred once more the old viking spirit which, with Raleigh and Drake, was to find expression in the beginnings of colonial expansion—the settlement of Virginia and the general exploitation of the New World thrown open by the discoveries of Columbus. Elizabethan literature, too, was then to show

particular tyranny of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong" no more forever. More and more her government was to grow genuinely "representative"—representative of the whole of the people, Catholic and Protestant alike—though the inherited fear of the Papacy was long to haunt the English consciousness, and was not indeed to be finally laid till the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act in 1829. The Jews, by the way, had to wait still longer for their complete emancipation, for they were excluded from Parliament till 1858.

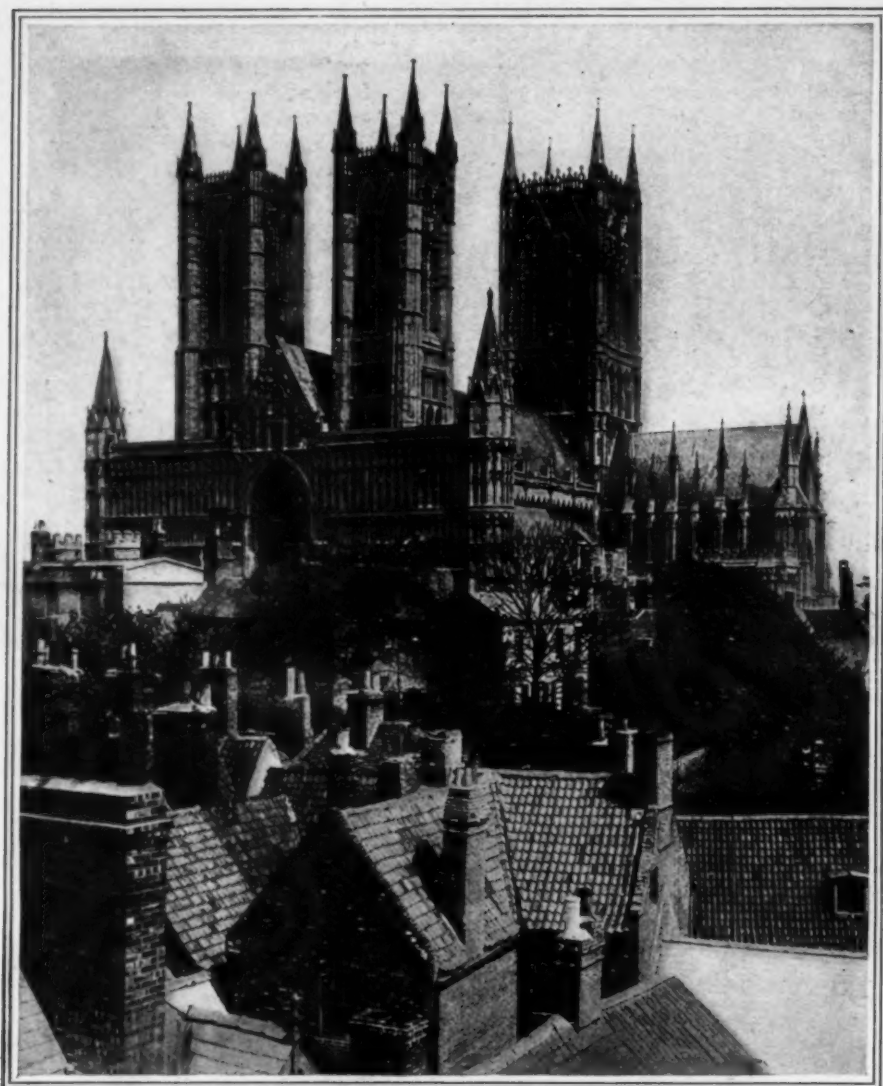
William III, of the house of Orange (1688-1702), may be said to have been the last of the really governing monarchs of England, or perhaps he might be better termed the first constitutional sovereign. The government of England hereafter was



CHATSWORTH, NEAR MATLOCK, IN DERBYSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, BUILT IN 1687-1706, AND FAMOUS FOR ITS GARDENS AND PARK



THE BEACH AT SCARBOROUGH, THE MOST POPULAR SEASIDE RESORT IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND—THIS IS THE TOWN BOMBARDED BY GERMAN WAR-SHIPS IN DECEMBER, 1914



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE WEST FRONT AND THE THREE TOWERS—THOUGH SURPASSED BY OTHER CATHEDRALS IN CERTAIN POINTS, THIS IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED TO BE ON THE WHOLE THE FINEST CHURCH IN ENGLAND

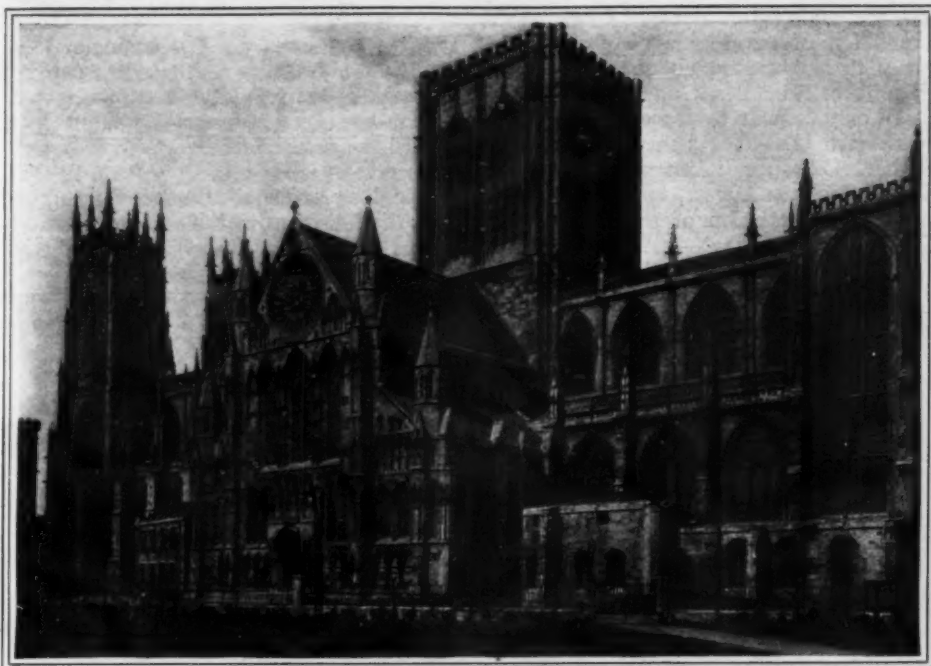
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to be in the hands of parliaments and "great men"—ministers big and little.

William's reign was also marked by the great impetus given to silk, linen, and cotton manufactures by the influx of refugees from Holland and France, Flemings, Walloons, and Huguenots. There ensued a national reaching out for new markets and the building up of colonies, in mercantile rivalry with France. The East India Com-

pany, originally inaugurated under James I, was reincorporated in 1698.

Party government began with Queen Anne (1702-1714), and Whigs and Tories—the forerunners of the modern Liberals and Conservatives—were alternately to receive the mandates of the people, as yet but imperfectly enfranchised. The great soldier, Marlborough, was the chief figure of her reign, and his victories in France—



YORK MINSTER, ANOTHER OF THE LARGEST AND GRANDEST OF ENGLISH CATHEDRALS—IT DATES FROM 627, BUT THE PRESENT CHURCH WAS BUILT BETWEEN 1215 AND 1472



TYPICAL SCENERY OF THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT—THE VALLEY OF THE DERWENT, IN CUMBERLAND, LOOKING FROM THE FOOT OF DERWENTWATER TOWARD BASSENTHWAITE LAKE

From a copyrighted photograph, by the H. C. White Company, New York

in a war undertaken to block Louis XIV's acquisition of the throne of Spain—gave names to England's illuminated war-scroll (Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet) only second to those written there by Edward III. It was this war that gave England Gibraltar, taken by Admiral Sir George Rooke in August, 1704.

With the accession of the Hanoverian, George I (1714-1727)—picturesquely but

by Clive's foundation of an empire in India (1751-1759), and by the preaching of John Wesley. This last was one more popular outbreak of the religious spirit of England, which, like its forerunners, was to tend toward the further democratization of government.

The long reign of George III (1760-1820) is full of memorable history. In its glories the stupid king had certainly no



REMAINS OF THE ROMAN WALL BUILT ACROSS ENGLAND FROM THE SOLWAY FIRTH TO THE NORTH SEA AS A DEFENSE AGAINST THE NORTHERN TRIBES—IT IS ASCRIBED TO THE EMPEROR HADRIAN (117-138), BUT WAS PERHAPS BUILT BY SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS (193-211)

vainly resisted by a Jacobite invasion in favor of the exiled Stuarts in 1715—came in government by "cabinet," a committee chosen exclusively from the party in power. George I, being ignorant of English, did not attend the meetings of his cabinet, and the absence of the sovereign from cabinet deliberations thus came to be a constitutional practise. The business of government, therefore, fell more and more into the hands of "his majesty's ministers." George's great minister was Robert Walpole, known as the great peace minister, because of his determination to keep England out of war.

"Madam," he said to the queen of George II, in 1734, "there are fifty thousand men slain in Europe this year, and not one Englishman."

George II's reign was made greatly memorable by the conquest of Canada (1759),

part, though he was largely responsible for a blunder which may be called the colossal blunder of English history—that fatuous mishandling of the American colonists which resulted in the Declaration of Independence. The loss was somewhat offset by Warren Hastings's acquisitions in India, by Captain Cook's discovery of Australia (1770), and by the good work done for Europe in the crushing of Napoleon. The campaigns against her powerful and bitter enemy gave England two more national heroes in Wellington and Nelson and the ringing victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo. Pitt and Fox and Burke were the real kings of this reign, classic figures of English statesmanship.

Another great minister, George Canning, adds luster to the reign of George IV (1820-1830), inaugurating as he did that policy of protection of the smaller Euro-

pean states against the greater ones which has since remained a cardinal ideal of English government. When the Holy Alliance—Russia, Austria, Prussia, France, and Spain—banded together for the suppression of popular movements, threatened Portugal, English troops were ready to defend her; and it is largely to Canning that Greece owes her independence, won at the battle of Navarino (October 18, 1830) by an English admiral.

The outstanding event of the reign of William IV (1830-1837) was the passage of the great Reform Bill (1832), by which "rotten boroughs" were abolished, towns hitherto unrepresented in Parliament provided with members, and the ballot given to some half-million voteless men. The bill, which was the work of Lord John Russell, represented the final triumph of the middle classes, though the reign of Victoria (1837-1901) was to carry England still further in the direction of popular government.

The awakening to full consciousness of the laboring classes, soon to be known as "labor," in distinction from "capital," was the chief social feature of this reign. It resulted in the formation of labor-unions, and in much legislation aimed at the more complete parliamentary representation of the trading and laboring classes, the chief electoral measures being those of 1867 and 1884. Though the earlier bill was actually passed by the Conservatives, the chief driving force behind both of them was the great Liberal statesman, Gladstone, who through much of this period divided the political arena with the famous Conservative leader, Disraeli.

Gladstone's legislative aims were chiefly domestic, and one of his great efforts was directed toward the pacification of Ireland, England's ostensible partner but inveterate enemy; and he was all but able to pass a Home Rule bill for that country. The rise of a strong Irish parliamentary party under the leadership of Parnell was one of the features of the time. That and the rise of a Labor party, with the development of the extremer section of the Liberals into Radicals, further complicated the machinery of political government.

The Conservative side, too, developed its extreme wing of Imperialists, under Disraeli and Lord Salisbury, whose legislation was mainly concerned with England's expansion abroad, the building up of colonies

and foreign markets and "spheres of influence." Fear of the growing power of Russia, and of her alleged designs on India and Turkey, was long the key-note of their foreign policy. This fear had already been responsible for the Crimean War (1855-1856), in which England was the ally of France and Turkey. She added to her military laurels those of the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, and achieved the doubtful gain of prolonging the Turkish Empire in Europe. Her conquest of the Sudan, and, later, of the Boer states in South Africa, may be reckoned as the chief expressions of the new Imperialist policy.

The treaty of Berlin in 1878 prepared the way for a new alinement of the great powers. Russia and France, from being rivals of England, were to become her allies. The history of the latter years of Victoria's reign, and of the brief tenure of her son, Edward VII (1901-1910)—a popular and tactful sovereign whose personal diplomatic gifts had much to do with preserving the peace of Europe—was chiefly that of a diplomatic struggle to adjust and maintain the "balance of power" among the great nations. England's consolidation of India under Disraeli—during whose second premiership (1874-1880) Victoria assumed the title of Empress of India—her growing influence in China, the military resurgence of Japan, giving her a new ally, further complicated the struggle for supremacy in the East; as the elevation of the Balkan states to individual sovereignty and military efficiency further complicated the situation in Europe.

The establishment of the Hague Tribunal (1898), for the arbitration of international disputes, helped in some degree to keep Europe from imminent war. But the continued increase of great armaments, and the growing mercantile rivalry between England and Germany, were to prove too strong for diplomacy or arbitration, with a result which, however deplorable, was practically inevitable.

The larger hope involved in the yet unknown outcome is that policies of national aggrandizement may in the future give way to more rational ideals of "live and let live" among the nations. Then shall individual dreams of world-empire be forever laid away with the disastrous ambitions of Louis XIV and Napoleon, and the democratic Anglo-Saxon ideal shall prevail.

The Man with the Panama Hat

By Charles
Michelson

Illustrated by
R.F. Schabelitz



THE pirate and the man with the Panama hat climbed the steps of hewn coral into the office where the San Alvino operator of the West Indian Cable Company was trying to forget the heat in an effort to induce his pet pupil to string his dots and dashes like beads of sound, instead of bumping them out like marbles rolling down-stairs.

The operator grinned in appreciation of the make-up of the more conspicuous visitor—his fierce mustache, his grease-paint, his archaic weapons, and the red handkerchief tied around his head. Like everybody else in San Alvino, the operator knew of the arrival of the yacht Spiegel in the harbor. It did not require the legend on the grip carried by the Panama-hatted man—"Spiegel Vitaphote Company"—to explain the revival on Dolores Street of a costume that had been reasonably common there two hundred years before, or to enlighten him as to the true purport of the message offered:

SPIEGELPHOTE, Brooklyn—Six reels Morgan's capture of Panama by next steamer—send fifty thousand feet to St. Vincent.—MORRIS.

"I'd 'a' thought you'd 'a' gone to Panama and made the reels on the original spot," suggested the cable man.

"With the canal for a background?" asked the man with the Panama hat. "How are you going to preserve the verities of the storming of a seventeenth-century town, when you can't shoot a camera without hitting steam-dredges, cement-plants, electric controls, Congressional investigating committees, school-ma'am excursions, and swat-the-fly signs?"

He paused for a reply, but none was necessary.

"We've hunted all over the Caribbean belt for the proper environment for buccaneer stuff," he went on, "and this is the nearest thing to it. The old volcano up there, smoking away, furnishes just the atmosphere we need, and we've got a pile of work to do here—'Capturing the Golden Galleon,' 'Walking the Plank,' 'Sacking the Nunnery,' 'Auctioning the Fair Captives,' 'Gambling for the Loot,' 'The Corsair's Bride,' and things like that. There'll be some of the swellest reels come out of this neck of the woods that Spiegel ever dreamed of, and what Spiegel doesn't know about this business wouldn't take many feet of film to show. Take that winding street and the old 'dobe and coquina houses—why, when we come swarming up that road, we'll set 'em crazy from Los Angeles to Kennebunkport!"

The man with the Panama hat had been looking through the window up the mountain at the ribbon of smoke that never ceased curling above the jungle-clad cliffs.

"Does she ever bust loose?" he asked. "I should think you'd get nervous working right along under the shadow of that thing."

"She's the best-behaved little volcano in the West Indies," replied the cable operator. "Why, even when Pelée, over on Martinique, wiped out St. Pierre, Abelard went on smoking up there, just as placidly as you see him now."

"Abelard?"

"Sure. Ain't you heard the story? Our volcano is Abelard. There's a chimney just like it across on St. Vincent, and you can watch across twenty miles of ocean and see them keep time, puff for puff. The Spaniards called this fellow Abelardo. The one over there, naturally, is Heloise, and they go on signaling to each other until you'd think they'd get tired of the flirtation. And that reminds me—there are only two brass-pounders on earth that ever telegraphed with a volcano for a key, and I am one of them. Fact! You see, the smoke boils out of a hole about a foot across, up yonder. One day I took a blanket along and covered the hole; when I pulled the blanket away, up shot the smoke, so I could make Abelard puff and quit puffing, just as I pleased. I tipped the operator in the St. Vincent office to the scheme, and he worked the same game on Heloise, and we chatted across the channel with smoke-jets. It was pretty sulfury, but it worked all right, all right! Sometimes Abelard smokes like forty factories burning soft coal, and sometimes the smoke-feather is so faint that it takes two looks to catch it at all; but he's never done any damage that I've heard of, worse than drying up the jungle and making us cough when the wind is straight from the west."

"What's the matter with some volcano reels?" suggested the pirate, who had been stabbing awkwardly and unsuccessfully at a lizard on the wall with his cutlas. "They'd have to go some to beat real eruption stuff!"

"I was just thinking about it," replied the man who had signed the cable message, and who was evidently the boss of the Spiegel field forces. "Do you suppose we could put on a 'Last Days of Pompeii' act?"

"Could you?" asked the operator satirically. "Well, I guess yes, and yes again. You could bottle up that old funnel for an hour and then let her loose, and she would belch her smoke a mile high. I've tried it."

The visitor grabbed the operator's hand and shook it enthusiastically.

"Now we'll just go you, old top!" he exclaimed. "I'm so grateful for the suggestion that I'll buy you all the cold beer on the island if you'll just shoot along this next message."

He wrote rapidly for a few moments and then handed this to the operator:

SPIEGELPHOTE, Brooklyn—Rush Roman costumes, armor, chariots for Pompeii—bully volcano here.—MORGAN.

"You signed the other one Morris."

"Did I? That's my name—Morgan Morris; it's a little trade code. When I sign my first name, it's a hurry-up order."

II

WHEN the moving-picture folk left the cable-office, the operator went with them.

An Ex-President of the United States stopped at San Alvino once for a day, and the cable operator was his host and guide. A Wall Street emperor had the operator to lunch on his yacht, as a return for morning courtesies. Asphalt prospectors, cane-buyers, and the rather reticent gentlemen who make a business of running rifles south and rum north without disturbing either United States or Venezuelan custom-houses have all foregathered with the man who keeps San Alvino in touch with the world.

He is a white island in the midst of a sea of brown, black, tan, and merging shades. The infrequent tourist, subject to mingled gratitude and contempt wherever he lands—like the lobster that pays the summer expenses of the New England fisherman, or the skunk, whose skin is nowadays almost the sole source of income of the degenerate trapper in the north woods—meets and greets this outer guard with the thankfulness and confidence that always radiates toward a being who speaks your own tongue in a foreign land. On the other hand, not many white men tarry at San Alvino, and the delight of company, fresh from the States, is consequently appreciated.

The operator steered them to the club, and, as they walked, he chanted the sagas of San Alvino.

In response to a hope that they were not making him neglect his duties, he replied that he didn't usually handle more than half a dozen messages in a day, and that if anybody should want him they knew where to find him.

"But," said the man with the Panama hat, "suppose a message should come—an answer to our cablegrams, for instance?"

"Oh, Johnny can take care of that," replied the operator. "That's the boy you saw in the office. Cable messages are slow—not like on land wires—and he can read the flashes well enough."

Then he told them about Johnny, the half-breed, son of the only gentleman of leisure San Alvino ever knew.

Johnny's father had come in on a tourist excursion and had remained behind when the steamer moved on. He deposited five hundred dollars, gold, in Steffanson's bank, spent one evening in respectability, sobriety, and somnolence at the club, and then turned his back on the white population. He married a native woman who frankly wore the shadow of her people, though it was shot with the copper of the Carib strain.

There is a demonstration in eugenics in the San Alvino breeds. For some hundreds of years, be it remembered, the island was the first stop on this side of the water of the slave ships. The planters here picked the biggest, strongest, finest men and women from the cargoes, and what your expert San Alvinano of those days knew about judging animal points would make the monarch of the horse-show ring seem like an unscinded amateur. San Alvino got the first choice; then the ships went along to Hispaniola and Cuba, and finally the North American colonies got the culls and remnants at bargain prices.

The selected black stock bought by the Windward Islanders blended with the Carib, the finest savage of the Western world. If Johnny's father was bound to be a beach-comber, bound to turn his back on sobriety and civilization, there was a blackguard justification, an outcast excuse, for choosing Johnny's mother.

They lived in a hut up on the mountainside. Sometimes the renegade white man fished from the rotting wharf; some-

times he gambled with the bronzed and piebald wastrels of San Alvino for coppers or cups of native rum. There were guavas, breadfruit, bananas, and sugar-cane to be had for the stealing—perfectly safe if you did not take too much from any one place at any one time—and rum is only thirty cents a quart at Mahany's. Mahany was the only person in whose favor the renegade ever drew a check, and the five hundred dollars, gold, did not diminish greatly.

The woman took care of a few chickens and a goat, and so Johnny's father got along in a fashion that suited him, until she died.

Either the problem of living got too complex for him then, or, as the scandalized whites said, he was simply too lazy to live. Whatever the explanation, they found him dead one day, and Johnny became the island's orphan. He might have been allowed to drift back among his mother's people, but you can't abandon an orphan with nearly five hundred dollars, gold; so Steffanson was appointed his guardian.

Johnny grew, and learned to read and write, and to wear shoes, and otherwise to differentiate himself from the brown and black and yellow boys who dived in the harbor for tourists' pennies.

"He's a smart youngster," said the cable operator. "He got to hanging around the cable-office, and I got to teaching him the game, just from lonesomeness. I'm a bachelor, so there are no kids to be contaminated by associating with a half-breed. He can't mix with the white children, of course, and he's got too much money to be allowed to flock with the niggers; so there you are."

The pedigree of Johnny has not a great deal to do with this narrative, but it is what the cable man told the pirate and the man with the Panama hat, and is therefore pertinent.

III

So the cable operator of San Alvino entertained his new friends as they traversed Dolores Street on their way to the one gathering-place of the island's elect.

He pointed out where Sharkeye was hanged when piracy ceased to be an aristocratic vocation. He showed them where a British sea-captain quenched the strangest revolution that ever took place—

the rising of the lepers on Lazaretto Point, who drove the population before them, with their sores and the threat of contamination for weapons. He read the inscription on the monument that marked the wiping out of the yellow-fever epidemic of 1689 by the earthquake that buried patients and doctors alike, and the fire that burned the ruins clean of germs. When they came to the warehouse that was the Black Evangel's palace and seraglio, he told them something about the rising of the slaves under that ferocious liberator, when white men and women were hunted like jungle-rats among the caves and cañons of the volcano.

San Alvino has its history, for all that it looks like a rusty and discarded stage-setting to the tourist who peers at it out of the port-hole of a steamer passing to more storied lands.

In return, they told the cable man of the new restaurants of New York; of the passing of the Astor House, and the changes made by the subway. They smiled patiently when he asked for a line he could not remember in a song that was new when Forty-Second Street marked the farthest north of Manhattan by night.

They sketched the scenario of the photoplay for which they had costumed before landing, requesting his suggestions for the proper environment. They met a few other pirates, but it was threatening rain, and the making of the film was postponed while the operator and his friends got along to the club and to the iced beer.

The operator brought them in with a flourish. A fat man in white ducks, with the forehead and eyes of a viking, the nose and mouth of a Basuto witch-doctor, and the beard of a Roman senator, was talking in a rather loud voice.

"When the European war is over, and the Panama Canal really gets to doing business," said this oracle, "San Alvino is bound to be the biggest city in the Windward Islands, if not in all the West Indies. We've got the depth of water, and the only sheltered harbor in these islands big enough for modern fleets. We're the apex of the angle, whether you draw it from New York and Liverpool, or Rio Janeiro and the Mediterranean. This is the natural transfer-point of the whole Atlantic. The big steamship companies cannot afford to run separate lines from European ports to South America, North America, through the canal to the West Coast and the East Indies, to say nothing of up and down from the Argentine to the States. No, sah! I tell you, the logical and inevitable outcome to this dislocation of historic routes of traffic



"I TIPPED THE OPERATOR IN THE ST. VINCENT OFFICE TO THE SCHEME, AND WE CHATTED ACROSS THE CHANNEL WITH SMOKE-JETS"

sah! I do not believe that malt liquors constitute the ordained drink of the tropics. In fact, I have a theory that the human system should confine itself to the products of whatsoever region it inhabits. We are of the tropics—not the sun-blistered area that the word 'tropics' usually conveys to a northern visitor, but a land whose heat is tempered by the refreshing breath of the trades. We are as much a product of this



"RUSH ROMAN COSTUMES, ARMOR, CHARIOTS FOR POMPEII—BULLY VOLCANO HERE"

is that San Alvino becomes the terminal of twenty great lines. From here they will transship passengers and freight north, east, south, and—very glad to meet you, gentlemen!"

The fat man broke off his discourse to acknowledge the introduction of the visitors, but his eloquence was by no means exhausted.

"I was just telling my fellow Alvinos my idea of the destiny of this fortunate island," he continued. "A swizzle for me,

region as the palm-tree or the fer-de-lance snake; our habitat provides the natural alimentation. Exotic food or drink would be as great a mistake as violent exercise. Our sugar-cane gives us rum—a better rum than they make at St. Croix. Our lime-trees provide the acid required to make the heavy distillation palatable. Hence, in accordance with my theory, the swizzle is the only drink I permit myself. Your health, sah, and a pleasant visit and a long stay at San Alvino!"

"It looks good to us," replied the man with the Panama hat. "If she is going to be the whizzer of a port you think, it might be a pretty good scheme for us to make it our headquarters for sea and Spanishy scenarios. I'll look around a bit, anyhow, for a headquarters joint, and maybe for a branch factory site."

"You had better hurry, sah, for unless I miss my guess—and I was born in these islands—sites will soon be mighty scarce and high in San Alvino. I need not point out to you how the logic of circumstances will compel this to be forever a free port, just as it was during the days of the buccaneers and later of the filibusters and blockade-runners. I look to see a resident agent of each of the great nations established here, to form a government for the focal point of the transportation system of the Atlantic—the great ganglion of the nerve lines of the world's trade. Beyond that may loom the real peace capital of the earth. San Alvino may be the social protoplasm from which will develop the universal court of arbitration—the end of war forever!"

"Some booster, all right!" whispered the man with the Panama hat to the cable operator. "What did you say the old boy's name was?"

"That's Steffanson, the banker. He dreams with the Scandinavian side of his head, and talks with what he inherited from the Black Evangel."

The banker resumed his dissertation on the future greatness of San Alvino.

"I am not reputed," he said, "to be unduly voluble about the matters of business that have come to me in confidence, but I am able to state that the awakening of this island has begun even now. I have in the vault of my bank two hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, gold, to close the deal for the sulfur deposits and the asphaltum prospects on the other side of the mountain. On those two industries I expect to see San Alvino dispute with Trinidad the title of the treasure-house of the Windward Islands!"

Bergensen, who manufactures bay rum; Gutierrez, who owns the big sugar-plantation; Bollins, the agent of the steamship company, and Mahany, who conducts the nearest thing to a hotel in San Alvino, nodded acceptance of the banker's announcements. There were swizzles and iced beer until sunset. Then the

pirate went back to the schooner, and the man with the Panama hat went home with Bergensen to dinner; and here is where Minna Bergensen comes into the story.

IV

TAKE a woman of the extreme blond type, and expose her for half a dozen generations to the tropic sun, and you get some undreamed-of effects in burnt ivory, cream, and peachblow tints—either that or a muddy sorrow in which the fair hair has the dead color of dried seaweed, the cream is clabbered and the ivory moldy, and the warm glow is grayed like the ashes of a cane-field. Such a woman is either a vision or a ghost.

At Minna Bergensen's birth the tropic fairies prevailed over the tropic witches, in spite of the percentage, which is in favor of the witches. The bluest eyes that ever marveled, and the reddest lips that ever tempted, kept the visitor stretching his stories and catching his breath as he sat across the table from her.

The man with the Panama hat found her an easy girl to talk to. She knew all the island's traditions. She walked him up the hill to Blackbeard's Castle—that abandoned tower of a vanished sugar-mill, the picturesque hilltop site of which absolutely compelled a romantic designation—and helped him with the local color of a scenario he devised offhand.

It was a busy week for San Alvino. Every day the main street was blocked by pirates. They swarmed at "The Last Stand of the Brethren of the Coast"; they followed the "Jolly Roger" at "The Kidnaping of the Governor of St. Kitts."

The scenery fitting, they even switched centuries and hemispheres. With pigtailed streaming out behind, they captured a missionary bark as Chinese junk pirates. They trailed into the jungle as Ponce de Leon's expedition in search of the fountain of youth—improving on the original by finding the fountain, and displaying the banner of Castile, while most of the native population looked on, feather-decked and bow-armed, so that in the camera output they were good enough Indians for the most punctilious of motion-picture managers. Incidentally, Minna Bergensen—crowned, sceptered, and throned amid palms—was, to quote from the Spiegel representative, "some *Spirit of Youth!*"

There are four Danish soldiers and a

sergeant on the island, who constitute the San Alvino constabulary.

"Sergeant," said the man with the Panama hat to the commander of this police body, "would you mind keeping your men back when we are working? You

see, blue uniforms and pith helmets do not jibe with what we are doing. Every time one of your squareheads butts in it spoils about a mile of good film."

At first the Danish army was disposed to haughty resentment, but it is hard to remain the only spectators when a whole island is going in for theatricals. In no time at all the sergeant and his four, with altered uniforms and with pith helmets laid aside, were being the governor's guard in the kidnaping film, the garrison



EVERY DAY THE MAIN STREET OF SAN ALVINO WAS BLOCKED BY PIRATES—

in "Storming the Fort," and the prisoners of Blackbeard in "The End of the Cruise."

Minna Bergensen was in every picture. She was the pirate's bride, when Mr. Morgan Morris abandoned the managerial dignities to play the pirate chief himself. Likewise he performed the rescue when she was the captive maiden held for ransom—on which occasion he carried her down a ladder from the feed-port of the old sugar tower.

In Blackbeard's "Auction of the Prisoners" she occupied the block, while her father was the governor. Mahany and Steffanson bid for slaves in the barracoons,

and the cable operator had the time of his life as the sentry on the tower. He even thought he did pretty well as the heroic *Padre Alvino*, in the impious "Loot of the Cathedral"—a local epic that gave the island its name.

Practically all the buildings of San Alvino have endured almost since Columbus's day. Bergensen's bay rum factory was the barracks of 1585; Mahany's hotel was the palace of a governor-general when Drake was on his first cruise. Steffanson's bank had slits for windows—except on the ground floor, where they had been broken out to real window size—and walls four



—THEY SWARMED AT "THE LAST STAND OF THE BRETHREN OF THE COAST"

feet thick. It was the most complete prison and torture salon in the New World when the skull and cross-bones was a fashionable flag in those waters.

In the vaults, where Steffanson now grew mushrooms, there was a bedlike contrivance with levers and wheels. Some said it was the remains of a rack; less romantic folk pronounced it the aborted effort of some island genius to improve on sugar-mill machinery.

Could the Spiegel forces overlook scenic accessories of such worth? Not while films held out!

They had pitched battles under the frowning walls. They brought scaling-ladders and had hand-to-hand struggles through the narrow embrasures. They so pervaded the environs of the old building that the inhabitants actually ceased to pay attention to them, and Steffanson went on with his business inside, absolutely oblivious to the tumult and the shooting of the beleaguering pirates.

Steffanson did not use the gloomy upper floors, consequently he had no objections to offer when the man with the Panama hat asked the privilege of garrisoning the tower room. It did not bother anybody, as entrance was only from the outside, *via* scaling-ladder. Inner staircases were beyond the architectural skill of the sea-thieves who reared that one-time *carcel* of soft coral rock.

Up the ladder shinned the sergeant and his four policemen—now trained moving-picture men; they were the garrison. Above them posed the cable operator—the sentry on the tower; he also knew his job.

Up the road charged Spiegel's pirates, cutlasses waving, pistols popping, dragging a carronade from the ruins of the harbor fort. On the sun side of them the camera in a wagon rattled and hummed as it recorded the charge.

The man with the Panama hat and the pirate who had been his companion when he first came ashore at San Alvino stepped into the cool bank and mopped their sweating brows.

"How goes the battle?" questioned Steffanson cheerfully.

"Fine!" said the pirate.

"I hear some news," said the banker. "The Royal Mail is after the land by the old fort, and the German Lloyd is going to put its docks on the other side of the bay as soon as the war sets its steamers

free. I tell you, gentlemen, that within two or three years San Alvino is sure to enter on a period of importance and prosperity that—"

The tumult outside suddenly subsided. The astonished Steffanson found himself looking into the muzzle of an automatic pistol that was neither archaic nor rusty. At the same time Bjorkman, his assistant, was feeling the penetrating gaze of the same sort of weapon in the hands of the stage pirate.

"What kind of a joke is this, sah?" stormed the banker. "I don't like that business!"

"Mr. Steffanson," said the man with the Panama hat, and his voice was low and almost sad, "this ain't the joke. What has been going on for the past week is all of the joke there is. What we are doing now is as solemn as a bankrupt sale in an undertaking shop. You can find out just how serious it is by lifting a finger or waving a whisker. What you've got to do is to go down-stairs with my friend and take orders from him."

Two more pirates had appeared in the doorway. They also had the latest type of automatics in their hands, though the muzzle-loading property pistols still kept company with the curved cutlasses of the seventeenth century in their belts.

Steffanson looked at them, then back at the man with the Panama hat. He saw the visitor's lips receding from his teeth in an unpretty snarl and obeyed the wave of the automatic pistol.

Before Steffanson and Bjorkman were handcuffed to the contrivance that was either a rack or the bed of a cane-crusher the wagon with the camera aboard had backed up to the bank door.

The bank vault was open to the hands of the man with the Panama hat and his pirates.

Nobody in town knew that anything unusual was going on.

Up-stairs in the tower-room the five members of the police force sat with museum muskets. They couldn't descend, even when they realized that this was different from the rehearsal of Morgan's raid on Panama, because the scaling-ladders had been taken down.

Up on the tower-top postured the cable operator, doing sentry duty—watching out to sea, as he had been taught. He didn't know that there was anything wrong until

an alarmed citizenry threw rocks at him; and that was after the yacht *Spiegel* had passed out of the harbor bearing the pirate band, the moving-picture machinery, and two hundred and twenty-four thousand dollars, gold.

V

THIS story was told me by a man with a Panama hat who took a brief respite, for the purpose of becoming reminiscent, from the labor of pounding coral rock into road material. Not far away another man, in a blue uniform and a pith helmet, marched up and down with a rifle on his shoulder, but he was an amiable guard and didn't mind the interruption to the road-building.

A little farther up toward the new docks a group of men, wearing bandanna handkerchiefs about their heads, pirate fashion, were also pounding coral slabs into white gravel. And beyond them were three other men in uniform, with pith helmets, and guns on their shoulders.

"I wouldn't kick," said the man with the Panama hat soberly, "if I got an even break. But it makes me sick to think of slipping up on the best-planned job I ever heard of, if I do say it myself. There wasn't a thing left to chance. We framed the whole business before we left New York, knew just when that gold was due here, and everything—and put the savings of two seasons of hard work in the hick towns into it. We studied steamer-sailings, and figured on ten days free of interruption. They'll give me the laugh from Coenties Slip to the Bronx, if I ever get back on the line; so you might as well

tell them in advance. It 'll give 'em a chance to get the merriment out of their systems.

"Think of it! There we had the whole police-force bottled up, and the island didn't know anything had happened. There wasn't a steamer due for three days. We had the cable cut, where it dives off the rock, and the only man who could have fixed it in a week was marooned on top of a tower. It was a cinch!"

"Well? What went wrong?"

"Well, who's going to figure on a volcano? That's the bet I overlooked. I told you about that puffing smoke-hole, didn't I, and the *colorado claro* kid that was learning to telegraph? While we were cashing our big bet, Johnny took his little blanket, beat it up the mountain, and played tunes on that devil's chimney. The other fellow, on St. Vincent, got it all; and we hadn't washed off the make-up before a neat little British police-boat had us in tow; and here we are. They've got us booked for a three-year stretch—they don't go in for the small time much on this circuit.

"The American consul?" the man with the Panama hat echoed the query. "Why don't you suggest an appeal to the Abelard volcano? Steffanson is the American consul here."

There was a pause. Then he went on:

"All our old friends come out to look us over and laugh—that is, nearly all. There's a little Swede girl, with the complexion of a *hidalgo* mango, who ought to have her name in incandescents on Broadway—she comes once in a while, but she doesn't laugh."

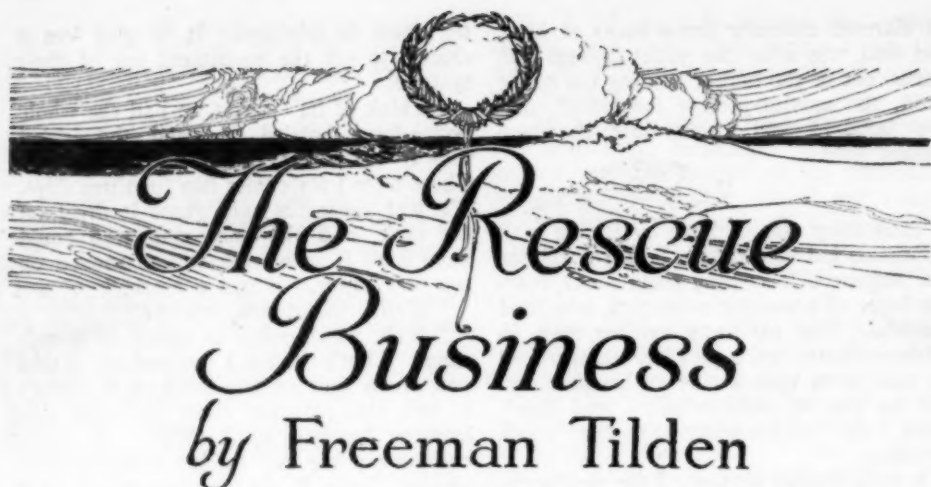
 PUSSY-WILLOWS

TO-DAY I saw a child go down the street
Smiling, with pussy-willow buds in hand;
The downy catkins opened for my feet
The gates of fairy-land.

And through them I strayed backward, wandering
Along the rillside paths that once I knew,
Finding in those first heralds of the spring
A childish rapture, too;

Gone all too quickly! And yet how it cheers
The faltering spirit thus to be beguiled,
To feel beneath the heavy weight of years
The glad heart of a child!

Clinton Scollard



The Rescue Business

by Freeman Tilden

WICKS was paying three dollars a week for the hall bedroom. It wasn't much in comparison to the assessed valuation of Greater New York; but it was twenty-five per cent of Wicks's salary. He felt it desirable to retrench. The easiest and most natural way to retrench was to take in a paying guest; so Wicks took in Flanstead.

At first the landlady demurred. She said she wouldn't have two men in that bedroom. It would double her work, she said.

It wasn't easy to see just how that could be. Probably the real reason was that she had another hall bedroom that was just about big enough for Flanstead, and was vacant at the moment.

The case was finally taken to The Hague Tribunal, which met every afternoon on the first floor, and was attended by all the neighboring landladies. Result—Messrs. Wicks and Flanstead were permitted to occupy on a basis of three fifty a week, or one seventy-five apiece. Why can't *nations* arbitrate?

The bed was of the variety known as a three-quarters; that is, it was plenty big enough for three-quarters of one man. The sheets were six-foot sheets; that is, five and a half feet long, and wide enough for a child's crib. But it was summer, and it was pleasant for Wicks and Flanstead to know that their toes were getting plenty of air. Wicks said to Flanstead, one morning:

"Old man, there's one thing I like about you. You don't turn over much in the night!"

"Listen," replied Flanstead. "You're the first feller I ever bunked with that didn't keep his elbow in my eye!"

This was a very cordial *entente*. The first thing they knew they were wearing each other's neckties and telling each other about the little girl back in Spottstown. And neither one of them felt so clammy lonely any more.

Wicks was a filing-clerk in a wool house; Flanstead played the billing-machine for an importer. They never talked shop, though, except once in a while to remark that it was the bluffers that got all the cream, and that honesty and loyalty go unrewarded in these parlous times.

One Sunday morning Wicks laid down the comic section with a sigh of relief, and said:

"Let's go down to the beach."

"Coney?" replied Flanstead.

"No—a real beach. Let's blow ourselves. Let's go down to Rockaway. Gee, it's going to be hot!"

The ways and means committee held executive session, and the decision was that it could be done. You can't take your money with you when you die; and a fifteen-cent lunch is just as good as a quarter lunch if you approach it in the right spirit.

It took some little time to get ready; but when Wicks and Flanstead emerged from their hall bedroom, they were lilies of the field. You couldn't have told, without putting the X-ray over their pockets, whether they were bankers or brokers. The creases in their trousers were uninterrupted by a ripple. They were groomed as only

twelve-dollar young men find it necessary to groom. Their collars were just the same collars as the curb speculators wear.

They had it all figured out. It was forty-five cents apiece for the round trip, and thirty-five for bathing-suits. That left something for frankfurters, and a little reserve in case they should meet two heiresses with a taste for ice-cream soda.

When they got their bathing-suits on, and felt the first ripples of spent waves percolating between their toes, Wicks and Flanstead looked around and sighed with sheer delight.

"This is some class," said Wicks.

"The *better* people come here," whispered Flanstead. He was thinking of Coney Island, naturally.

There was a keen, zesty wind blowing in from the southeast, and the surf had been running high for several days. The big combers boomed in, crashing down the shore in a belt of white, turning unwary waders upside down, stroking them softly while they were down, and then drawing them with diabolical enticement outward in the undertow.

"Can you swim, did you say?" asked Flanstead.

"Oh, a little," replied Wicks.

"Nobody can swim a little," laughed Flanstead. "Either they can swim, or they can't. The people that can swim a little had better stay near the ropes. Watch me!"

"I don't take any chances," said Wicks.

They paddled around a while in an elysium of delight. When they weren't in the water they were sitting on the beach, hoping to get tanned, and looking around stealthily at other people who were looking around stealthily.

II

THE sun began to travel faster on the down grade. It was time for Wicks and Flanstead to call it a day. They looked reluctantly at their sunburnt arms and legs, and decided to have just one more dip.

How it happened, nobody knows. The ocean plays strange pranks. Some of those higher up the beach, who didn't get wet, said they saw the big one coming long before it hit the shore. It wasn't a tidal wave in the sense we read about. It didn't need to be. It was big enough. It crashed in, climbing over a number of other sizable breakers in its hurry to land, and when it

went out again it took two human beings with it.

Well, the wave retreated, and a few seconds afterward Wicks came ashore in the arms of a big, handsome brute of a man. The big fellow kneaded Wicks's stomach and expelled a few pints of water, and then Wicks felt better.

"You were pretty near a goner, young man," advised the rescuer.

Wicks shivered, and said that it was so.

"Hello!" shouted the big man, changing the subject suddenly. "What the deuce—" He had seen young Mr. Flanstead coming ashore with a man. "Excuse me," he cried. "That's my friend Wells!"

Yes, Flanstead had done it. He didn't know how he had done it. In fact, for a minute or two, he hadn't much hope of getting ashore himself.

He had seen two hands sticking out of the water, following a ridiculous noise like liquid being poured from a big bottle. He grabbed the drowning man.

Speaking from a purely physical standpoint, Flanstead hadn't rescued much. The man was lamentably thin, and aging, and partly bald. But considered economically, Flanstead had combed something worth while out of the aqueous element. The man was Justus Wells, well known on Wall Street.

"Let me at him!" shouted the big man who had rescued Wicks. "Friend of mine! Keep back, you people! He's all right. I'll fix him up!"

There was perhaps fifteen million dollars difference between the assets of Mr. Wicks and the assets of Mr. Wells, but the amount of water that each of them had taken into his system was surprisingly similar. So were their dazed eyes when they came to. Each had the same frightened look, and each let out a suppressed groan.

"Thanks, William," said Mr. Wells, to the big man.

"Don't thank me! Here's the fellow that pulled you out," replied the big fellow heartily. "I was busy with another fellow. There he is over there. He's coming this way."

"It's Wicks!" said Flanstead.

"You know him, do you?" asked the big man.

"I should say I do. We"—he was going to say "room," but he changed it to—"live together."

"Well, hanged if that ain't queer!" said

the big man, stroking his wet chin. "My name is Searles, by the way—William L. Searles. Maybe you know the firm of Searles & Wallace? Wholesale paper house, you know—Duane Street. This certainly is a coincidence! Listen to this," he went on, addressing the recumbent Mr. Wells. "These two young fellows were down here together. I saved one of the them, and one of them pulled you out. What do you know about that?"

"Yes, yes, I see," groaned the older man dismally. "Yes, of course!"

"We'd better go get our clothes on," said Searles.

Half an hour later all of them—Wicks and Flanstead and Wells and Searles—were shaking hands at the end of the boardwalk. They had swapped cards, they had congratulated each other fervently, Mr. Wells had invited Flanstead to call at his office, and Mr. Searles had invited Wicks to call at his office. Then the two young clerks had to run for the train, while the two other men went back to a friend's house near the beach, where they were staying.

III

Wicks and Flanstead rode almost as far as Ozone Park before either of them spoke aloud. They had both been thinking hard. Then, all at once, Flanstead laid his hand on Wicks's arm and said:

"Listen. What do you know about it, old top? A Wall Street millionaire! I guess that's pretty bad, eh? I guess it doesn't pay to swim, eh? I guess this is my unlucky day. How about it, old top—how about it?"

"Going in to see him to-morrow?" replied Wicks, looking at his roommate soberly.

"Am I going in to see him?" echoed Flanstead. "Am I going to eat? Am I goin' to buy myself a good cigar?—and one for you, too, old top? See here, feller, know what I'm goin' to do? I'm going to tell my boss, first thing to-morrow morning, that he can fire himself right out of my employ. Get me, Steve? I'm going to—"

"Well, I wouldn't do that," interrupted Wicks, who was a prudent soul. "You can do that after—"

"Nix!" insisted Flanstead firmly. "I never liked that guy. I never liked his face. He's lucky I don't throw the billing-machine out of the window. Oh, say, boy, I'm in right this time! That was a great

little hunch I had, to come down to the beach—"

"It was my hunch," said Wicks dryly.

"No! Don't you remember, I said—lemme see, I was just—what was I doing? Oh, I says to you—"

"Well, have it your own way."

Flanstead, in his own ecstasy, glanced knowingly at Wicks and burbled along:

"Say, feller, you're a little sore, I suppose. I don't blame you. I certainly did make a killing, and you had no luck at all. Ain't that life, though? It might have been just the other way as easy as not; only it wasn't. Little did I think when I got up this morning—"

"You make me tired," interrupted Wicks. "Why not say you're the greatest little hero in the United States and let it go at that?"

Flanstead looked at his companion, grieved at such callousness and lack of appreciation.

"Aw, don't get sore," he said. "Look here, Wicksy old boy, I'm going to look out for you. Don't believe I'm going to drop you just because I go up the ladder. If anything good comes my way, why, you get something out of it, too."

"I s'pose you think Mr. Wells is going to turn over his whole business to you, Flan," remarked Wicks, with a tinge of sarcasm that was strong enough for Flanstead to perceive.

"Oh, nothing like that; but you see, Wicksy, a man sets a pretty good value on his own life, don't he? He isn't naturally crazy to feed the fishes, is he? Figure it out, and see where I come in."

Wicks looked out of the window. He was not gloomy, but unusually thoughtful.

"Well, that twenty-five I've got in the savings-bank will come in handy," he said, after a silence.

"What d'ye mean?" asked Flanstead.

"What do I mean? Why, I can't do any less than give Mr. Searles some kind of a token of gratitude, can I? 'Course, he's got all kinds of stuff, and there's probably nothing he needs; but still, it's up to me. What do you think of a pair of cuff-links—something pretty fine, and not flashy? He wouldn't turn 'em down, would he? I was just dopping out what I'd say. I think I'll make it short and sweet. He'll know that words can't express those things."

"Aw, it ain't up to you to spend any

money on him," replied Flanstead. "A man like him wouldn't expect it. He'll probably forget all about it by Thursday."

That night Flanstead turned over in bed, backward and forward, until Wicks threatened to toss up for the privilege of occupying the floor. Later in the night Flanstead several times gently but firmly removed one of Wicks's elbows from his own eye.

IV

FLANSTEAD reached the importer's office next morning about half an hour late. He had a gleam in his eye that boded no good for the future of the concern. After the mail had been opened, he got a chance at the boss.

"I'm giving you two weeks' notice," he said, coming to the vital issue at once.

The boss was smoking a big cigar, and was in a good humor.

"That's all right, son," he replied. "You needn't mind the notice. If you've got something better, go to it."

"I'm willing to work the two weeks, if you want to," said Flanstead magnanimously.

"Oh, no! To tell you the truth, it wouldn't be fair to the three hundred young fellows that want your job. Good luck to you! Hope you do well. What was that last line I dictated, Miss Kopf?"

Flanstead smiled bitterly.

"That's the way of it," he told himself. "Everything's a bluff in this city. The boss was too proud to let me see how much he felt it."

The young man went down the elevator, crossed the street, and stood for a while looking up at the windows on the eleventh floor.

"Well, good-by," he said, half aloud. "You'll probably be borrowing money of me one of these days."

On the way down to Wall Street, Flanstead wondered if Mr. Wells had a daughter, and if he had, how old she was, and how homely.

A few minutes later he was in a reception-room with furnishings that cost more than the whole office outfit he had just left. An alert, intellectual-looking man, whom Flanstead took for a member of the firm until he found out that he was an overgrown office-boy, looked at the visitor's card and smiled.

"Does he know you?"

"He sure does," replied Flanstead.

The intellectual doorkeeper was cryptic in his blandness.

"Possibly you have an appointment?"

"Well, he told me to come in any time," was the confident reply.

"Will you sit down?"

The doorkeeper disappeared, and returned with something of surprise on his face.

"Mr. Wells will see you presently," he said.

"Presently" wasn't as soon as Flanstead felt he had a right to expect. It developed into fifteen minutes, and then into thirty. It had extended to about three-quarters of an hour when a bell tinkled discreetly and Flanstead was ushered into the presence of his benefactor.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Mr.—Mr. Flanstead," said the magnate, referring to the card. "Important board meeting—you know. Sit down. I'm pretty busy this morning. What can I do for you?"

There was something rather chilling in that last question. It seemed to Flanstead that it did not take the circumstances properly into account. A happier way to put it would have been:

"What can't I do for you?"

"You're looking as well as ever this morning, sir," began the young man discreetly.

Mr. Wells smiled grimly.

"Oh, yes. I'm feeling quite well, thank you. And you? That's good. Fine day, isn't it?"

"You were pretty near all in when I grabbed you yesterday," suggested the young man, to bring matters to a point without unreasonable loss of time.

Mr. Wells frowned slightly. He twirled his watch-chain before he replied:

"Really now, it wasn't quite as bad as that, was it? Fact is, Mr. Flanstead—not to deny that you gave me a helping hand—but wouldn't I probably have been all right in another minute? I'm pretty lively for a man of my age, you know. The truth is," he went on, leaning over the desk and speaking confidentially, "my feet were on bottom. Not but what I appreciate your intentions, though."

Flanstead was indescribably shocked. A wave of honest anger swept over him.

"I think you must be mistaken," he said. "'Pon my word, you were all in, Mr. Wells. I never saw anybody—"

"Well, well," interrupted the magnate, looking at his watch, "it's queer how opinions vary, isn't it? Among perfectly honest men, too. But then I wouldn't want to fail to recognize any obligation. You work in town, I think you said. Importing house, I think?"

"Yes, sir," replied Flanstead, brightening up considerably. The thing was heading up properly after all.

"Billing-clerk, did you say?" went on the rescued man. "Very good way to start; very good business, too. Of course, the war has broken into almost every business; but the war can't go on forever. You look like a rather capable young man, Mr. Flanstead. Will you let me give you a bit of advice? I'm an older man than you, and I've had rather more experience. Keep on steadily at your job, work in your employer's interest all the time, and you'll climb. Don't shift from one business to another; concentrate your energy, and keep thinking hard all the while. You'll win out along that line."

Mr. Wells rose, politely to intimate that the interview was nearing its logical end. At the same time he took an envelope from beneath his ink-well and thrust it into Flanstead's hand.

"With my best wishes," he said. "Good morning!"

Flanstead stepped into a waiting elevator without noticing whether it was bound up or down. It was in fact going up, so he rode to the top floor and made the return trip. When he reached the bottom the elevator man had to inform him that he was there.

In the hallway Flanstead opened the envelope. It contained a new, crisp, fifty-dollar bill. That was all. Not an invitation to dinner, not an autographed photograph, nothing but a new, crisp, fifty-dollar bill.

Flanstead went out into the street, and, having narrowly escaped being run down by several automobiles, gradually came to.

"Well, what do you think of that?" he said. "The old lobster!"

For a moment he pondered the advisability of going back and uttering a classic piece of irony as follows:

"Here, Mr. Wells, I couldn't think of taking so much. The salvage really wasn't worth it!"

But then he recollected that there might be an unfortunate come-back from such a

man as that. The Wall Street man might agree with him, and accept the money. So Flanstead tottered on.

V

ABOUT the time when Flanstead was painfully awaking from his dreams of fortune, Wicks was sending in his card to William L. Searles. In his pocket he was clutching his little token of gratitude, which had cost him twelve dollars and fifty cents out of a possible twenty-five dollars.

"I don't know whether he wants to see me or not," Wicks told the office-boy. "If he doesn't, I've got something I'd like to send in to him."

The answer came quickly in the form of Mr. Searles himself. He bounded out of his private office like an enormous medicine-ball, rushed out into the waiting-room, and seized Wicks's hand in a grip that made the little clerk wince.

"Well, well, well, well!" cried the big man. "How do you feel to-day, my boy? None the worse, so far as I can see. Glad you came in. Here, right in here!"

"Yes, sir, sometimes," replied Wicks, after he had fallen into a large chair, and in answer to a question about smoking.

A minute afterward he attached himself to one end of a glowing Havana that seemed several feet long.

"Well, well, well, well!" reiterated the rescuer of Wicks.

At that moment a tall employee came in and laid some correspondence on the desk.

"Here, hold on a minute!" shouted Mr. Searles, detaining the man. "I want you to meet Mr.—Mr. Wicks. He's the young chap I pulled out of the water down at Rockaway yesterday. He was pretty near gone, I tell you. Shake hands! Have a cigar, Walker?"

Walker took the cigar in a dazed way, and staggered out of the office to tell the rest of the crew outside that the "old man" was so tickled with himself that he couldn't sit still. He advised them all to go in while the cigars lasted.

And one by one they came. Every mother's son of them found an excuse to break into the "old man's office" and meet the young man who had been rescued from the sea.

As William L. Searles told the story over and over, it grew notably. He had started honestly enough, by being close to the

beach; but before the fourth employee got the story it seemed that Searles had swum about a mile with Wicks on his back. And from having imbibed a little salt water—which was the truth—Wicks's drowning condition was dilated upon until it was perfectly understood that he was black in the face, and that his heart had practically stopped beating.

To all these pleasant reminiscences Wicks smilingly and gratefully assented, and pulled upon his cigar.

"No use—I can't do any more work this morning. Come with me," ordered Mr. Searles. He took Wicks the round of the office and introduced him. "Now that's something to pull out of the water, eh?" he would say, slapping Wicks on the shoulder. "Pretty likely-looking lad! Worth saving, eh?"

Of course every one agreed with the big man.

"You're coming to lunch with me," said the rescuer to the rescued.

They went to a restaurant where the little plates of olives and celery killed off the better part of a dollar. Except for the fact that Wicks looked up now and again to see if his hat was still there, and that several times he ineffectually tried to whirl around as if on a revolving stool, and that once he came very near trying to set his coffee on the arm of his chair, he came through it very well.

When they sat back, finally, and the waiter refused to let Wicks even light his own match, Wicks puffed a few puffs of his seventh cigar since nine o'clock, and reached into his pocket. With suitable blushes he passed over a little box, bearing the trade-mark of a well-known jeweler on it, and stammered something appropriate to the occasion, ending:

"And so I hope you'll accept this, sir. It ain't much, Mr. Searles, but it shows what I feel."

William L. Searles opened the box, gasped, and nearly exploded with pleasure.

"Pon my word, Wicks," he said, "this is the greatest thing that ever happened to me. You shouldn't have done it, though. It wasn't necessary. But I'll get square with you, you rascal! Say, young man, you've got good taste. I'll put those on tomorrow morning, and wear 'em till they're all gone. Say!"

"I'm glad you like them," said little Wicks modestly.

"Like 'em! I should say I do. And now tell me—where are you working? Tell me all about it—how much you get, whether the people are all right, future, and all that sort of thing."

Wicks told briefly all that Mr. Searles wanted to know. The other man looked thoughtfully at Wicks through the blue smoke.

"You go back and tell 'em you'll give 'em two weeks' notice," he said when Wicks finished. "Then you come in to-morrow and see me."

"Why, I—" stammered Wicks.

"You do as I tell you! Didn't I pull you out of the water? Well, then, you do as I say. Give 'em two weeks; then I'll find a place for you in a regular job if I have to use a jimmy to pry it open for you. Understand?"

"Yes, Mr. Searles," replied Wicks.

On his way back up-town he dropped in at the place where he worked and gave notice to leave.

VI

Wicks got back to the hall bedroom about half past four that afternoon. He was surprised to find Flanstead stretched out on the bed, with his eyes wide open, staring at the ceiling.

"Ain't sick, are you, pal?" asked Wicks, tossing the evening papers on the foot of the bed.

"No—I'm dead," replied Flanstead, with a sickly attempt at mirth.

"How'd you come out, old man?" asked Wicks briskly.

Flanstead sat up on the edge of the bed. It seemed to be an effort.

"Come out? How'd I come out? I dunno. I guess I fell out. Maybe they threw me out. Wicksy, the dope went wrong. You were right—I hadn't ought to have thrown up my job first thing. But who'd have thought that old geezer valued his life at fifty dollars?"

"Fifty dollars! What are you talking about?"

Flanstead told his story.

"And so I'm only a little better off than you are, Wicksy," he concluded. "No, I'm worse off. You've got a job. Say, you don't know where I could fit in somewhere, do you?"

"Sure!" replied Wicks. "You beat it right down to my place, Flan, and tell the boss you want the job I just threw up. If

you get down there before they close maybe you'll get it."

"Job you just threw up!" repeated Flanstead, rubbing his eyes. "You gone crazy, too, Wicksy?"

"Listen, old top," said Wicks, hitching up his belt and throwing back his shoulders. "I don't want to throw it into you, my boy, but I am the little dopester. I've got the real theory, Flan. I am some psychologist. Now don't get sore. I made a killing, and you had no luck at all. Ain't it life? Little did I think, when I got up yesterday morning—"

"What d'ye mean, killing?" interrupted Flanstead.

"Flan," said Wicks, with quiet dignity, "it's like old Ben Franklin said, after all. I proved it. Nobody wants to be rescued. It puts 'em under an obligation. They don't like it. If you want to get in right with anybody, let 'em do something for you. Your man got sore. My man was so de-lighted with himself over what he thinks he did that he can't do enough for me. Get the idea? Oh, I'm the little dopester, I am. Some psychologist, eh?"

Wicks executed a short but violent Highland fling that made the windows rattle.

"I don't see anything wonderful about it," growled Flanstead, "It was an accident. You couldn't swim, and—"

"Couldn't swim? Who told you I couldn't swim?"

"Why, you said—"

"Listen to the truth," went on Wicks. "I learned to swim, Flan, when I was about so high. I could swim pretty nearly across the Atlantic and back. You could drown me just about the same as a cork. Why, Flan, I had all I could do to keep from breaking away and swimming ashore when my big, beautiful rescuer grabbed me. Didn't I ever show you that swimming medal I got—"

"I better be getting down to your place if I want to nail that job, I s'pose," said Flanstead cheerlessly, getting up and putting on his coat. "Fifty dollars won't last me very long."

"If you see a wealthy-looking man on the way, throw yourself in front of an automobile and let him pull you out of danger," advised Wicks seriously. "Remember the dope, old man, remember the dope—let somebody do something for you. It makes 'em happy. They want to do something else for you, right away."

At the threshold Flanstead paused a moment. Then he came back and said:

"Wicks, I guess you're right. I was 'way off. And there's another thing I'm wondering about—"

"Yes?"

"I'm wondering whether that old geezer somehow was wise to the fact that I soaked him behind the ear, just to make sure he couldn't rescue himself!"

MY DREAMS

"If only the dreams abide!"

I HAD a glimpse of Dreamland,
And it will glorify
The lowlands of the commonplace
Until the day I die.

Within the mystic portal,
Sweet as a baby's smile,
Visions I'd often banished came
To cheer my sleep a while.

A sordid sound awoke me,
The stars in tears were drowned;
The sun was palled in mourning
When the wan day came round.

Still, when the skies are leaden,
And one more shade were blight,
Athwart despair dreams drift as fair
As blind men's thoughts of light!

K. R. Cain

The HAVOC OF INVASION



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT—THE CATHEDRAL OF
ARRAS, LOOKING FROM THE ALTAR DOWN
THE CHOIR AND NAVE

A Broad Trail
of Ruin Through
Five Fair Prov-
inces of France

by
J. W. McConaughy.

WAR, observed the late Charles Reade, has ever been against the solid interests of mankind. But in past centuries, in the dynastic wars of which Europe has seen so many, its record of wanton destructiveness was comparatively negligible.

Rulers hired or impressed the best soldiers they could find. When they felt strong enough, they picked out some other ruler and invited him to fight it out. What was to be fought out did not much matter. They selected a nice, flat field somewhere; both armies repaired to the chosen place and hammered at each other joyously with swords, pikes, flint-lock muskets, or whatever the weapons of the period might be, until one or the other had enough for the day. Then the winners hastened to convenient churches and chanted a "Te Deum," heartily thanking the Deity for their victory.

Occasionally a soldier of fortune lifted some of the golden altarpieces in the course of these ceremonies. Sometimes the property rights of villagers and merchants were not closely guarded by the provosts of marching hosts. Where



THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS—A CLOSE VIEW OF SOME OF THE FAMOUS STATUARY IN THE PORTAL, SHOWING THE DAMAGE DONE BY HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS

From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

a siege was long and bitter, and practically every soldier in the besieging army had a wound or a comrade to avenge, the captured town might be given over to rapine and sack.

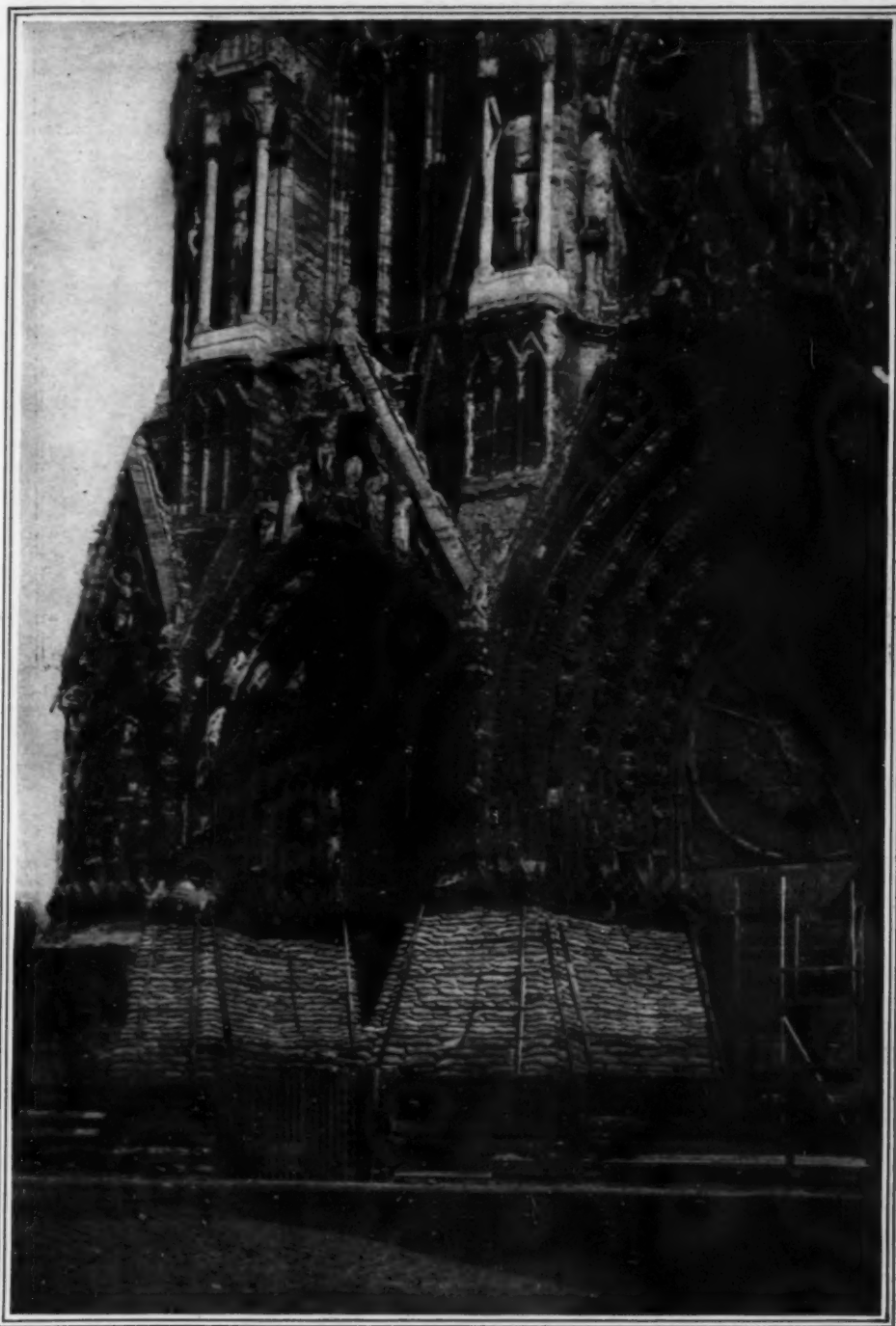
But within a year or two, as a rule, the scars of war had disappeared, and no man traveling over the land could tell that there had been fighting. In blasting destructiveness the worst wars of earlier times do not deserve honorable mention compared with the hideous conflict which twentieth-century civilization has bred.

For one thing, in most cases, utter devastation was not possible without hard work. If any of the savage blood-drinkers who marched past the cathedral of Rheims in the long centuries of its history had thought of wrecking that glorious hymn of carven stone, they would probably have hesitated to undertake so much unremunerative labor. They had no high-explosive shells which could do the work speedily, effectively, and at a safe distance.

To-day, that magnificent church, the flower of Gothic architecture, is a wreck which can never be restored to its ancient beauty. And all through Flanders and northern France the landscape is dotted with the ruins of medieval churches which survived the long struggles of the past only to be blasted and shattered by the great invasion of 1914.

It will be recalled that when Europe went blood-mad and rushed to arms, one ruler told his people that God had called them to fight, and that it was a holy war. Herein, possibly, may lie the explanation of wasted shrines whose destruction cannot be excused on the ground of "military necessity." "Holy wars" have ever been peculiarly fiendish and pointless. The *jehad*, whether it is declared in the name of the camel-driver of Mecca, or, blasphemously, in the name of the gentle Man of Nazareth, is always an appeal to the emotions and not to the reason of a people. And when men are brought by

NOTE—Most of the illustrations accompanying this article are published by the courtesy of Mr. Whitney Warren, of New York.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS, WITH THE PROTECTING WALLS OF SAND-BAGS ERECTED BY THE FRENCH AFTER THE EARLY BOMBARDMENTS—THE SLENDER COLUMN AT THE TOP OF THE PICTURE WAS SPLIT BY THE HEAT OF THE FIRE WHICH FOLLOWED THE FIRST BOMBARDMENT



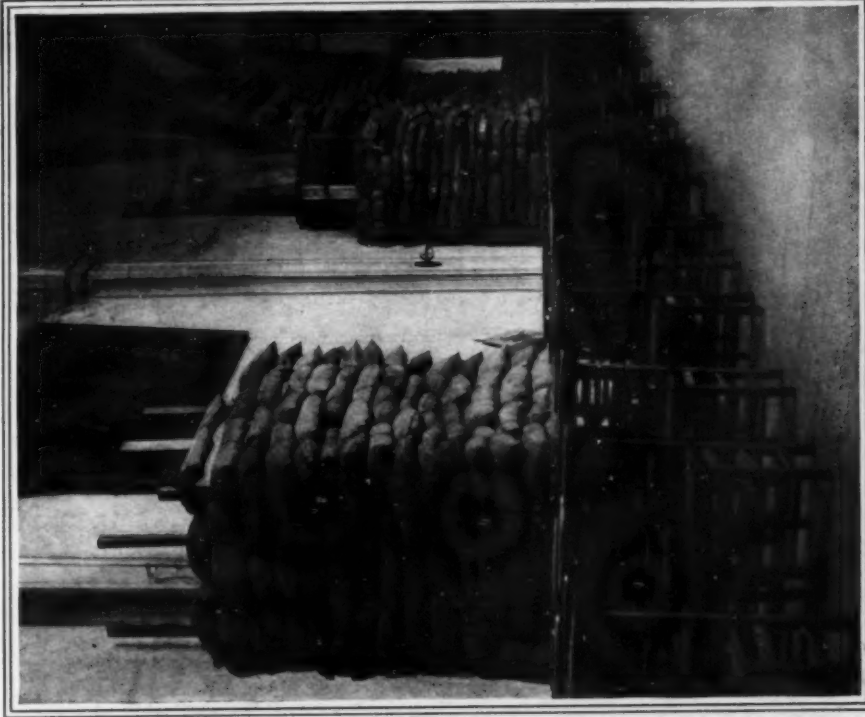
THE CHURCH AT BÉTHENY, NEAR RHEIMS, AFTER THE RETREAT OF THE GERMANS—THE FRENCH BATTLE-LINE PASSED THROUGH THIS VILLAGE, WHICH WAS COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED—THE MONUMENT IN THE PICTURE RECORDS A REVIEW OF FRENCH TROOPS BY PRESIDENT LOUBET AND THE CZAR OF RUSSIA IN 1901

their emotions to the point of slaughter, the shedding of blood only increases the passion for destruction.

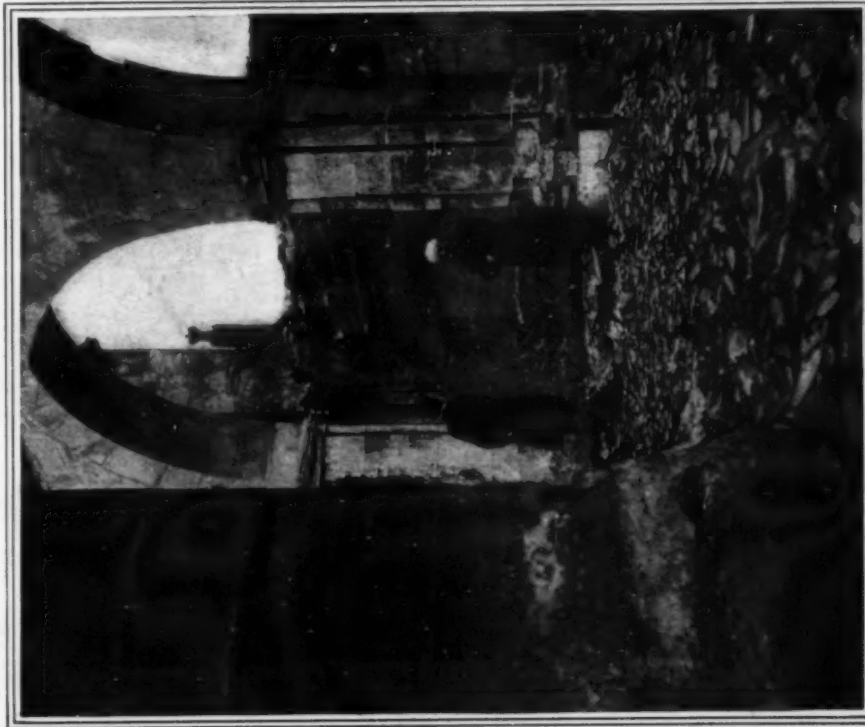
To the man who is convinced that he is fighting "the battle of the Lord" everything that stands in his way is an abomination. The destruction of the library at Alexandria in the time of the great Moslem irruption is an example. The dictum of the chosen lieutenant of Allah at that time

sounds strangely like the inspired utterances of some of the prominent chiefs of Europe to-day.

"As to these books," he said—"these books" being a priceless collection of the learning of antiquity—"they either agree with the Koran, or they do not. If they do, they are unnecessary. If they do not, they are pernicious. In either case, let them be destroyed!"



SAND-BAG PROTECTIONS AGAINST SHELL-FIRE, ERECTED TO SAVE THE FAMOUS DUCAL TOMBS IN THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH AT NANCY, WHICH IS THE PRIVATE PROPERTY OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

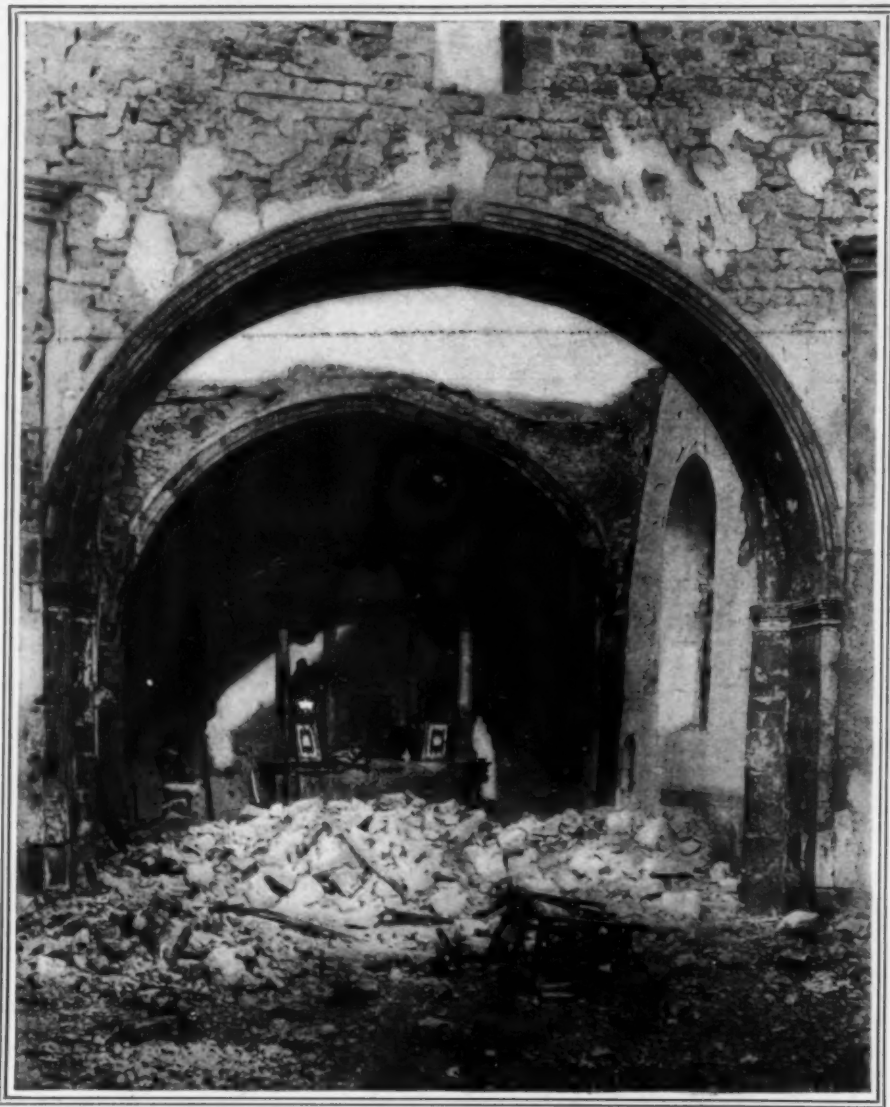


THE CHURCH AT HEILZ-LE-MAURUPT, WITH ITS PRIEST, THE ABBÉ HUGNY, AMONG THE RUINS—THIS VILLAGE, NOT FAR FROM BAR-LE-DUC, WAS IN THE PATH OF THE GERMAN RETREAT, AND WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED

It is this feeling which inspires those who set forth to rebuild the world on their own model, and to "prove their doctrines orthodox with apostolic blows and knocks." It is easy to imagine an artillery officer paraphrasing the words of the Prophet's right-hand man:

"I don't know that the enemy is using that cathedral spire as an observation-point, but I do know that we can't use it, because it is inside his lines. In any case, it would be a safe plan to demolish it."

A people who rush into war with the feeling that they must drive something of their own into other peoples with shot and shell naturally consider that that which is not their own is inferior. It is unlikely, therefore, that they will be tender of the institutions and traditions of invaded countries. If any military advantage can be gained by an assault on those things which are held sacred by the enemy—even if it is an assault on the morale of the opposing forces by an appearance of ruthlessness—



WHAT ARTILLERY-FIRE DID TO THE CHURCH AT ST. THOMAS—A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE DESTRUCTION IN THE WAKE OF THE INVADER IN NORTHERN FRANCE



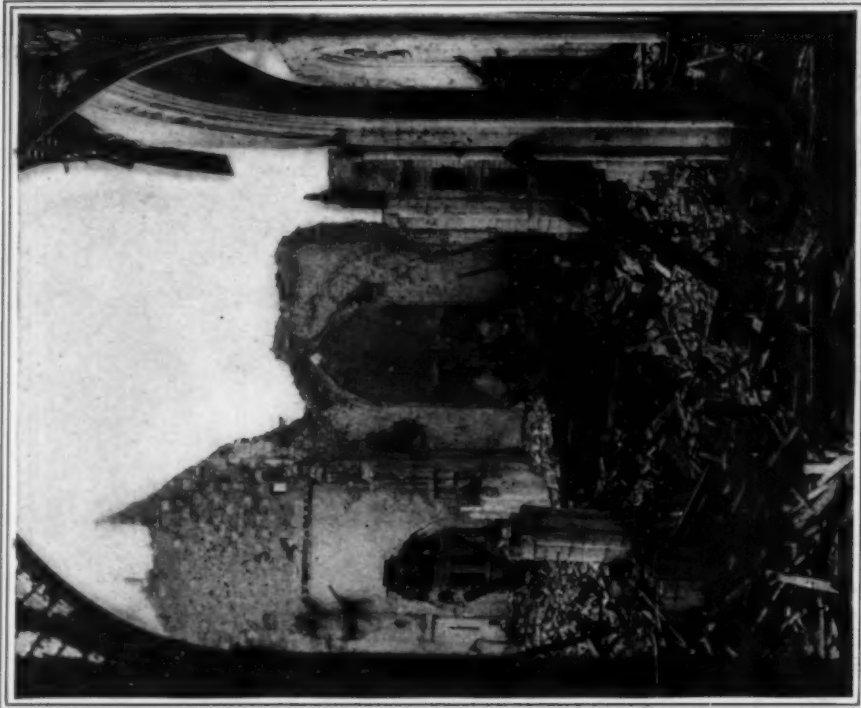
THE COURTYARD OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE AT ARRAS AFTER SHELL-FIRE HAD DONE ITS WORK—THIS FINE OLD TOWN HALL, A COMBINATION OF GOTHIC AND RENAISSANCE ARCHITECTURE, IS NOW A WRECK—IT WAS NEVER USED FOR MILITARY PURPOSES

it is quite worth while, according to that theory of waging war. It may not do any good, but it cannot do any harm.

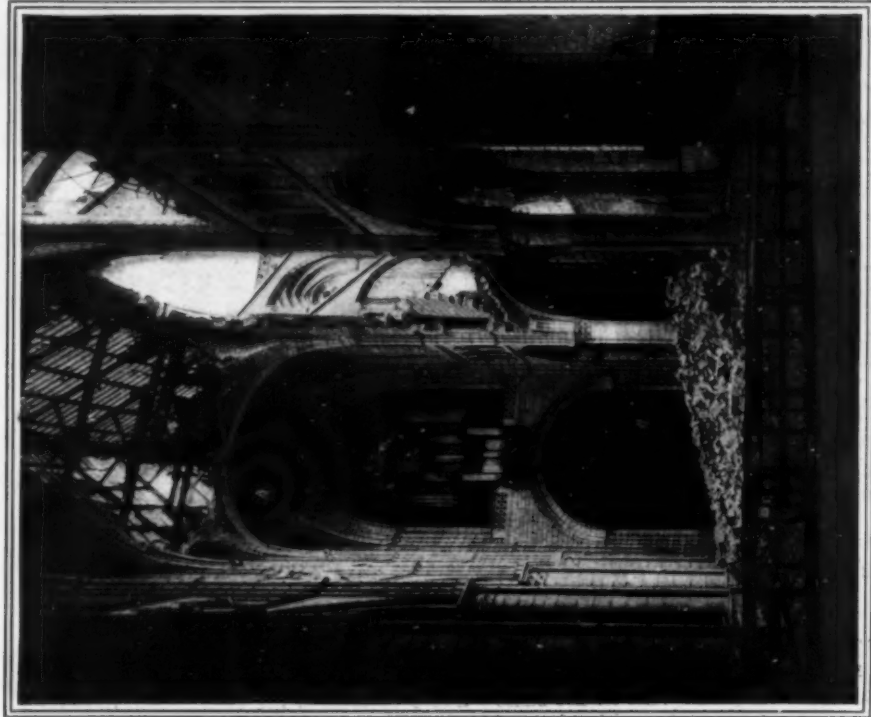
It was perhaps for this reason that the cathedral of Arras, a fine eighteenth-century building which had no tower or spire, and could not be of any military use excepting as a hospital, was reduced to broken masonry by long-range shell-fire. And the famous Hôtel de Ville in the same city, a rare and ornate combination of

Gothic and Renaissance architecture, shared the same fate.

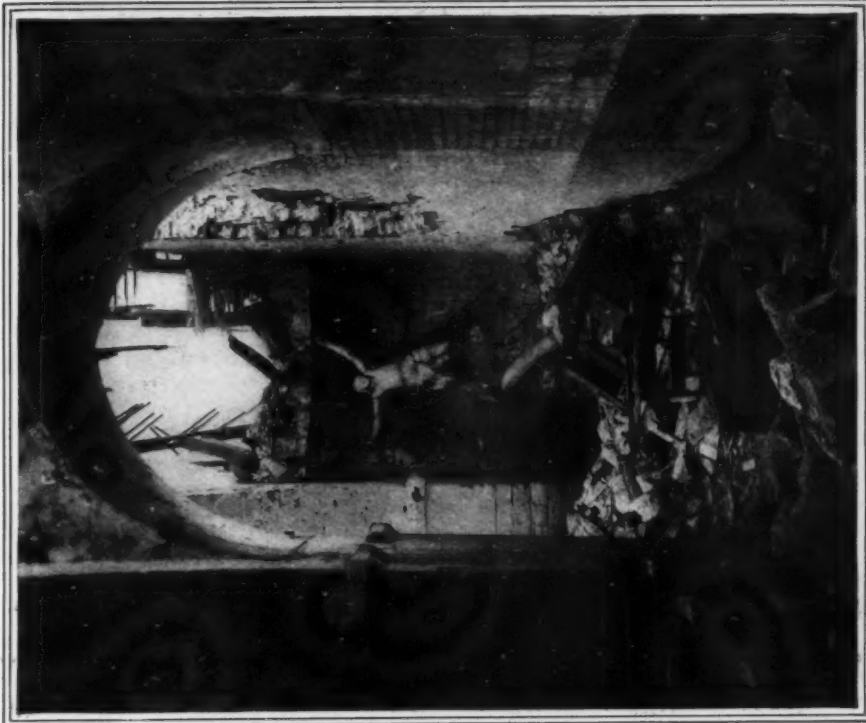
In those wars of the past which were undisguisedly dynastic this impulse was not present. They were fought, as has been said, by comparatively small bodies of professional soldiers, and the question at issue was whether this or that king should rule a certain province. The aggressor had no desire to change the customs or the civilization of the territory he hoped to gain.



HOW THE CHURCH OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE IN ARRAS LOOKED AFTER THE INVADERS HAD BOMBARDED THE CITY—AS THIS PHOTOGRAPH INDICATES, THERE IS NOTHING LEFT BUT RUINS



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL OF SOISSONS—THIS FINE EXAMPLE OF FRENCH GOTHIC OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY HAS BEEN RUINED BY SHELL-FIRE FROM ACROSS THE AISLE



THE CHURCH AT MARQUIVILLERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE—THIS OLD GOTHIC SHRINE IS NOT A TOTAL WRECK, ALTHOUGH, AS THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS, IT WAS BADLY DAMAGED



A RELIC OF PERHAPS THE MOST MOMENTOUS BATTLE IN MODERN HISTORY—THIS IS THE CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE OF MONTCEAUX-LES-PROVINS, KNOCKED TO PIECES DURING THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE



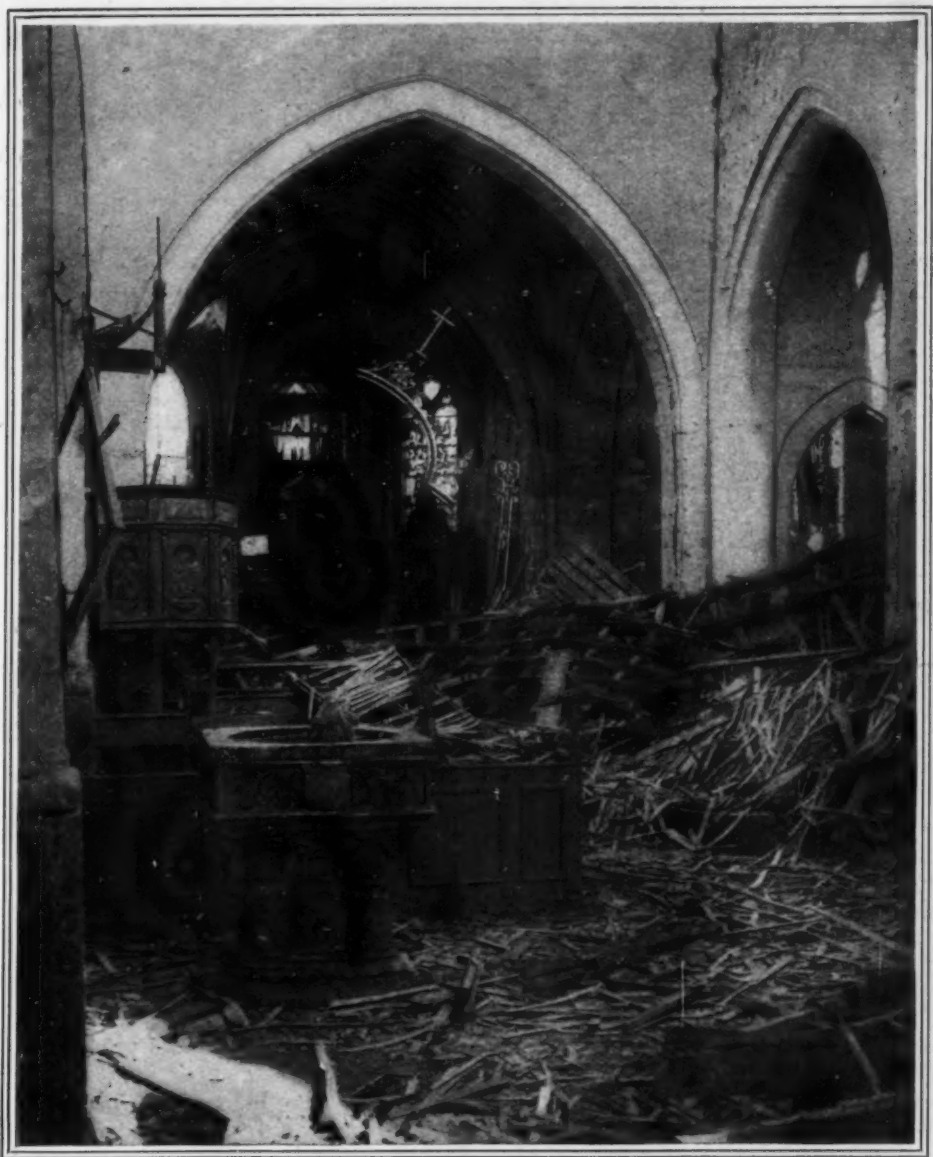
BERRY-AU-BAC WAS AN IMPORTANT POINT IN THE BATTLE ALONG THE OURCQ IN SEPTEMBER, 1914, WHEN GENERAL MANOURY WAS TRYING TO TURN THE GERMAN FLANK—THIS VIEW OF THE RUINED CHURCH GIVES AN IDEA OF THE HAVOC WROUGHT BY SHELL-FIRE

He merely wanted whatever of profit and of glory there might be in holding the scepter over its people. It was to his interest to preserve all the machinery of commerce and trade, all the sign-posts of learning and art and civilization, as these things added to his revenues and enhanced his prestige as a ruler.

In many cases, the mass of the people

were not feverishly interested in these conflicts. As a rule, it made no vital difference to the inhabitants of a border province which flag floated over the town hall. Their lives and customs and taxes would for the most part remain undisturbed.

And then came the French Revolution, bringing into the European arena a people with a mission. Once again there was a

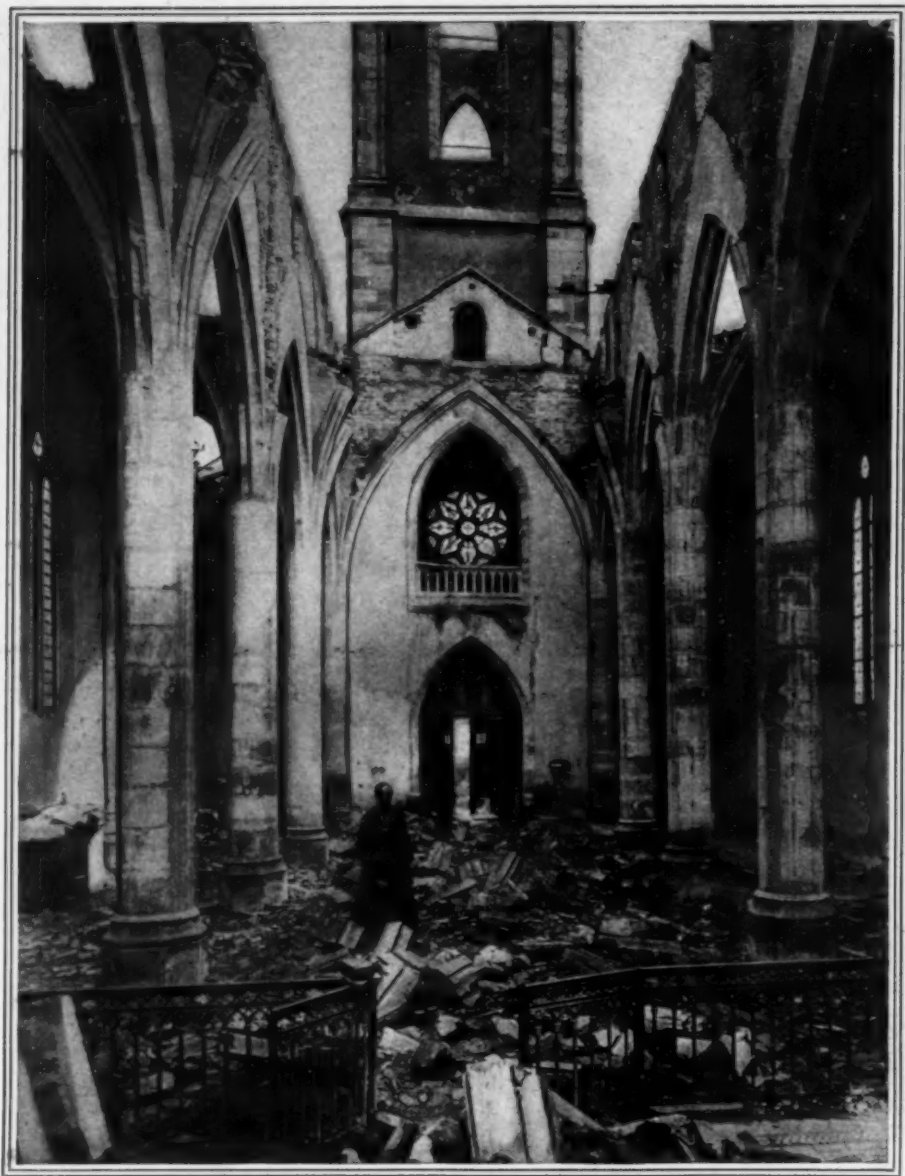


THE ROOFLESS NAVE OF THE OLD CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE OF PLESSIS-DE-ROYE AFTER THE WAVE OF INVASION HAD PASSED—SHATTERED FRAGMENTS OF THE ROOF ARE LYING IN HEAPS ON THE FLOOR OF THE CHURCH

"holy war," and the rulers who attempted to meet it with the old-fashioned armament of dynastic warfare were crushed like peanuts. The people of France set out to spread their conception of liberty, and soon found themselves bound to the chariot-wheels of a despot—who, by the way, looted works of art, but did not destroy them. Napoleon fought his wars of con-

quest with the seething power of a newly awakened and blindly infatuated people behind him. This had the effect of awakening other peoples to a consciousness of nationalism which in turn bred forces that destroyed Napoleon.

If the fury of French republicanism had swept Europe unchecked by a strong rider, it is quite probable that there would be

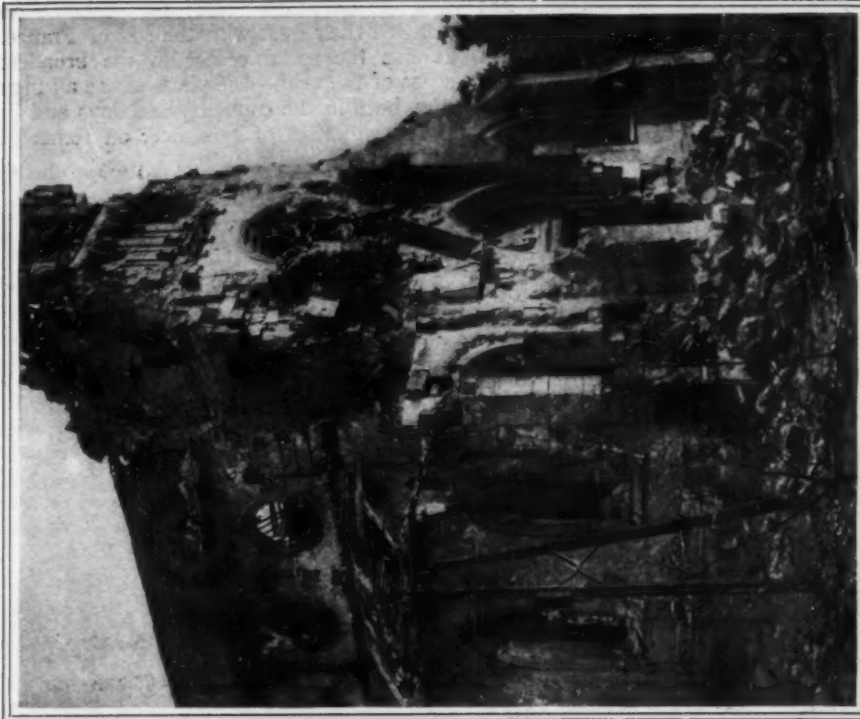


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH AT MESNIL-BELLEVILLE, A MODERN BUILDING, LOOKING FROM THE ALTAR TOWARD THE ENTRANCE—THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH THE BROKEN FRAGMENTS OF THE DEMOLISHED ROOF

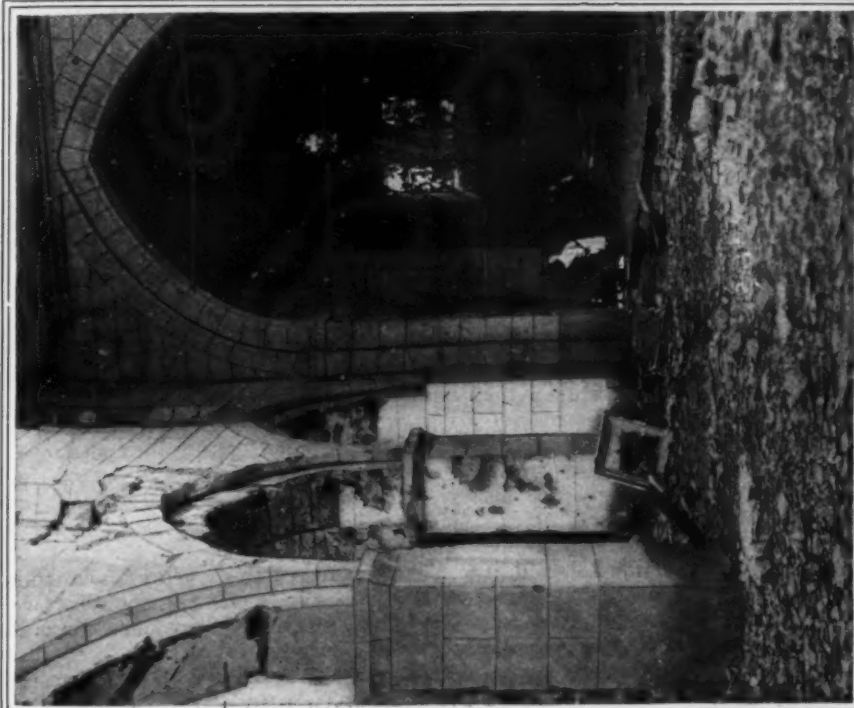
many a black mark against the armies of France in the Rhenish provinces, in Spain, and in Lombardy. But Napoleon controlled his countrymen, and he had no dream of hammering democracy into Europe. Far from it—he desired to rule a great empire, and to leave the peoples of the conquered countries pretty much to

their own devices, so long as they furnished contingents for his armies.

To-day, the villagers of northern France are not interested in probing the political or sociological phenomena that have resulted in the desecration of their altars. The big fact, with them, is that their church is destroyed. And how big a fact this is



ANOTHER CHURCH THAT HAS "FALLEN ON THE FIELD OF HONOR"—THE HOUSE OF WORSHIP OF RIBÉCOURT, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE OISE, THROUGH WHICH THE GERMANS PASSED IN THEIR RETREAT FROM COMPIÈGNE



THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT PARGNAN, SHATTERED BY ARTILLERY FIRE—AT PARGNAN, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE AISNE, IS THE HOME OF GABRIEL HANOTAUX, FAMOUS FOR HIS SERVICE AS FOREIGN MINISTER OF FRANCE

can only be understood by one who has been reared in a small community.

These houses of worship, many of them dating back into the centuries, may have "fallen on the field of honor," as Maurice Barrès of the French Academy puts it; but that is small consolation to the vil-

and grandfathers had for generations mingled their dust with the soil of France. It was the social center in the broadest sense of the term—the place where all men met, both in the commonplace days and in the great crises of existence; on terms of brotherhood and equality.



THE CHURCH OF BEAUZÉE, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE MEUSE, A BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC BUILDING OF THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES, NOW A WRECK

lagers. When the church went to pieces under the enemy's shells, it was as if the cement which held the structure of the little community together had become softened and insecure.

Returning from a long day in the fields and woods, "the church tower of his countryside"—*le clocher de son pays*—was the peasant's guide on his homeward way. It stood like a lighthouse and a sentinel above the dwellings of his neighbors and friends. It was in every way the symbol of community life. At its altar he and his children were baptized and married. In the yard around it his fathers

To us the destruction is terrible because we feel that the world is poorer in beauty now that so many of these ancient buildings are gone, that it is poorer in civilization because the forces which destroyed them have been unchained; but to the peasant something that he loved with an intimate, personal love has been wantonly slain.

The sum of this purposeless desolation is oppressive. For there are countless observers to testify that purposeless it was in scores of instances.

There are wrecked churches and wasted villages which even the French mention

with a shrug of the shoulders and the dull phrase—"the fortune of war." At times the battle-lines swept over farmhouses, cottages, or *châteaux*, and then it was inevitable that there should be burned roofs and shattered walls. But these instances do not account for the long windrow of ruin piled in the path of the invaders.

From the Channel to the Swiss border there is a serpentine trail of desolation like a gigantic letter S. It is more than three hundred miles long and from fifteen to thirty miles wide. It is smeared across five provinces—Flanders, Artois, Picardy, Champagne, and Lorraine. This is the strip that was covered by the flood-tide of invasion, and that was left bare of everything but wreckage when the wave receded to the present fighting-line. Over this ground, in the autumn of 1914, there was waged a struggle so huge and appalling that Waterloo and Gettysburg would have passed as unnoticed skirmishes on its margin; and the civilization of centuries was trampled out remorselessly.

Thousands of the inhabitants did not fully understand what it was all about even after it was all over. Like old *Kaspar*, they took somebody's word for it that it was a famous victory; but that did not alter the fact that they were homeless and churchless wanderers. The leveling hand of the invader crushed out their community life long before they could determine what issues were at stake.

For many years past it has been a becoming international pastime to send, periodically, a number of grave and learned gentlemen to a place called The Hague, where they meet to draft certain rules and regulations for the wholesale and legalized killing of human beings. Among other things it has been solemnly agreed that the lives and property of civilians must be respected, and that the guns of the invader must never be leveled upon an unfortified town. It would be interesting to get the

views of the people of northern France on the efficacy of these regulations.

It might also point a moral to those Americans who will not admit that a naval attack on our Atlantic seaports could affect the wheat-fields of the great West, and those who believe that when we had thrust the invader from our shores everything would immediately go on as before. The very breath of modern war is a destroying fire, and a month's or a week's invasion leaves scars that can never be effaced.

This, as I have remarked, was not always so. A hundred years back war was more civilized than it is to-day. The terrible cant of diplomacy, which in 1913 sounded obsolete and anachronistic, is in 1916 a living and meaningful language. We have seen that the men who speak this cynical jargon can inoculate a whole people with a lie, so that they will presently break out in a fever of national hate and fury. We have seen that when that occurs there is no law except the sword, no vision beyond the lust of victory.

An American correspondent describes a scene in the cathedral of Rheims after the German wave had been swept back from the Marne to the Aisne. The wrecked interior of the great church had been cleared, and lines of wounded prisoners lay along the floor. Upon their prostrate forms fell shafts of red and white light through the shattered windows of ruby glass—which can never be restored, for the art of making the glass was lost with the color-mixing secrets of the early Flemish painters.

An officer with bandaged eyes moved down the nave and stumbled against another man. He began cursing, but checked himself to feel for the other man's shoulder-straps. His hand fell upon the cassock of a priest.

"Your pardon, my father," he said gently in French. "Your pardon, my father—I am blind!"

With a capital "F" it might have been a prayer.

LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY

THEY are white flakes of snow
That did not melt away,
But lingered on the earth's green heart
For many a lovely day.
They nod, and smile, and whisper—
I wonder what they say!

Charles Hanson Towne

The Savage Breast



by Frank R. Adams

FRANK BUXTON was an execrable violinist. On the player piano he was considered a "bear," having trained at one time for a six-day bicycle race; but if Antonio Stradivari had ever heard Frank render the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" with the bow, he, Stradivari, would have risen from the grave and offered to serve a long term in jail as a punishment for having made Frank's violin.

Yes, Frank's instrument was a genuine "Strad." It had been left to him by a great-uncle who had never seen him. The bequest had come to him in his early youth, and he had taken violin lessons simply because he had it, and not because of any overwhelming musical tendency in the Buxton family.

When he had received instruction for a year, every one except Frank gave up hope of his ever mastering the instrument. He kept on doggedly in spite of everything. One after another the great violin classics succumbed to his attacks. "Träumerei," "The Angel's Serenade," the "Meditation" from "Thais," and countless other sweet, sad melodies gave up the struggle and went down to destruction before his bow.

Frank's love of music had condemned him to many lonely hours. No one had

ever cared for his playing, except his grandfather. The family immediately suspected grandpa of being deaf. On testing him out, they discovered that it was so, and that the old gentleman had been fooling them for years by learning lip-reading. When they got him an ear-trumpet he, too, deserted Frank during his hours of soul-rending harmony.

It is discouraging to have your pet hobby scorned by your family, but Frank had faith in himself. He loved his violin, and no matter how loudly it protested he lavished his affection on it daily. Any one with a moderately accurate ear could not have failed to become a fair violinist with the amount of practising that Frank did; but unfortunately he could not detect a variation in tone unless it was as much as about half of a semitone. The result was exceedingly Chinese.

Aside from music Frank had no very bad habits. If he had, possibly he would not have devoted himself so passionately to the violin. It acted on him as a narcotic. Where other men would have solaced themselves with tobacco, Frank soothed his soul with a cacophony of sharps and flats. When things went wrong at the office, and he came home all upset and worried, he would hurry away from the family dinner-table and shut himself

up in his room. An hour or so later he would emerge radiating sweet temper and optimism.

He was the sort of a fellow that every one would have liked socially, too. Not extraordinarily good-looking or brilliant, he nevertheless held his own in a society which likes to shine at the expense of others, and which welcomes a good listener with open arms.

But among his friends his violin barred him from real intimacies. Whenever Frank got interested in a new girl, and she began to show signs of returning the compliment, he would always suggest that they might try playing together.

As a matter of fact, he was looking for an accompanist as much as a companion. Violin music really needs a piano to fill it out. Frank's playing, especially, sounded better with accompaniment. The more accompaniment, the better it sounded. With a brass band I don't suppose you would have noticed when he flatted.

Anyway, when Frank would suggest bringing his violin over some evening, the new girl, not believing it could be as bad as she had been told, and wishing to please him at any reasonable cost, would cheerfully agree.

That was always the beginning of the end. The next time he called with his black case she was either out or too ill to see him.

After that had happened a few times Frank got sensitive about it and did not go out much evenings. This was tough luck for his family, but as he belonged to them they had to stand it. He tried accompanying himself on the player piano, which he could work with his feet, leaving his hands and eyes free for the violin, but it wasn't much of a success. He would either drop behind with his pumping during a difficult run on the Stradivarius, or else he would get excited and pump so fast that he could not keep up with the fingering. Either way was appalling in its resultant discord, and sounded worse than the violin alone.

II

ALL this was before the era of Mabel. After her, everything changed.

Mabel was a determined girl, with eyes and a complexion that would have given Aphrodite herself pangs of jealousy; not particularly on account of their colors,

which were blue and pink respectively, but because of their exquisite adjustment and softness. In her eyes was a place to find your soul reflected, and on her cheeks was a spot made for kisses. For the rest, Mabel was a trifle plump—which made her angry every time she thought of it, because you never could tell where the new-style dresses were going to be tight.

She was a lover of music, too. That's what makes the rest of the story remarkable. They met at a violin recital. One of Frank's few remaining friends introduced him, because she was mad at Mabel that day.

Afterward Mabel met the other girl and thanked her for it.

"I like him immensely," said Mabel. "And he is musical, too. He took me home and told me all about his own violin on the way."

"Is he, by any chance, going to bring it over some evening and let you play his accompaniments?" her friend asked.

"Why, yes."

The other girl had a sudden attack of contrition and told Mabel the awful truth. She advised Mabel to break a leg or get measles or something before Frank's evening to call came around.

Mabel thanked her friend again and went on her way thoughtfully. Learning that Frank was a sad fizzle as a violinist was disappointment, to be sure, but did it need to remove him absolutely from the ranks of "possibles"?

In common with nearly every other unattached female, Mabel divided her masculine acquaintances into two classes—those to whom it was possible to become engaged, and those with whom such a thing was out of the question. Lest this should seem like deliberate and unsportsmanlike planning on her part, let me repeat that everybody does it. Just like every girl in the world, Mabel planned to be carried off by a cave man some day, and she preferred to pick her own abductor.

There was nothing repulsive about Frank Buxton. On the contrary, she had been attracted to him instantly. Further, he was a successful young business man and the eldest son of a well-to-do family. Need a little thing like violin-playing stand in the way? Mabel could not see why.

At the drug-store she purchased a package of cotton. When Frank called she unobtrusively put a small piece of wadding

in each ear and, thus equipped, approached the piano without fear.

III

THE evening was a great success. Mabel was a painstaking accompanist, and by following his bow she managed to keep within a bar or so of where he was. They played all the pieces that he knew. Every once in a while there would come a note as if some one had stepped on a cat's tail, but they paid no attention to it.

In the library, which was separated from the music-room only by a solid oak door, Mabel's father was biting pieces out of the expensive Oriental rugs.

"How can such awful sounds be?" he demanded passionately of his prostrated wife. "Do you think Mabel is safe? I believe that he is choking her, and she is screaming for help!"

"No," his wife explained patiently, after she had listened a moment. "It's 'Silver Threads Among the Gold.' They are playing it with variations."

"It sounds as if they were playing it with intent to kill!"

The man took a turn up and down the room, and then, with an air of decision, he stepped to the door.

"Stop!" his wife commanded. "What would you do?"

He paused.

"It wouldn't hurt him to be thrown out of the window. He must be insensible to suffering!"

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"Do what you like," she said with resignation; "but, remember, Mabel is twenty-six years old."

Mabel's father turned back to his favorite rug. He was beaten. It was true. Mabel had reached an age at which even her parents were interested in getting her married.

In the music-room Frank was treading on air. I do not mean that he had been hanged, although many people would have been in favor of such a finish to his career. He was having the time of his life. Mabel had just said, with the ring of sincerity in her voice:

"You certainly are a master of that violin!"

When she said "master" she was thinking of *Simón Legree*.

"It's partly the instrument," he told her modestly, showing her again the beautiful

curves of the mellow old body. "What a marvelous thing it is! To think that a player can take a collection of bits of wood like that and make it laugh or cry at will. Why, this violin is more than two hundred years old. Think of what it must have been through!"

A tear stood perilously near the brink of Mabel's eye.

"Indeed, I can sympathize with it," she murmured.

Frank took her hand in his. She started to withdraw, but recollected in time that while he held her hand it was impossible for him to play; and after an ineffectual flutter of resistance she allowed it to remain. Besides, she rather liked the contact of her fingers with Frank's.

She liked it so well, in fact, that she asked the young man to come again—soon. That made him very happy. It made his family happy. Everybody rejoiced except Mabel's parents. They had to grin and do the best they could. Her father, a forehanded man, ascertained the date of Frank's next visit, and was unavoidably detained down-town at a musical comedy that evening. Her mother sent out for a bottle of smelling-salts to replace the one she had used up on the occasion of the young virtuoso's first visit.

IV

If Mabel wanted Frank Buxton, she had him won after that first evening. Any slight overture on her part would precipitate a proposal, and she knew it. Out of kindness to her immediate relatives she only waited until she was sure that Frank had enough good qualities to counterbalance his fiddling. She finally made up her mind when the family doctor assured her that talent such as his was not likely to be hereditary.

After their marriage and subsequent removal to an apartment of their own—which made nearly everybody happy, if you do not include their neighbors—Mabel Buxton began to put into operation her scheme to make Frank over into a perfect husband. The first item of that scheme was to wean him from his fatal passion for the Stradivarius.

She read up extensively in the psychotherapy books how to cure bad habits. The best treatment seemed to be to occupy the mind with other things. Therefore, Mabel planned many social engagements,

parties at their own home or at the homes of friends, that would occupy Frank's waking hours when he was away from business.

It was not an unqualified success. No matter what time of night their guests left, or they themselves got home from an entertainment, Frank would rosin up the bow and play a few so-called melodies. He claimed that if his beloved instrument were not played upon every day it would grow unresponsive—what musicians call "sleepy." The neighbors, who did not understand this, hammered an obligato on the steam-pipes.

Mabel had another trick up her sleeve—one not sanctioned by the orthodox psychotherapists. It was much more hazardous, and involved a confederate, but the case seemed to be one requiring a desperate remedy.

What decided Mabel to put her plan into operation was a call she received from a real-estate man who made a specialty of suburban homes. Now Frank and Mabel had no thought of moving into the suburbs, and she could not understand why the agent seemed so sure that they were prospective customers. She asked him, and he said that he had been sent by Mrs. Miller. The Millers were the tenants of the next apartment above.

Mabel got the idea without a diagram. For a moment she contemplated going up and forcibly removing some of the lady's back hair. She restrained herself, however, and a later and calmer judgment told her that Mrs. Miller was justified in her course.

It was three nights later that the Buxtons's apartment was burglarized. The thief had evidently had a key that fitted the spring lock on the front door, for he had entered and made his exit that way without making enough noise to awaken Frank, who was a light sleeper.

The thief left no clue. Neither did he leave the Stradivarius, which, with a few valueless trinkets, was all that he seemed to have taken.

This did not appear suspicious to Frank. Indeed, he complimented the thief on picking the most valuable thing in the place.

"It's one of the best violins that Stradivari turned out after he broadened his model in the year 1700. He made it just after 'La Pucelle,' and by some it is considered superior."

Contrary to Mabel's expectations, her husband took his loss rather quietly. At first she thought he did not care much, but later she realized that he was grieving inwardly, as at the death of a dear friend.

He reported the burglary to the police, having a wild idea—which of course proved unfounded—that they might recover the missing articles. News of the robbery appeared in the newspapers. Later it was rumored that the Buxtons's neighbors had subscribed generously to a fund to defend the burglar if he should be apprehended.

"It would be impossible for the thief to sell it without being arrested, because a violin like that is known all over the world."

"He might alter it," suggested Mabel.

A groan escaped Frank.

"Lord, if he should! If he should even destroy one bit of that precious varnish, it might be ruined forever."

Mabel was sorry that she had suggested such a thing, and she tried to be extra nice to Frank, to make up for the absence of his other sweetheart. He was pathetically grateful, and tried to forget, but it wasn't any use.

"It's hard to make any one else understand," he explained. "That old Strad sort of represented the nicest part of my life. When I was playing it I used to be thinking happy thoughts, and the happy thoughts and the music got so mixed up and melted together that now I can't seem to have one without the other."

V

BEGAN a period of quiet in the Buxton household. At first it seemed a blessed relief to Mabel; but later she found that the gay companionship which had brightened the first months of their marriage was gone. She realized that she was beginning to look forward with dread to her husband's home-comings. He was no longer the sunny-tempered lover who came to woo her nightly. Formerly he had dropped all business cares at the office; now he allowed things to worry him after dinner.

Their evenings were dull and heavy, things to be dreaded. Not having acquired the club habit, he hung around the house, but they did nothing. Occasionally she played the piano in the evening, but she gave it up when she saw how it made his fingers ache to follow.

Once he brought home another violin and tuned it up painfully to the piano. After one sweep of the bow he laid it aside mournfully.

"Compared to the Strad, it sounds like a cat-fight!"

Mabel had never heard a cat-fight that wouldn't have died away in shame at hearing the noise Frank could produce on either violin, but she wisely refrained from mentioning it.

Then came Mabel's illness. Just by a narrow squeak she escaped being carried off by typhoid. The fact that she wasn't may be laid to the heroic struggle put up by her husband, who with a sudden access of loving energy fought death back inch by inch.

In a dim, delirious way she knew that he was constantly with her. Never did she become conscious for a moment during the day or night but what she found him near, his kindly, clumsy fingers suddenly become deft in loving service.

Once—to this day she is not sure whether it was a picture in her delirium or an actual occurrence—she opened her eyes and saw him kneeling by her bedside in the conventional attitude of prayer. This, in a rather slangy, irreverent young man, such as she knew her husband to be, caused her surprise, even in her fevered mental state, where only fantasy was real.

He looked up and caught her eye fixed on him wonderingly.

"What is it, dear?" she had inquired.

"Nothing," he had replied soothingly.

"Don't fret yourself, sweetheart."

"But," she insisted petulantly, "I want to know what you were doing. Were you praying?"

He nodded sheepishly.

"What for?"

He hesitated, not knowing how to formulate his thoughts.

"I was sort of arranging with God for him to keep my old Stradivarius and just let me have you."

Then another delirium caught her up once more and whirled her away to a hot, revolving room peopled with black and red circles, before she could reach out and touch him to see if he were real or some heathen offering a sacrifice on the altar of a cruel pagan god.

When she was convalescent the doctor complimented Frank on his success.

"You won the fight for us!"

"I had to," said Frank. He stood on the other side of Mabel's bed and he reached down and patted her hand. "She's the only person in all the world that I could ever care for." Then he added, after a pause: "I guess it's because she is the only one who ever really understood me and liked the same things that I do."

He didn't say it, but Mabel knew that he referred to his violin-playing. A wan smile of understanding lit up her face as she pressed his hand in recognition of his thought.

Possibly it was because of this that a few days later an old violin was removed from a safe-deposit vault, where it had rested several months, and in a mysterious fashion found its way to the Buxton apartment. The burglar who brought it could not resist leaving an alleged humorous note with it, penciled in the disguised handwriting of Mabel's brother:

i haf to retern this fiddle becaus nobuddy elce
kin plai it like u.

No other explanation was ever made by any one. Mabel suggested to Frank that she would like to get well out in the country, and they sent for the real-estate agent who made a specialty of suburban property.

Now, when any of Mabel's old-time friends go to call on her in the evening, or on a Sunday afternoon, the maid ushers the visitors into the parlor and goes up to the attic for Mrs. Buxton. In the interval before she comes down, the visitors, if they have never been there before, are constrained to regret that they have intruded on what, from the sounds, seems to be a terrible family quarrel.

When Mabel enters, however, serene and smiling, they realize that they must have been mistaken, especially as the sounds go on. At last the solution flashes upon them.

"We didn't know," they say, indicating the mournful cries from above, "that you had a baby! Is it a boy or a girl?"

Mabel blushes and says hastily:

"It isn't a baby. That's my husband. He is a violinist."

If the visitors are inclined to doubt this, and giggle at it as a joke, they hastily pretend to be choking instead if they happen to notice the moisture in Mabel's

eyes as she listens for a moment to those unearthly squawks with a dreamy, far-away expression, as if she could just faintly hear the music of angels.

"I love to hear him play," she says gently.

And the strangest thing of all is that she really means it.

OUR TURBULENT HOUSE

Legislators Who Never Are in Order, and Probably Never Will Be

By Horace Towner

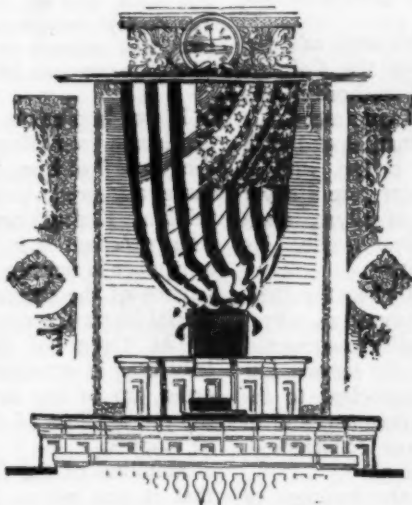
WHEN the Sixty - Fourth Congress, which we now have with us, had completed the preliminaries of organization, Champ Clark took his place behind the Speaker's desk, brought his gavel down with a resounding whack, and roared, in exactly the same tone and inflection with which he had used the same phrase several thousand times before:

"The House will be in order!" (Whack!)

But the House wouldn't be in order.

It never has been in order, and probably it never will be. Not even the majestic presence and leonine roar of Speaker Champ Clark can repress that restless body.

It must be admitted that Mr. Clark does his best. The mighty blows which he strikes with his great gavel resound through the Capitol, dying only as they are lost in the dark catacombs of the basement, where millions of Congressional documents are stored. A special sounding-board of tough, seasoned wood is placed before him to receive these terrific shocks, lest the Speaker's desk be shattered.



During the Sixty-Third Congress three of these boards were successively reduced to kindling-wood and replaced by new ones. The shattered wrecks are among the most highly prized relics about Capitol Hill. Before the present Congress is over, if the Speaker's right arm does not lose its force, there will probably be enough of these souvenirs to fill a small museum.

But still the House isn't in order. The members walk about

the aisles; they converse in audible voices, even when some eloquent Representative is pointing out, as the least of them can do on short notice, some grave situation fraught with menace to our most sacred national institutions. Usually a dozen or so of the members, who happen to be particularly interested in the business at hand, remain in their seats and pay attention to what is being said; but the others pass to and from the cloak-rooms or gather in little knots about the floor.

Now and then one of these little groups will explode in sudden laughter, which

means that the gentleman from somewhere or other has a new story. This lack of decorum is nearly always the thing which most impresses the visitor who goes to the gallery for the first time. The boys who guide the elevators running to the galleries hear the same complaint every day.

"But they were so noisy!" the visitor will say. "Everybody was talking at once, and most of them were walking back and forth; I couldn't make head nor tail of it. It isn't nearly as dignified as our Legislature back home!"

When the Speaker's gavel and voice fail to restore order, as often happens, the duty of quelling the disturbance falls on the sergeant-at-arms, who is not a member of the House, but a special officer elected by each Congress to fill that difficult position. In the exercise of his duties as a policeman, the sergeant-at-arms, by the rules of the House, must always bear with him the official mace, which is the symbol of the Speaker's authority.

The original mace, which was adopted by the First Congress from the Colonial assemblies as a symbol of authority, was a representation of the Roman fasces. It was made of ebony rods, each tipped with a silver spear-head, and bound with a silver band. From the center rose a silver stem supporting a globe of silver, upon which was a massive silver eagle. Its height was about three feet.

This mace was destroyed when the British burned the Capitol on August 14, 1814. For twenty-five years a hastily constructed mace of common pine wood did service, but presumably this was not sufficient to intimidate obstreperous Congressmen, and in 1842 the present mace was constructed, nearly duplicating the original.

A considerable part of the business of the House is transacted in what is called the "committee of the whole," where the House resolves itself into a committee consisting of all the members for the consideration of some special matter. Whenever the House is in regular session the mace rests on its pedestal at the right of the Speaker's desk, where it is handy to the strong arm of the sergeant-at-arms if a member becomes refractory. When the House goes into a committee of the whole the mace is laid on the floor. Hence the visitor can tell whether the House is in regular session by looking to see if the mace is on its pedestal.

This formidable weapon must be in the hands of the sergeant-at-arms when he proceeds to put down disorder in the House. There is no record that it has ever been actually used to crush in the cranium of an offending statesman, but that is doubtless only because its terrifying appearance is quite enough. Without the mace as a symbol of authority, if not as a threat of destruction, the sergeant-at-arms is powerless, as will be seen from the following official precedent as to its use, given in that frothy piece of light literature—in eight large volumes—Hinds's "Precedents of the House of Representatives":

On February 7, 1885, Mr. John D. White, of Kentucky, while addressing the House, was called to order, and directed to resume his seat. Mr. White disregarded the order, the Speaker *pro tempore* directed the sergeant-at-arms to proceed. The deputy sergeant-at-arms thereupon proceeded up the aisle, *without the mace*, and took hold of Mr. White, who still refused to resume his seat. The deputy sergeant-at-arms then procured the mace, and returned up the aisle to Mr. White, who thereupon took his seat.

It was impossible to intimidate the fiery gentleman from Kentucky by merely "taking hold" of him; but when the awesome mace appeared, then and then only the militant Kentuckian became as a lamb. The precedent is in force to this day, and a member is not required to heed the interference of the sergeant-at-arms unless that official bears the mace.

The threat of the mace, however, is only used in extreme cases. Ordinary disorder, up to the verge of riot, is one of the prerogatives of the House, and cannot be stopped.

Members of the Old Guard will tell you that it was not so in the good old days, when "Czar" Reed and his successor, the genial but autocratic Uncle Joe Cannon, held the House in an iron grip. The change in the rules which, as they put it, was brought about by the upstarts when Cannon was deposed, is responsible, they will tell you, for the existing lack of decorum.

The evidence seems to show, however, that this idea is but part of the illusion which each generation, as it enters the path strewn with sear and yellow leaves, hugs to itself. Things were always different in the good old days. The grand old men of the good old days said so themselves, and

the good old days move further and further back until they are lost in the haze of time. As far back as 1857 we find the famous Sam Houston, of Texas, deploring the "modern" lack of decorum, and addressing the Senate as follows:

Sir, I well remember the august and solemn appearance of this body some twenty years ago, when the fathers sat here. Then it was a majestic body, indeed. There was something awful in its appearance. The solemn stillness, the gravity of the Senators, the propriety of conduct, the silent auditory—all impressed the spectator with a solemn awe when he entered the chamber or came into its galleries or lobbies.

The House of Representatives, too, was silent. . . . If a member sat in an indecorous position, or laid his foot upon his desk, the Speaker sent his page with this message:

"The compliments of the Speaker to Mr. —, and will he please take down his foot?"

He never put it up a second time. There was a grandeur about legislation then.

It seems, however, that General Houston labored under the same illusion which clouds the vision of the Old Guard to-day. The record of those august and solemn days "when the fathers sat here" does not bear him out.

Turning to the very earliest times, we find that as far back as 1798 there occurred a most deplorable scene of disorder in the House. This was while Congress still met in Philadelphia, in the old building at the corner of Sixth and Chestnut Streets.

It appears from the journal of the first session of the Fifth Congress that some time in January, 1798, while the House was in session, the Hon. Roger Griswold, of Connecticut, had an altercation with the Hon. Matthew Lyon, of Vermont. Mr. Griswold, it seems, taunted Mr. Lyon with an alleged occurrence in his military career, whereupon the latter spat in his opponent's face. As Sam Houston sighed, "there was a grandeur about legislation then"!

A resolution was thereupon introduced, reading as follows:

That Matthew Lyon, a member of this House, for a violent attack and gross indecency committed upon the person of Roger Griswold, another member in the presence of this House, while sitting, be, for this disorderly behavior, expelled therefrom.

The House, however, declined to adopt the resolution, and contented itself with requiring both members to pledge them-

selves to the Speaker to keep the peace during the remainder of the session. Evidently it was recognized at that early date that a "violent attack," or even a "gross indecency," was but one of the prerogatives of the House.

That the pledge was not regarded seriously is shown by the fact that two weeks later, on February 15, it is recorded in the journal that *immediately after prayers* Mr. Griswold assaulted Mr. Lyon with a stout cane, the latter being seated. Mr. Lyon thereupon arose, rushed to the fireplace, secured a pair of tongs, and returned to the conflict. Which would have proved more deadly, cane or tongs, will never be known, for after some difficulty the antagonists were separated.

"The House was so excited," the journal says, "that it adjourned"; but again a motion to expel these refractory members failed.

Beginning with this promising precedent, we find the annals of the House of Representatives full of bitter quarrels, assaults, duels, and, as Hinds's "Precedents" invariably characterizes such unfortunate affairs, "great heat and confusion."

In many cases during the early days quarrels arising on the floor of the House were carried outside, and duels between members of Congress were frequent. This happened so often in the first days of the last century that in 1809 a rule was introduced to declare the sending of a challenge to a duel from one member to another a breach of the privileges of the House. The proposed rule was defeated, however, it being the general opinion that an occasional duel was but one of the natural exercises of a gentleman, and that the House should not be required to take notice of it.

This idea did not begin to change until about 1836. In that year it is recorded that a resolution was introduced to censure the *surviving party* to a duel between members, but who the parties were is not stated. The resolution failed; but in February, 1838, the famous Cilley-Graves duel was fought, and for the first time—forced, as usual, by public opinion—the House took serious notice of dueling as a "breach of the privileges of the House."

This affair began on the floor of the House when Representative Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, made a speech in which he cast reflections on the character of one Webb, the editor of a newspaper and a

personal friend of Representative William J. Graves, of Kentucky. Mr. Graves the next day attempted to deliver to Mr. Cilley on the floor of the House a letter demanding an explanation. Cilley refused to receive the letter, whereupon Graves challenged him.

A duel was fought on the famous Bladensburg dueling-ground, on the boundary between the District of Columbia and Maryland—the same field where Stephen Decatur was killed by James Barron, and where Senator Mason was shot by Colonel McCarty. Cilley was killed. The House appointed a committee to investigate, and the committee made an exhaustive report on the affair, recommending that Mr. Graves be expelled, and that the seconds, who were also members of Congress, be censured. After a parliamentary struggle of considerable intensity the report was laid on the table and never acted upon.

The year 1838, in which the Cilley-Graves duel occurred, was a specially turbulent one in the House of Representatives. It is worth noting that this date closely approximates the time which General Houston, speaking in 1857, praised as the august and solemn day, "twenty years ago," when the fathers observed such remarkable propriety of conduct.

At the very beginning of the year, on January 16, a rather prolonged fight took place on the floor of the House between Samuel Ghoulson, of Mississippi, and Henry A. Wise, of Virginia. The *Congressional Globe*, as the *Record* was then called, relates that the combatants were separated with difficulty.

Later the two gentlemen apologized to the House, but refused to apologize to each other or to retract their heated words. A resolution was introduced to require them to pledge themselves not to further prosecute the quarrel, but it failed. Even at that time the House evidently considered it an undue exercise of its power to interfere between gentlemen in their little difficulties.

Again, on June 1, 1838, a fight occurred between John Bell, of Tennessee, and Hopkins L. Turney, of the same State. The official account in the *Globe* runs as follows:

MR. TURNEY—"It is false! It is false!"

MR. STANLEY called Mr. Turney to order.

At the same time Messrs. Bell and Turney were

perceived in personal conflict, and blows with the fist were aimed by each at the other. Several members interfered, but both gentlemen continued struggling, and endeavoring . . . to strike one another.

THE SPEAKER took the chair, and order was restored.

A resolution was adopted requiring the fiery Tennesseans to apologize, which they did. This seems to be the first instance where weak-kneed modern ideas of abridging the right of personal conflict between statesmen were held by a majority of the House.

It was some time, however, before the House could bring itself to interfere seriously in such matters. Two years later, on April 21, 1840, while in committee of the whole, the House was disturbed by another violent combat between two Southern members—Rice Garland, of Louisiana, and Jesse A. Bynum, of North Carolina. The Speaker had to take the chair, without the formality of the committee arising, to restore order.

On this occasion Mr. Underwood, of Georgia, actually went so far as to present a resolution suggesting the necessity for reform in the manners of the House. A controversy arose as to whether regulations should be made for punishing riotous conduct in the future, and a select committee was appointed to make recommendations. This committee, quite properly, never reported.

Again, on September 9, 1841, Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, assaulted Edward Stanley, of North Carolina, on the floor of the House. Wise was the same belligerent member who had assaulted Samuel Ghoulson in 1838, and also had been one of the seconds in the Cilley-Graves duel. Of this conflict the *Globe* reports, after detailing the events which led up to it:

Mr. Wise then returned to Mr. Stanley, and was observed to slap him pretty severely with his open hand. A scuffle ensued, members rushing to the scene of conflict.

Evidently the other members didn't want to miss any of the fun. A committee which was appointed to investigate recommended a rule that in cases of assault on the floor of the House, the offenders should be expelled. This report was recommitted to the committee after a rather protracted debate, and they never reported again.

The feeling of the members of the House, especially those from the South, regarding these affairs, was stated by Alexander Stephens, later Vice-President of the Confederacy, in a speech which he made to the House in 1848. During the consideration of a resolution to force a reconciliation and apology between two members named Haralson and Jones, who had indulged in a violent combat directly in front of the Speaker's desk, Mr. Stephens said:

All gentlemen are liable to be betrayed by a gust of sudden passion, and to act without caution and without reflection. The dignity of the House requires no process of examination of these unfortunate affairs.

But despite the eloquence of Mr. Stephens, the insidious effect of effeminate modern ideas made itself felt, and the combatants were forced to apologize and shake hands in public. 'Twas not so in the good old days of Lyon and Griswold!

Many other instances of assaults and disorder are recorded during Civil War times, but usually nothing was done about them. In 1866, for the first time, the House took definite and energetic action against members who disturbed its peace and dignity. On July 17 of that year Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, made a speech in which he imputed cowardice to Mr. Rousseau, of Kentucky, in the latter's career as a soldier. After the adjournment of the House on the same day, in the corridors of the Capitol, Mr. Rousseau attacked Mr. Grinnell with a cane.

Three other members were present at the time of the assault, all armed, as friends of Mr. Rousseau, to see that the chastisement proceeded successfully and without interruption. A long wrangle over the matter ensued, which terminated in the resignation of Mr. Rousseau, pending the consideration of a resolution for his expulsion. The resignation was not accepted until after Rousseau had been publicly censured by the Speaker. By this time assaults between members were beginning to be regarded as a rather serious matter.

There have since been numerous Congressional affrays, usually ending in public apology and reconciliation, so that the House has taken no action. Perhaps the most famous of these latter-day affairs was the Weaver-Sparks imbroglio, which occurred in 1880. The *Congressional Record*

for December 21 of that year gives the following somewhat softened account:

MR. WEAVER—"I denounce the gentleman personally on the floor of this House as a liar."

MR. SPARKS—"You are a scoundrel and a villain and a liar." Mr. Weaver then approached Mr. Sparks in a menacing attitude. "If you get within my reach I will hit you."

The members generally rose to their feet, some of them interposed between the parties.

THE SPEAKER took the chair and called the House to order.

The sergeant-at-arms, by direction of the Speaker, with his mace of office, moved about the floor of the House, and order was restored.

A resolution was introduced to expel both gentlemen. However, on their apologizing to each other and to the House, the matter was dropped.

The most serious disorder that the House has witnessed since the Civil War was in 1889, during the consideration of the famous "Force Bill."

This was during President Harrison's administration. The Republicans elected Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, Speaker, and it was under his direction that the famous "Reed Rules"—the same which the iron hand of Joseph G. Cannon later wielded—were adopted.

Early in the session a bill was introduced officially known as the Federal Elections Bill, but popularly called the Force Bill. It was intended to give the Federal authorities power to supervise Congressional elections, and, if necessary, to use military force to protect any legal voter. The measure was directly aimed at the South, and was intended to stop the limitation of negro suffrage. The Southern Democrats, of course, were unanimously against it.

Under the rules as they stood then, the Democrats could prevent a quorum by refusing to vote. Speaker Reed drew up a set of rules under which the Speaker was permitted to "count a quorum," and the clerk would then record as "present and not voting" those who refused to vote.

Only an iron-handed czar could have enforced such rules with the temper of the House as it was then; but Reed was equal to the task. The sessions of the House soon resembled pandemonium. Member after member would arise on the Democratic side, shouting out motions at the top of his voice, but the Speaker blandly ignored all such moves. When he started to count a quorum, so that the Republicans

could jam through their measures, the Democrats rushed to the doors and tried to escape from the hall. But Reed had had the doors locked!

A general riot ensued. The Hon. Buck Kilgore, of Texas, distinguished himself by kicking down one of the doors and making his escape, his Texan locks flying in the wind.

Meanwhile other members raged up and down the aisles, denouncing the Speaker for all the crimes in the criminal code. The Republicans added to the din by yelling and whistling with delight. The correspondents in the press gallery shared the excitement, and leaned over the railing, shaking their fists at the Speaker and denouncing him violently. Through it all Czar Reed sat tranquilly in his chair and made all his rulings in his most exasperating drawl.

These scenes continued for several days, and finally the Federal Elections Bill passed the House; but later it was mercifully chloroformed in that greatest of lethal chambers, the Senate.

So we see that all the precedents sanction the House of Representatives in its toleration of disorder. And since precedents are nowhere more highly regarded, it is fair to say that disorder has become a prerogative of the House. The annals of that body constitute a long and honorable chronicle of riot, and this was even more pronounced when the grand old men of the good old days held sway than now.

Indeed, those who believe that red blood

is becoming thinner in the republic may well shake their heads over the present condition of the House. True, there is still disorder, and plenty of it, and the quality is fair; but the day of free fights on the floor seems to have passed. Members still indulge in a little fist-shaking, and now and then there are veiled invitations to repeat certain remarks "outside." But such a suggestion is now understood to be mere rhetoric, and not to refer specifically to the Bladensburg dueling-ground, as it did in the brave old days.

In the last Congress, Mr. Hobson, of Alabama, and Mr. Underwood, of the same State, had a lively little set-to over the question of whether Mr. Underwood's candidacy for the Senate was supported by the liquor interests. Mr. Hobson's lean fist was brandished above his shining head, and Mr. Underwood's massive bulk was thrust forward in an undeniably menacing manner; but no blows were struck, and the brief outburst degenerated peacefully into long-winded debate.

The present House, which met in December last, started out promisingly, and bids fair to live up to the glorious disorderly traditions of the past. It is safe to predict that never, as long as the vitality of the great American republic remains unimpaired, will our Representatives meekly submit to the Speaker's imperious demands to "be in order." If the House ever does come to order, and stays there, it will mean that the spirit which created it is dead.

THE RED HARVEST

DEMETER, the earth-mother, watched her children plowing,
Breaking up the stubborn ground that harvest might be good;
"There is a curse," she said, "upon the corn that ye are sowing—
A curse upon the wholesome corn that never shall be food!"

Her children all gazed wondering upon the wise Demeter;
They said, "The mother aileth—her words are little worth."
They said, "Behold the young corn, none greener is, none sweeter;
The black curse hath not fallen, oh, mother of the earth!"

Demeter answered, "Patience! The land's name shall be weeping,
The corn-field be a cursed field in the ears of men not born;
A greater than Demeter shall whet the scythe for reaping,
Rivers that are not water shall drown the yellow corn!"

The curse is fallen flaming, with a cry of worlds that sunder;
The green land, the golden land, is dyed with scarlet stain,
And neither battle-flame at noon nor midnight's cannon thunder
Shall ever wake the broken things that sprawl among the grain!

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

Art



by

William Slavens McNutt

ART ain't. A job is, but art ain't. You take it from me, what most people call art is nothing but an alibi. An actor that ain't got voice nor personality, appearance nor ability, is a failure, ain't he? Not if he's wise. He can devote himself to art, and if he's bad enough he'll get by. Sure he will! There's a never-failing crop of boobs that make a hit with themselves by appreciating art.

"What," says they to themselves, "is art?"

"Art," they answers back to themselves, "is a bunch of junk that other people think is no good."

That's where the actor that can't act gets in.

"According to the *hoi polloi* I'm a bum," he says to the boobs, with a smile of scorn and a display of his classical ignorance. "The common ear lacks the artistic delicacy of attunement that permits appreciation of the subtle artistry of my method. The mind of the herd is too dull to perceive the marvelous beauty of my work. But you like me, don't you?"

What do the boobs say? "No?" They do not! The art boob has got to be different from the common herd, if he dies for it. So the boobs, they watch this guy do nothing at all the wrong way, and roll their eyes and sigh and swear they like it.

Up until recently I thought art was. I was the other kind of art boob. I had a hazy idea that art consisted of doing something you couldn't make a living at when you didn't have to.

Nobody ever knew I felt that way. Every one thought I was just what I seemed to be—a low-brow, commercial-

minded press-agent and theatrical manager, with a dollar-sign where my soul ought to be. But I kidded myself into believing that I had a fine streak in me. I always felt that my real self was lean and long-haired and spiritual, instead of fat and bald-headed and greedy-looking like the mirror reported.

During all the years I spent trying to horn in on shows either leggy or melodramatic enough to get the money, I kept having this pipeless dream that my real mission was to serve art. I had no more idea what art was than anybody else has; but I figured it must be, and that me and it was due to pal around together and help each other out some time.

Last fall I was "at liberty," as they say—which, being interpreted, means that I was free of all the duties and all the emoluments that pester a man when he's shackled to a job, and entitled to eat if I could get credit, or to starve if I chose. And believe me, it was getting along toward choosing time when I met Miss Dorothy Drummond.

Um! Um! Man! Man! She looked like—like—well, when I first saw her, I says to myself:

"Poor Venus!"

Her eyes made you think of still pools of clear spring-water, and blue skies, and Italy, and wedding-bells, and all kinds of poetic things. I don't know what her age was, but it was just right. She was one of these slim, soft, fluffy young things that make you want to show how strong you are. Know what I mean? As soon as you met her, you'd want to swell up and lick somebody, or save a child, or something,

just to show her that she needn't be scared, because you were capable of protecting her. Oh, she was some doll!

She had a letter of introduction to me from a boyhood friend of mine out in my home town in Kansas, that I've never been quite able to lose track of. She didn't have much money or much experience, and she wanted to act. And still I was glad to meet her! She'd been trained at a school of elocution, and I didn't say an unkind word!

"I'm not just a silly, stage-struck girl, Mr. Tenney," she says. "I have a mission. I can confide in so few, but I know that you will understand and believe me. I have been called. I have heard voices, imperative voices that I dare not disobey, commanding me to regenerate the art of the theater. I feel that you will understand and believe when I tell you that they were the voices of famous actors and actresses, long since gone to the astral plane of life. They have promised to guide and instruct me, and I believe with all my heart that they directed me to you."

You think you'd have called a cop? You would not. You never saw them eyes. Um! Man! Some eyes! I told her I'd do my best to get her placed in some company, and asked whether she wanted to take a whack at the legit or musical comedy.

"I must obey the voices, Mr. Tenney," she says. "They have commanded me to appear first as *Hilda* in Rudolf Foergenschlauer's wonderful drama, 'Beyond the Tomb.'"

"Who's putting it on?" I asks her.

"No one," she says. "No one dares produce it. The play is too great, too lofty, to appeal to the money-mad parasites who prostitute the sacred art of the theater for gain," she says. "It is the highest expression of dramatic art. We must form our own company."

"Oh!" I says. "O-ooh! But who's going to back it?"

"Why," she says, "if you'd care to provide the—"

"I would," I says. "I'd love to. But all my funds are tied up at the present in investments that I can't realize on for some time."

Funds! Ha! And me just one ten-case note shy of the bread-line!

"The way will be opened to us," she says. "I am sure of that. Perhaps you

know of some one who would be willing to finance us."

Woof! That "us" sounded sweet to my ears, boy. Say, listen! I fell for her so swift that before I'd known her an hour, I was wondering what our friends would send us for our golden wedding anniversary. Tell her that angels to back poor girls from Kansas who heard voices, in a play without a leg of a laugh in it, were as scarce as Quakers at an Irish riot? Tell her that? I didn't believe it myself! I looked into them eyes of hers, and knew as well as she did that the way would be opened to us.

It was all for art. I'd always known that I had this fine streak in me, and now I had my chance to prove it. I told her I was the one man in the world to dig up an obedient bank-roll that would come a running with the answer to the salary-list when we whistled. Then I went out to make good.

II

I HAD NO place to go, but I went, just the same. The skinniest season in years, with more managers in bankruptcy than in business, and me sniffing the air for the scent of money to spend in starring the graduate of a school of elocution in a play about souls! And I was as earnest about it all as a guy with a weak stomach signing the pledge at the fag end of a long spree. I was for art; and to show you how strong I was, I turned down a chance to go out ahead of "The Three Graces of Broadway," one of the few shows that year that looked as if it had a chance of earning transportation.

An hour later I had ample evidence that I was wise. I ran into the "way" that Miss Drummond had spoke of, and started in to open it up.

The way was Jimmy Merrihew. I used to loan Jimmy money when he clerked in a bank up-town and tried to spend twice what he earned and keep even. Some relation left him a million, and he was just back from abroad with part of it left. He thought I was crazy, till I took him up to see Miss Drummond.

Some opener, that girl! Within a week we had our company together and began rehearsals. My dear fellow, I was as happy as a forty-year-old bride! I'd sit there and watch them rehearsals and glow all over with high and beautiful feelings.

Me and art was just as close as a scrambled egg, and I was as tickled over the proximity as a country kid three feet from the parachute-jumper at the county fairgrounds.

I couldn't make head or tail out of the play, and that made me all the more sure that it was real art. Far be it from humble, roughneck me to presume to attempt to understand anything so ethereal; enough for me to serve it!

I was leary of Jimmy right from the post. He seemed to be just as enthusiastic about art as I was, but I had a hunch that Miss Drummond was what he was really excited about. I watched him pretty close. Believe me, there was no harm going to come to that little girl if I could help it. No rich blighter was going to horn in and wither her budding ambitions with the power of his dirty money, as long as I was capable.

It bore on my mind till I got a bright idea. I went and spoke to Dorothy about it.

"You marry me," I says, "and then there won't be any danger. As my wife," I says, "you'll be protected from the machinations of wicked ginks that ain't got any real sympathy with your artistic aims and ideals."

Boy, the look that come into her eyes before she turned me down would have broke the heart of a rent-collector. I could tell from the way she looked that she was in love with me, and that she hated to do what she did; but she did it. It seems that art and matrimony get along in one person at the same time just like a couple of Mexican presidents.

"It is for art," she says, "I have put my hand to the plow, and I must not turn back. And you must help me, my dear friend," she says, "for I am weak and human, and renunciation is bitter."

"All right," I says. "But keep a light a burning all the while. I don't trust Jimmy Merrihew."

"Poof!" she says, like she was casually blowing Jimmy off the universe. "He is but a means to an end."

III

JIMMY was the means, all right—all the means there was. We went on the road, and didn't draw enough in three weeks to make a jingle in a toy bank. But it was art, and we was all as happy as a boy

with the backache, hoeing potatoes in the hot sun, thinks the engineer is when he sees the limited go by.

I was out in Michigan, ahead of the show, when the flies lit in the salve. A fresh bell-hop pounded on my door and woke me out of a dream of my honeymoon in Italy with Dorothy, after I'd saved her from a railroad wreck in which she lost her voice, so she couldn't serve art no more, to slip me a telegram from Jimmy, who was back with the show. It read something like this:

Dorothy and I engaged to be married—show closes to-night—come in.

And there I was in my pajamas, just awake from my honeymoon, at six o'clock of a frosty morning, with the end of the world in my hand. Jimmy had done just what I had warned Dorothy he would do. All he wanted was to marry her and stop her artistic career. Darn him! I'd known all along that that was his game.

But it wasn't too late to put a banana-peel on his front steps. They weren't married yet—only engaged. I didn't know what kind of black magic he'd used to befuddle the poor girl and cause her to lose sight of her mission in life, but I remembered the look in her eyes when she turned me down, and knew that with the understanding there was between us, I'd be able to save her from her folly.

Come in? You bet I'd come in! If I'd had the price on me I'd have got me a special train to come on, too. I made pretty good connections, and got back to Lansing, where the show was, that same night.

I found Jimmy alone in his room at the hotel, and tore into him without giving him a chance to explain. I don't remember just what all I said, but it was hot stuff, and used up a lot of breath. When I had to stop for a minute to get my wind, Jimmy gave me a fleeting glimpse of what was coming to me.

"I didn't really think you'd have the nerve to show up," he says. "The idea of a man of your age and experience kidding a poor, innocent girl like Dorothy into believing that she was called to uplift the stage, just to make a job for yourself! I'm too happy to fight, but I've a notion to wallop you one for luck. I ought to! Leading the poor girl on to make a ridiculous spectacle of herself, simply to give

you a chance to draw down your measly seventy-five per. You're a fine thing! If you'd told me you needed money so badly, I would have loaned you some. You needn't have made a fool of Miss Drummond to get it."

I'd just begun to get that when the door opened, and in come Dorothy. From the look she give me, she might have been a vegetarian and me a beefsteak.

"How dare you?" she says.

"Dare what?" I says.

"Darling," she says to Jimmy, "he was trying to bully you into wasting more money to keep the show going, wasn't he?"

"You guessed it," Jimmy tells her.

"You ungrateful beast!" she says to me. "After all that Jimmy and I have done for you! Haven't you robbed him of enough? You, with your smooth, silly talk about art, inveigling us into spending our time and money on such an impossible play! Don't you listen to him, Jimmy! Don't you let him talk you into spending another cent!"

"You heard her," Jimmy says to me, as he took her in his arms. "My money's hers now—or will be when we're married, to-morrow—and what she says goes. I don't think either of us care about seeing you again."

And still I didn't have quite enough.

"But—but ain't you going to act no more?" I says to her.

"Act?" she says. "Act? I can't act; can I, Jimmy?"

"I should say not!" Jimmy tells her.

"You can't delude me any longer," she says to me. "You, with your false words of praise! I came to you for advice, a poor, lonely, inexperienced girl, with her own way to make in the world, and you persuaded me into making a perfect fool of myself. And all the money you've led Jimmy on to spend! Kindly leave us now!" she says.

I done so. A poor, lonely, inexperienced girl! Thank Heaven I didn't meet her after she got wise! Art! Huh! Art! That's a fine name for a dog!

LOVE'S BAROMETER

EVEN December has its springlike days,

And it was one of these

When first your eye caught mine. A purple haze

Stirred through half-budding twigs of many trees;

The breath of love was in the air;

I looked and saw you standing there!

And then—you must remember!—arm in arm

And heart in heart we strayed,

Smiling to watch how the astonished farm

Waked at spring's call from sleep, swiftly obeyed.

Lambs, calves, and colts leaped round, and blades of grass,

Brown burnt, stood up and felt soft footsteps pass.

You seemed a part of all I saw—

A cloud-wreath from the sky,

The first white bud upon the haw,

The gracile brook that rippled by.

Forgive me, what I say is true—

It was the weather that I loved, not you!

And now another day has come;

Overnight the world grew old.

Cold winds toss freezing flakes about, and dumb

Are all the sparrows, and my heart is cold.

Lady, if now we are estranged,

It was the weather, and not I, that changed!

Julian M. Drachman

THE POLITICAL TRUCE IN CANADA

HOW THE DOMINION HAS SET PATRIOTISM ABOVE PARTY IN THE CRISIS OF A GREAT WAR

WHEN we of the United States speak of "a bitter political fight," we usually have at the back of our minds the late Tilden-Hayes unpleasantness, or Lincoln's first campaign for the Presidency. Compared with the political battles of our brother Anglo-Saxon nations, our ordinary electoral campaigns are about as bitter as ice-cream soda.

A Canadian, for instance, dropping in on us when we fancy that we are foaming at the mouth, would imagine that he was attending a unification proceedings. He knows what a real knock-down and drag-out political fight is like, because he has seen that sort of work from infancy.

Several explanations might be advanced for this state of things. It may be partly due to the fact that in Canada, as in Great Britain and most of the Anglo-Saxon countries, politics are like the poor—always on hand. Americans decline to get wrought up about vital issues more frequently than once in four years, because we realize that it would be a waste of energy. Between our regularly recurring Presidential elections our general attitude toward the government is a good deal like Mark Twain's toward the weather—people complain constantly, but nothing is ever done about it.

In the nature of our Constitution, nothing can be done about it. We elect a President for four years. He is responsive to the will of the people, if he happens to feel like it. If he doesn't, he goes along in his self-appointed way for four years, while we grumble in vain.

But in Canada the dominant political party must ever be responsive to the will of the people, lest it should be defeated in Parliament and driven from office. A general election is held every five years, but a general election can be held in about

five minutes if the governing party loses the approval of the public. There is, consequently, always a militant and pushing opposition watching for a chance to push the government over a cliff.

This accomplishes two things—responsible government and constant bitter political fighting. Add to this a racial division between the French and British elements in large districts of the Dominion, and the present spectacle of Canadian solidarity in the empire's war becomes indeed a striking and impressive one.

With the possible exception of a few remote and unimportant districts, out of touch with the world and its turmoil, Canada is practically of one voice and one mind in its support of the motherland and her allies in the great war. Domestic strife has been laid aside. Even the general election has been postponed, so that the forces of partizanship may not lift their heads and turn the minds of men away from the absorbing business of the Dominion.

Credit for this situation must be given largely to two men. The first is Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the veteran leader of the Liberal party, and one of the world's great empire-builders. The other is Sir Robert Borden, chief of the Conservative forces, and premier of the Dominion.

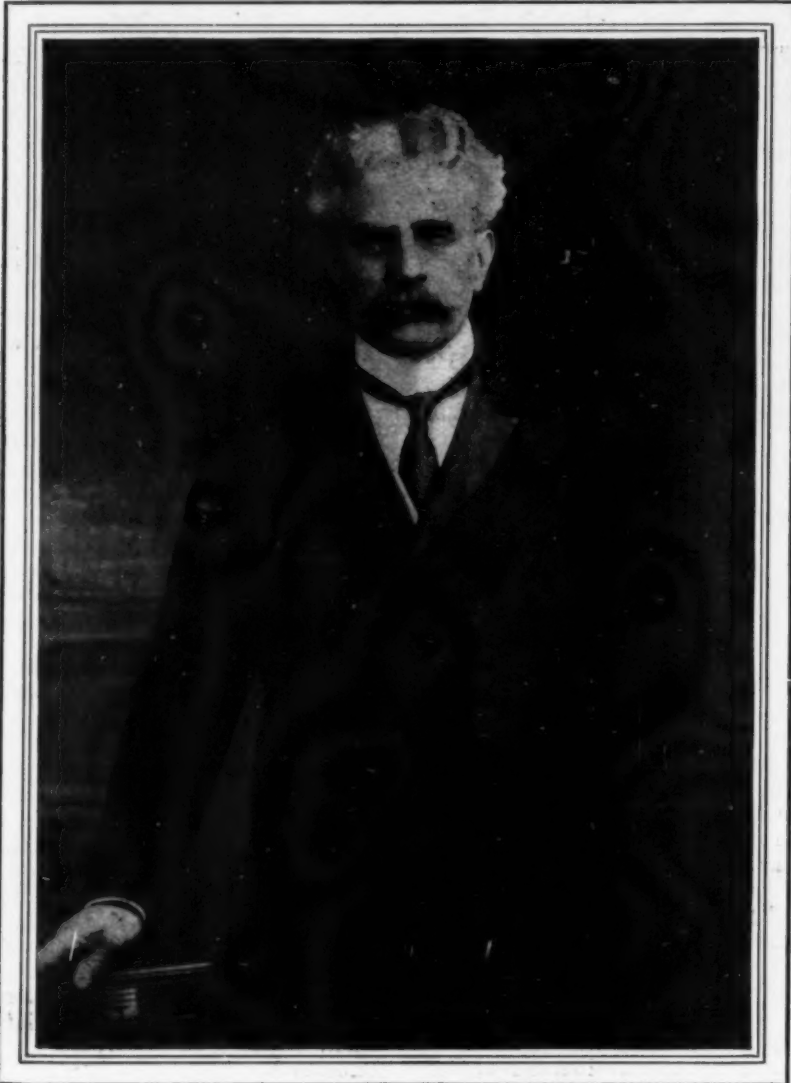
For some fifteen years these two men have faced each other in the cockpit of Canadian politics. The one is of French and the other of English extraction. The one is constitutionally and unalterably a liberal in politics. The other is as determinedly conservative. But in the present crisis these two strong men have vied with each other in their efforts to set aside party differences and unite the Canadian people in what they firmly believe is a battle for the liberty and the very existence of the British Empire.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is seventy-five years old. He still speaks English with a faint trace of accent, but there was never a British-born Canadian who was his master in loyalty to the Anglo-Saxon conception of democracy. He entered public life at the age of thirty, less than ten years after he had been called to the bar; and since that time he has been a figure of growing importance in the building of Canada.

In 1896 he led the Liberal party to

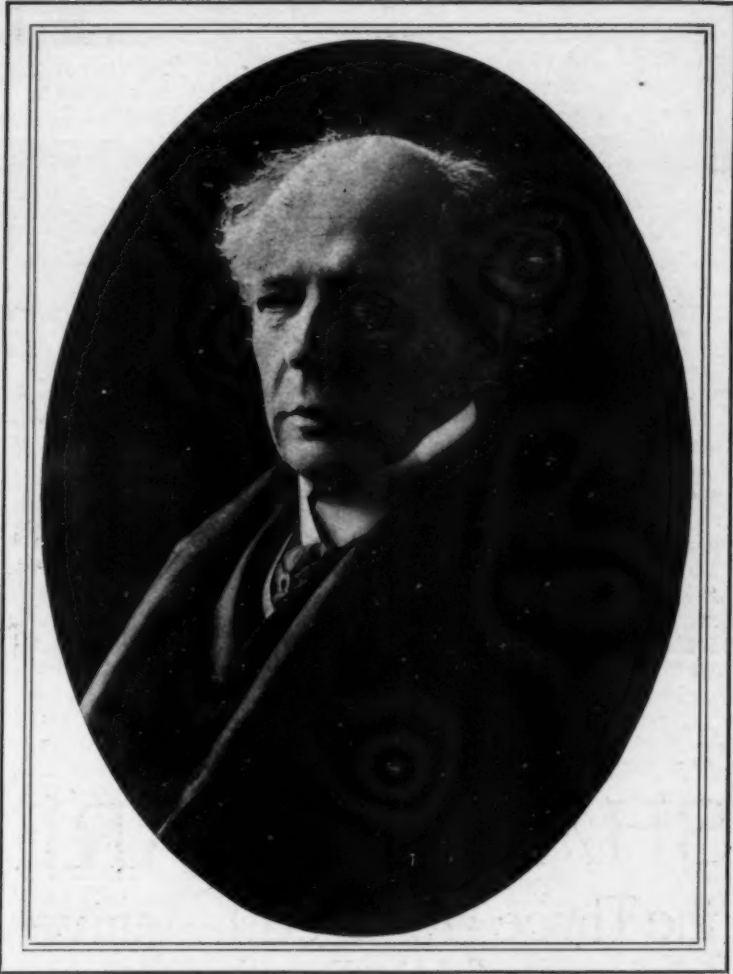
victory, and broke the long rule of the Conservatives. He became premier, and held that office until his government was overthrown on the issue of reciprocity with the United States, which also did much—in its aftermath—to destroy the already waning prestige of President Taft's administration.

Sir Wilfrid is a forceful leader, but not of the aggressive "business man in politics" school, of which his Conservative rival, Sir



SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN, PREMIER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA SINCE 1911,
AND LEADER OF THE CANADIAN CONSERVATIVES SINCE 1901

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London



SIR WILFRID LAURIER, LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN CANADA SINCE 1891,
AND PREMIER OF THE DOMINION FROM 1896 TO 1911

From a photograph by Vandyk, London

Robert Borden, somewhat savors. Laurier has the manner and speech of a scholar, and the force that is born of sure, constructive thinking.

Borden became the leader of one of the two great Canadian parties at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. His selection was due not so much to his popularity as to his lack of unpopularity. He was not closely linked up with either wing of his party in their bitter internal warfare; so in 1901 both united to choose him as captain. He kept a strong fighting force together, and, when the reciprocity issue gave him the chance, he struck hard and won.

He is a man of great charm of manner, and his tact and consideration for the views and prejudices of all men did much to win strength for his party. This talent has also been conspicuous in his work of bringing all the forces of the Dominion together as one to support the empire in the great war.

What this support has already meant, and what it will mean before the mighty struggle is over, can be gathered from the fact that Canada has raised and equipped two hundred and fifty thousand first-class fighting men, and expects to raise and equip as many more. Moreover, nearly three hundred Canadian factories are at work turning out munitions of war.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

And the Three Hundredth Anniversary
of His Death

by Richard Le Gallienne

IF we attempt to formulate at its broadest and simplest our feeling as we think of Shakespeare, our most inclusive emotion as his name springs involuntarily to our lips, I believe that we shall find it to be that of an immense kindness toward him. Leaving aside our wonder and reverence at the manifold operations of his genius, his intellect, his imagination, his power of poetic expression, we think first of the quality that with such large ease included all these attributes—his boundless humanity.

He is the greatest of all poets, because

he was the most human of all human beings as well. He is our supreme authority on human nature. We do not think of Dante, nor even of Homer, in that way. Other poets may be inaccessible mountain peaks, or even star-mantled mountain ranges. Shakespeare alone is a continent. Humanity is in need of all its poets can give it, but its greatest need in its interpreters is—humanity.

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

So writes Matthew Arnold, in the sonnet which is, perhaps, the most satisfying tribute paid to him of whom Swinburne, too, has finely said:

His praise is this—he can be praised by none.

Yet the praise of Shakespeare would fill a large library. Contrary to the usual statement, it began, and generously, too, in his own lifetime, and—with here and there the dissentient voice of some literary dunce or imperfectly human critic, such as Voltaire—it has continued ever since, gaining in depth as in volume. And from the start it was this quality of humanity, of “nature,” in him on which the distinguishing emphasis was laid. That this was the judgment, not merely of his fellow-writers, but of his play-going public, is evidenced by an extract from the publisher’s advertisement to the “pirated” quarto of “Troilus and Cressida” (1608):

This author’s comedies are so framed to the life that they serve for the most common commentaries of all actions of our lives.

In his lines “To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakespeare, and What He Hath Left Us,” prefaced to the First Folio (1623), Ben Jonson says:

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines.

Even the shallow profligate, Sir Charles Sedley, in the reign of Charles II, when Shakespeare was unfashionable, and when Evelyn, referring to a performance of “Hamlet,” could write in his diary that “how the old plays began to disgust the refined age, since his majesty’s being so long abroad”—even Sedley acclaims him:

The pride of nature, and
the shame of schools,
Born to create, and not
to learn from rules.

And poets so far removed from his large utterance, and condemned to the desiccating atmosphere of their prosaic period, as Dryden and Pope, must still praise that in him of which they themselves had so little. “With awe I ask his blessing as I write,” says Dryden, with noble emotion, and elsewhere acknowledges Shakespeare as “the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul.” Pope has this admirable and, coming from him, really astonishing appreciation:

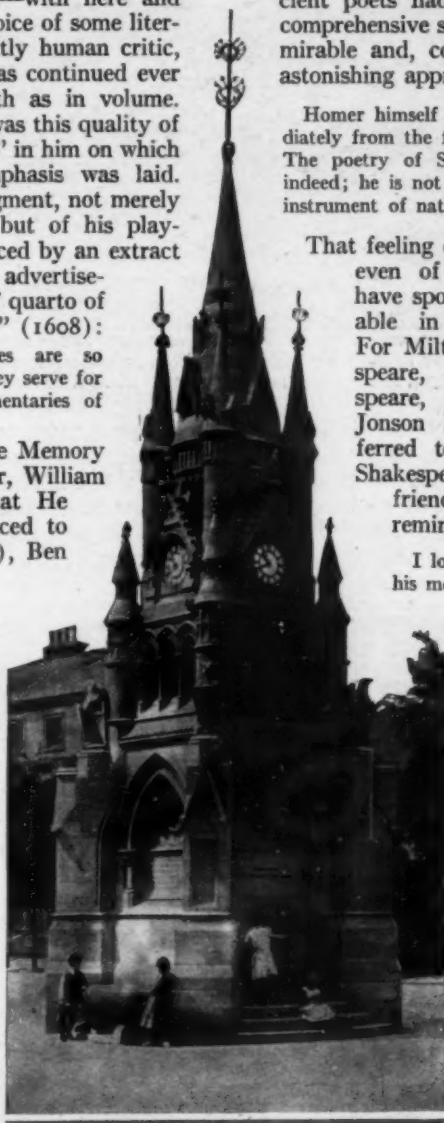
Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature. . . . The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed; he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature.

That feeling of kindness toward him, even of affection, of which I have spoken is markedly noticeable in the early references. For Milton he is “my” Shakespeare, and “sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy’s child.” Ben Jonson had already twice referred to him as “my gentle Shakespeare,” and after his friend’s death, in personal reminiscence, wrote:

I loved the man and do honor
his memory, on this side idolatry
as much as any. He
was, indeed, honest and
of an open and free
nature.

It is evident from other contemporary references, too, that he was the gentle Shakespeare in his life as in his writings, the most amiable and friendly of beings—as conspicuous among his associates for his rich and rounded humanity as for his genius.

It was long the fashion to say that we know little or nothing about Shakespeare’s life. It is this loose exaggeration of the acknowledged meager-



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN, AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, GIVEN TO THE TOWN BY THE LATE GEORGE W. CHILDS, OF PHILADELPHIA

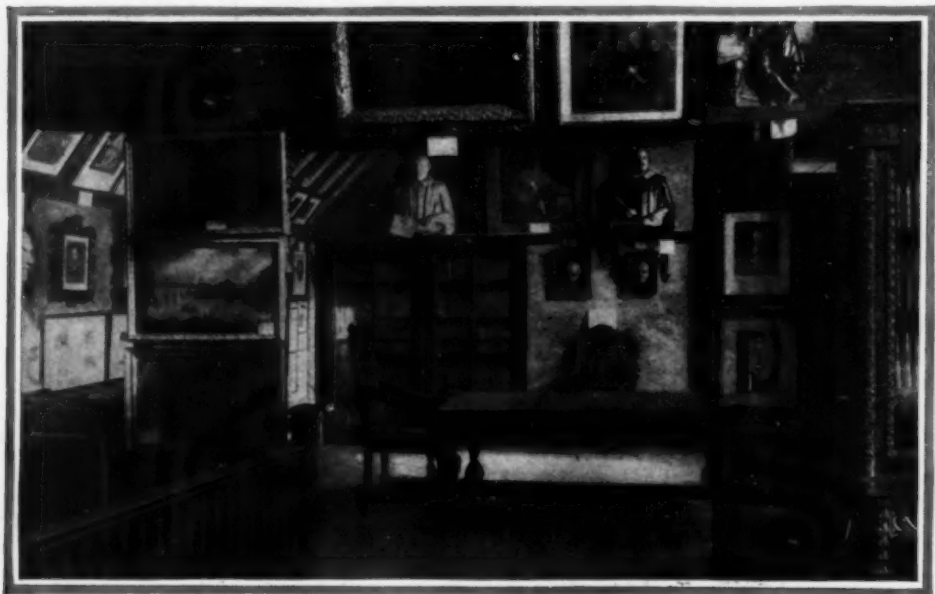
From a copyrighted photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York



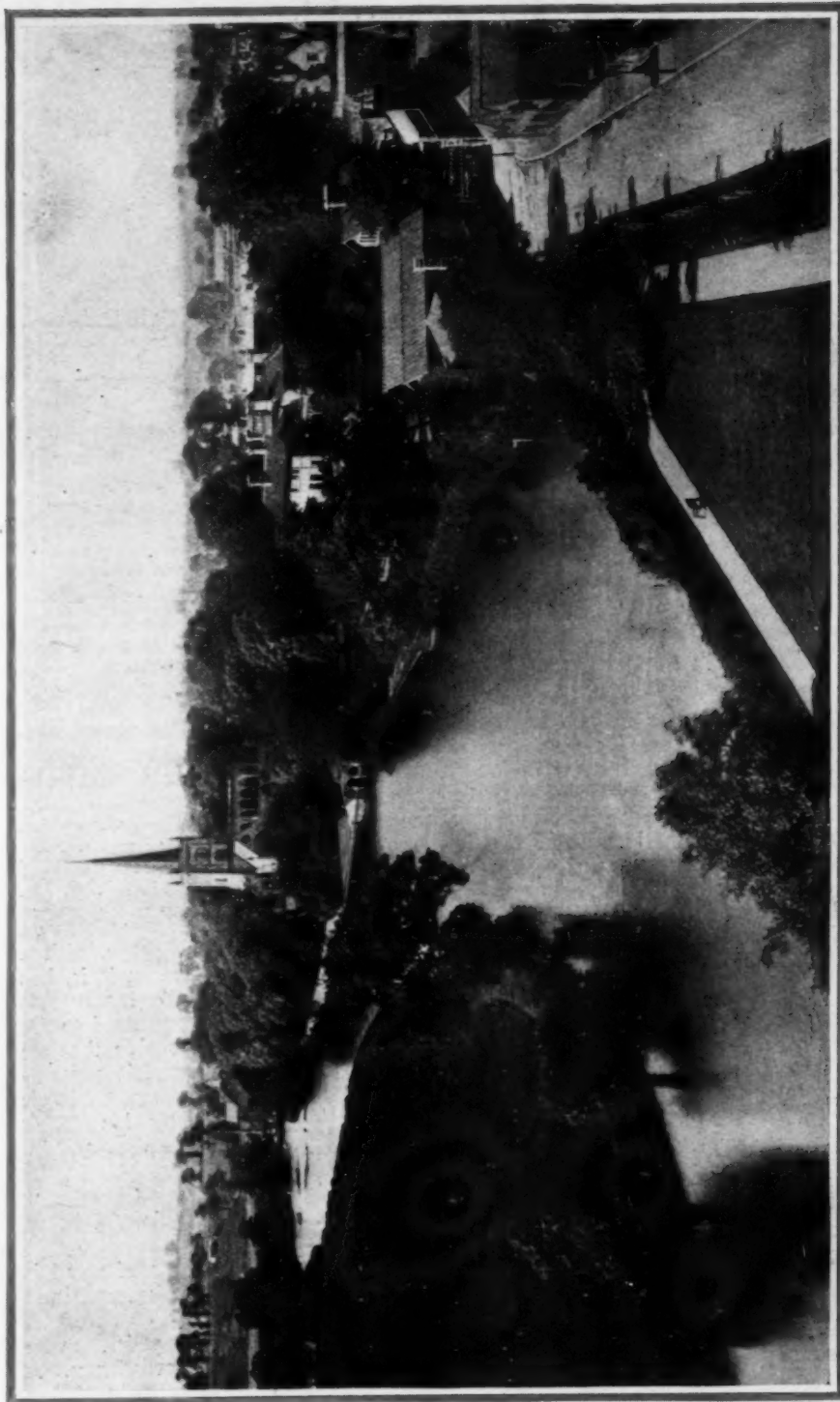
SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, IN WHICH THE POET WAS BORN, PROBABLY ON APRIL 23, 1564, AND WHICH IS NOW PRESERVED AS A NATIONAL MONUMENT

ness of biographical detail that is largely responsible for the fantastic vagaries of the "Baconian theory"—a heresy that has perhaps reached the limit of its absurdity by including Montaigne's "Essays" and Spenser's "Faerie Queene" among the un-

acknowledged writings of the great English philosopher. As a matter of fact, we know as much about Shakespeare as we know of some other famous contemporaries, whose existence is not disputed, and the facts known to us, if not many, are such as are

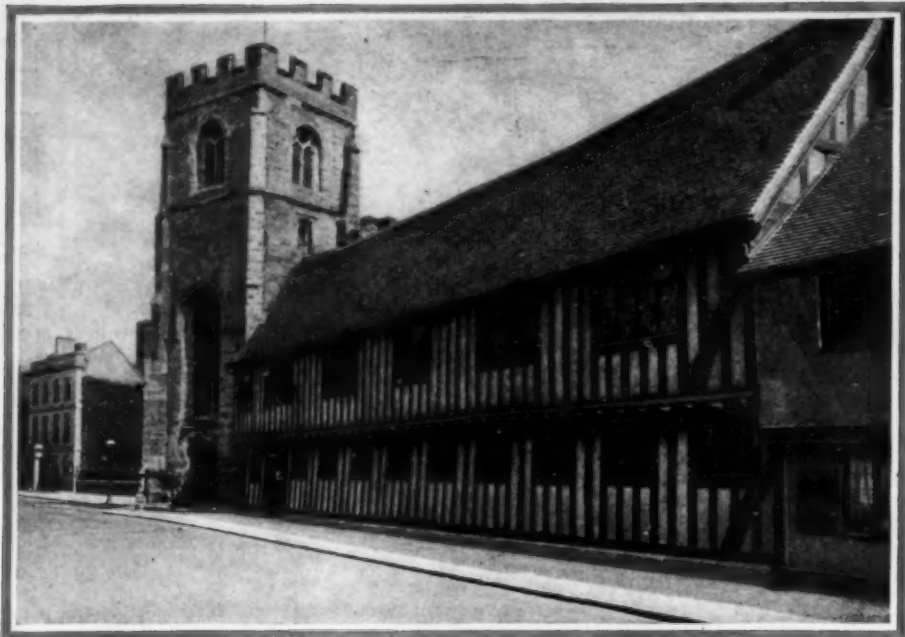


THE LIBRARY IN SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, CONTAINING A COLLECTION OF BOOKS, PICTURES, AND RELICS OF THE POET



THE RIVER AVON AND PART OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON, LOOKING FROM THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL BUILDING DOWN-STREAM TOWARD HOLY TRINITY CHURCH,
IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS BURIED

From a photograph by Brown Brothers, New York



THE OLD GUILD HALL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON—TO THE LEFT IS THE SQUARE TOWER OF THE GUILD CHAPEL; ON THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE BUILDING IS THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS EDUCATED

usually considered the most salient in any biography.

We know, for example, that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, on April 22, or 23, 1564, the first son and third child of John Shakespeare, a prominent burgess of that town; that he was educated at the grammar-school there; that when he was eighteen and a half years old, he married a woman eight years older than himself, Anne Hathaway, daughter of a substantial yeoman of the neighborhood; that, possibly on account of his being mixed up in a poaching escapade on the estate of a local magnate, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Park, he left Stratford in 1585, his wife and children remaining behind, to seek his fortunes in London.

We know that there he became connected with the theater, first as an actor, then as a writer of plays; that he prospered so well as to be able to buy a plot of land and the largest house, known as New Place, in his native town (1597); that in 1611 he returned there for good, living the quiet life of a country gentleman, one of Stratford's most substantial and respected townsmen, and occasionally visited by such London friends as Ben Jonson and Michael Dray-

ton; that he died there, at the age of fifty-two, on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church; and that he left to his elder daughter, Mrs. Susanna Hall, the bulk of a considerable property, including a house in Blackfriars, London, as well as New Place.

It was this daughter and her husband who erected the well-known monument on the wall above her father's grave, with a bust which, rude portraiture as it is, has sufficient resemblance to the hardly less crude Droeshout engraving, prefixed to the First Folio, to make it probable that we have in these two "counterfeit presentments" some approach to "sweet Master Shakespeare" as beheld by his fellow actors and playwrights in London, and by his fellow townsmen in Stratford. In the colored bust in Holy Trinity Church the eyes are light hazel, the hair and beard auburn.

After all, the essential facts of any life are here, and these are supplemented and filled out by a fair supply of anecdote, recorded and traditional, which make Shakespeare far from a shadowy figure. A recently discovered reference to his father adds an additional touch to the dramatist's

traditional reputation for gaiety and even conviviality:

Sir John Mennes saw once his old father in his shop, a merry-cheeked old man that said:

"Will was a good, honest fellow, but he darest have cracked a jest with him at any time."

Then, too, we have a pretty clear idea of his relations with his fellow actors and writers, among whom, save for one or two whose jealousy is on record, his "civil demeanor" made him popular. We know something of his relations with such literary noblemen as the Earl of Southampton, and with the court. There is no reason to discredit the tradition that he was a favorite with Queen Elizabeth. For certain, he played before her at Christmas, 1594, and his plays were often acted before her. She is said to have been particularly delighted with *Falstaff*. According to Ben Jonson, Shakespeare and his plays were favorites with James I; and Charles I also found great solace in reading his works.

There are several references to him as an actor. He is spoken of as "excellent in the quality he professes," and again we are told that "he did act exceedingly well." He is known to have acted in two of Ben

Jonson's plays, but the only character with which he is absolutely identified is that of the *Ghost* in his own "Hamlet," declared to have been "the top of his performance."

For the rest, certain financial entries in legal documents prove him to have been a shrewd business man. His worldly success, and his withdrawal from the stage and conservative settling down to a country life in Stratford, attest the solidity and sanity of a character in all respects broadly and warmly human. So, too, does his indifference to the vanity of "fame," which he seems to have carried so far as to take no steps for the preservation of his writings; though in this regard his premature death at the age of fifty-two must not be forgotten. Sir Sidney Lee justly remarks:

His literary attainments and successes were chiefly valued as serving the prosaic end of providing permanently for himself and his daughters. His highest ambition was to restore among his fellow townsmen the family repute which his father's misfortunes had imperiled.

For Shakespeare's more intimate history, those spiritual and emotional experiences without which no great work has ever been done, the "Sonnets" are supposed to be



ONE OF THE ROOMS OF THE OLD STRATFORD GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, IN WHICH THE TOWN'S MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN ACQUIRED HIS "SMALL LATIN AND LESS GREEK"

the key. "With this key," wrote Wordsworth, "Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

Hardly "unlocked"! For, if indeed the "Sonnets" are autobiographical, which some, including Sir Sidney Lee, are inclined to doubt, they rather keep their secret, with tantalizing suggestions of revelation, than betray it. Are they the story of Shakespeare's passionate friendship for a certain young nobleman—possibly the Earl of Pembroke—who repaid that friendship by

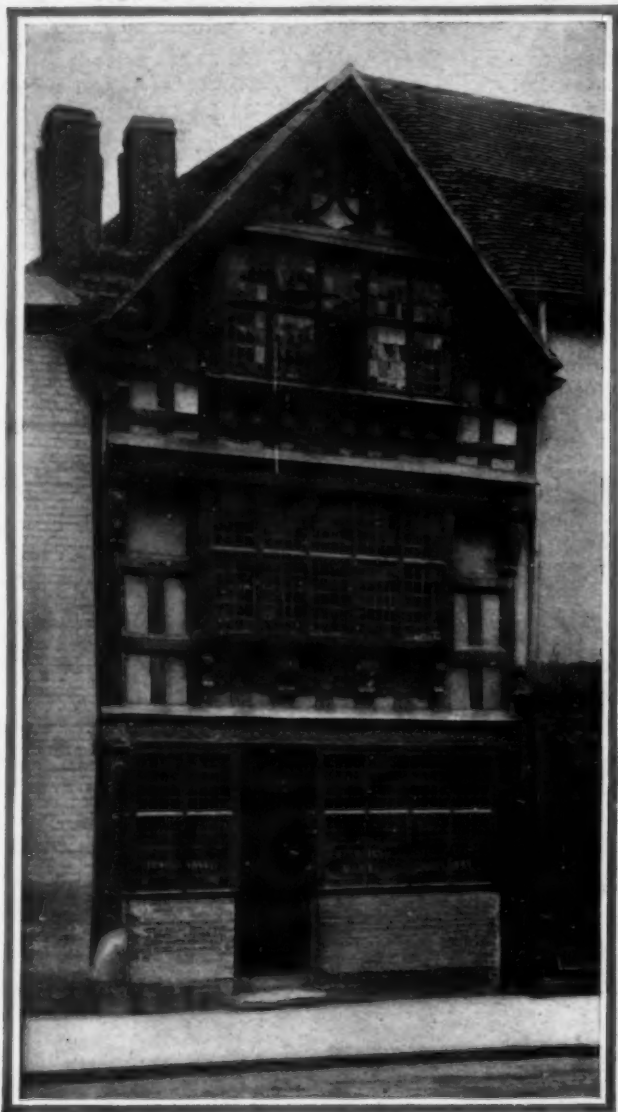
robbing him of his mistress—that "dark lady" said by some to be one Mistress Mary Fitton? Are we to find here the dark root of sorrow from which sprang the tragic flowerage of his greatest plays? Was this that harrowing of soul which was to make him so agonizingly conscious and expressive of the heights and depths of being?

Perhaps the "Sonnets" are the casket of Shakespeare's secret, but, if so, they are like one of those ingenious and highly wrought strong boxes of Renaissance workmanship with several locks, and we cannot be certain that we have even one of the keys. Yet such a tremendous creative life must have had some tremendous soul-history behind it. As Carlyle has said:

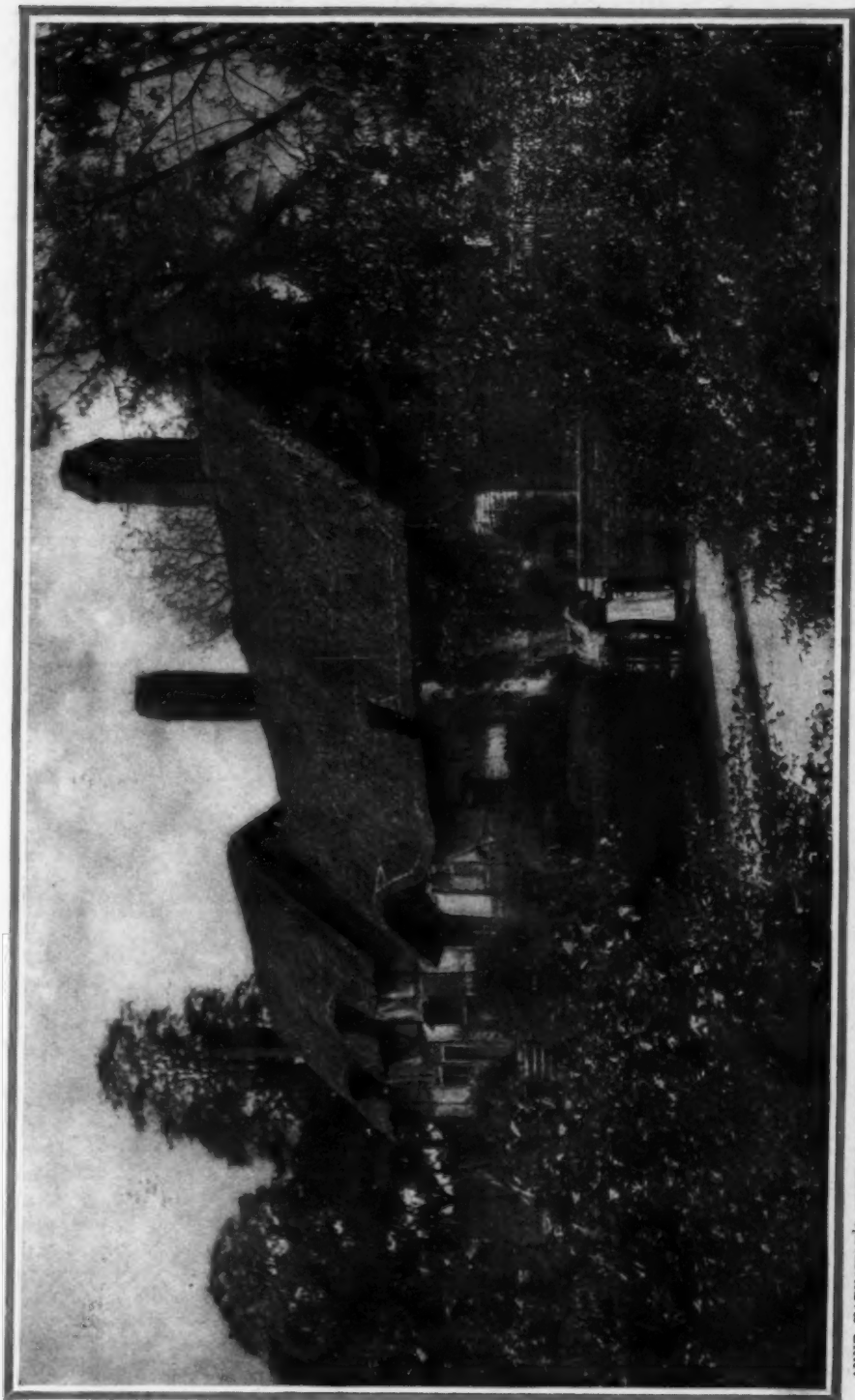
How could a man travel forward from rustic deer-poaching to such tragedy-writing and not fall in with sorrows by the way?

Always, and particularly of late, there have been critics who have endeavored to trace that soul-history in the progressive moods of Shakespeare's plays from bright to dark, through joy and faith and disillusion, perhaps back to faith again. It is surely impossible to read the plays, dramatic utterances though they be, without feeling that the framework of the stories, and the interpretation of the characters, were filled in with the stuff of individual experience. It could hardly be otherwise; and however accurately certain critics have deduced and conjectured here and there, there can be no doubt of the truth of Emerson's general proposition that "Shakespeare is the only biographer of Shakespeare."

Sixteen of the plays had been printed in separate editions, known as the Quartos, before Shake-



THE HARVARD HOUSE, HIGH STREET, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, THE HOME OF JOHN HARVARD'S MOTHER, WHO WAS APPARENTLY A FRIEND OF THE SHAKESPEARE FAMILY



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE, IN THE VILLAGE OF SHOTTERY, NEAR STRATFORD-ON-AVON—IT WAS HERE THAT SHAKESPEARE COURTED HIS WIFE, TO WHOM HE WAS MARRIED AT THE NEIGHBORING PARISH CHURCH OF LUDDINGTON—THE COTTAGE IS NOW PRESERVED AS A NATIONAL MONUMENT, THE CUSTODIAN BEING A DESCENDANT OF THE HATHAWAY FAMILY

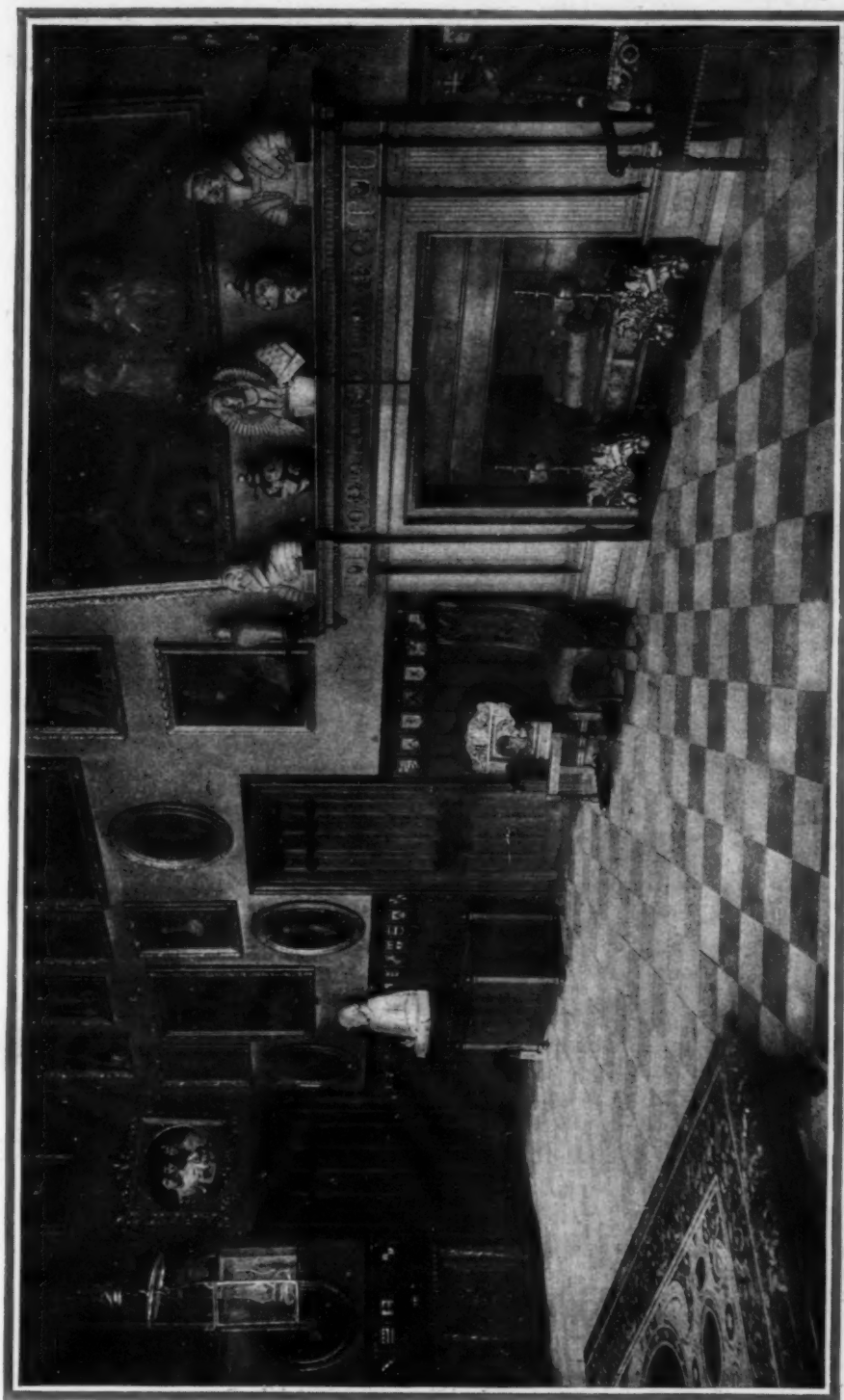
spere's death. They were booksellers' ventures, with which the poet himself had nothing to do. They were printed from prompt copies of the manuscripts in use at the theaters, or from shorthand reports made during performances, and their cost was sixpence. The surviving specimens now fetch anything from fifteen hundred to ten thousand dollars.

In those days, of course, copyright did not exist, and an author had to take whatever the bookseller cared to give him. In Shakespeare's case this was nothing. Plays, particularly, were hardly regarded as literary property. Shakespeare's money came from the theatrical managers, who employed him to write for their companies, in many cases giving him some old play, already familiar to the public, to remodel. Hence, with the probable exceptions of "Love's Labor Lost" and "The Tempest," his plots are never his own.

The first collected edition of his plays was the famous First Folio, edited by two intimate actor friends, John Heming and Henry Condell. It was issued in 1623 by a syndicate of publishers and printers, of whom William Jaggard was chief. It contained thirty-six plays, "Pericles" not being included, the plays being printed in three divisions—"Comedies," "Histories," and



THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL BUILDING, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, WHICH INCLUDES A THEATER, A LIBRARY, AND A PICTURE-GALLERY—IN FRONT OF IT IS THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT DESIGNED AND PRESENTED BY LORD RONALD GOWER—THE UPPER ENGRAVING SHOWS THE FIGURE OF LADY MACBETH FORMING PART OF THE MONUMENT



THE PICTURE-GALLERY IN THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL BUILDING, STRATFORD-ON-AVON—ERECTED IN 1879, THE MEMORIAL BUILDING HAS RECEIVED MANY GIFTS OF BOOKS, PICTURES, AND STATUARY CONNECTED WITH SHAKESPEARE OR WITH FAMOUS ACTORS AND ACTRESSES WHO HAVE APPEARED IN HIS PLAYS

"Tragedies." The text was often corrupt, and subsequent scholars have spent much time in amending it by the previously printed Quartos, which are usually authoritative, and also in determining, by a variety of literary and historical tests, the order of their composition.

According to the arrangement now most generally agreed upon, Shakespeare's first

dication of his closing years in those lines in "The Tempest" where *Prospero* says:

I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

And in the last scene of the same play he gives his most solemn expression to what



THE CHANCEL OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE IS BURIED—
THE POET'S BODY LIES UNDER A SLAB BEHIND THE RAILING; HIS MONUMENT, WITH
THE FAMOUS INSCRIPTION, IS ON THE WALL TO THE LEFT

play was "Love's Labor Lost" (1591); his last was either "The Winter's Tale" or "The Tempest" (1611). Masson has thus summarized the "progress" of Shakespeare's "moods" as supposedly indicated by the supposed order of his plays:

The *Romeo-Proteus-Biron* of the first period, the *Jacques-Hamlet* of the second, the sympathizer with all great and terrible action of the third, the man touched briefly by the *Coriolanus* and *Timon* spirit of the fourth—all included and wound up in the stately, thoughtful, fatherly, benevolent, still sad, but pious and serene *Prospero*.

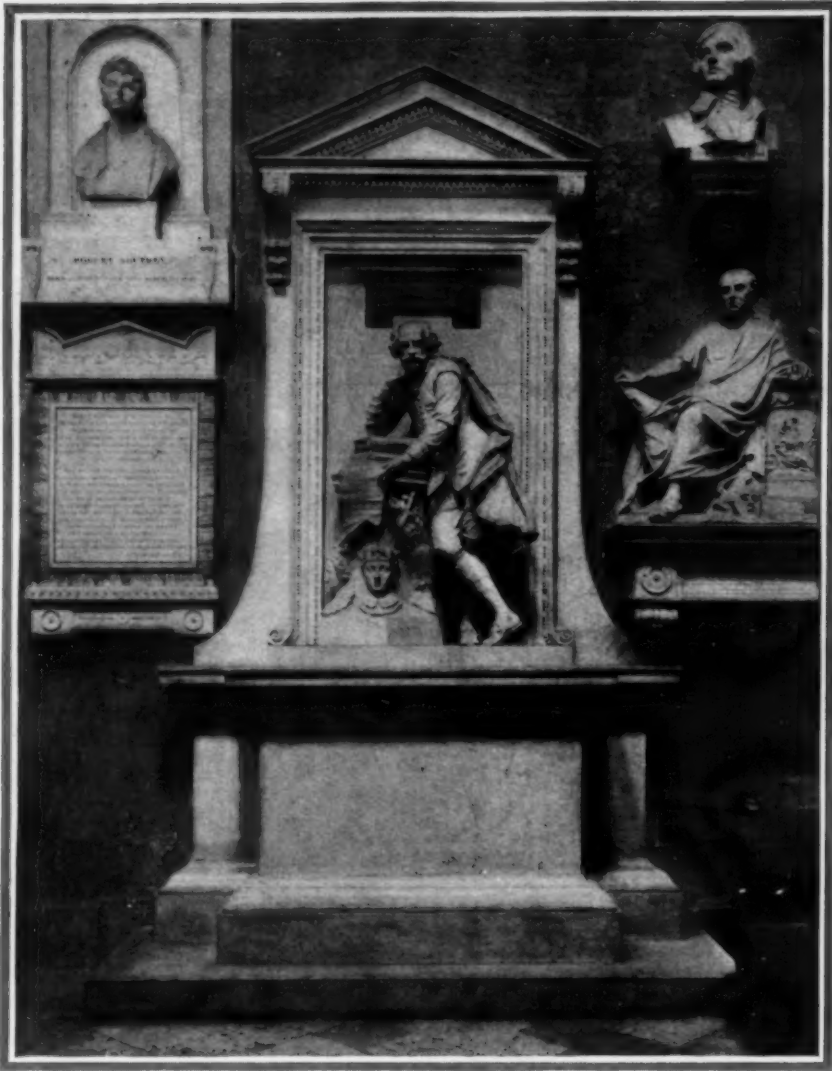
Lowell, and others, have suggested that Shakespeare was hinting at the artistic ab-

Masson calls his "inmost and most constitutional idea"—that thought of the insubstantiality of all earthly things that seems to have been the most persistent haunting of a mind otherwise so vividly and abundantly occupied with the embodiment of the mortal drama:

These our actors,
As I foretold you, are all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.



"SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FRIENDS," FROM THE PAINTING BY FARD—ONE OF THE GATHERINGS AT THE MERMAID TAVERN, OF WHICH BEAUMONT WROTE :
 "WHAT THINGS HAVE WE SEEN DONE AT THE MERMAID ! HEARD WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN SO NIMBLE AND SO FULL OF SUBTLE FLAME !"



THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT IN POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, MODELED BY KENT AND SCHEEMAKERS—BELOW THE POET'S LEFT HAND, WHICH IS POINTING TO A PASSAGE FROM "THE TEMPEST," APPEARS A MASK OF KING HENRY V

Much has been made of Shakespeare's alleged lack of education, based on Ben Jonson's statement that he had "small Latin and less Greek." James Russell Lowell sensibly asks:

If he had, might he not have had enough of both for every practical purpose on this side pedantry?

Jonson spoke as a scholar who had far more of the dead languages than he had of that prime essential of a poet—inspiration.

The education provided in those days at a grammar-school such as Shakespeare attended at Stratford was an excellent grounding in many directions. To start with, the boys were taught in Latin, and many Latin authors were included in the curriculum. French, too, was taught, and sometimes Greek. Lowell suggests that Shakespeare may have read the Greek tragedians in Greek-Latin texts, and Sir Sidney Lee considers that he probably knew enough Italian "to discern the drift of an Italian

poem or novel." It was an age, too, of busy and often inspired translators, and translations were fashionable as well as accessible.

That Shakespeare had all the school education any poet needs is certain. Surely he was of all men who ever lived the most gifted by nature to pick up that other education which every man must get for himself. Evidently an omnivorous reader, he was a still greater student and assimilator of the world about him, an inspired user of his eyes and ears. Unequaled in the use of his material, it is but a secondary wonder to assume his unequaled receptiveness in its acquisition. The first attribute of all genius is its instinctive capacity for taking and expanding the smallest hint.

If mere learning had ever been known to result in genius, there would be some point in all the talk about Shakespeare's education—and the world might be as full of geniuses as it is of college-bred mediocrities. Genius, however, being what it is—a miracle, or, at all events, a marvel unaccounted for by any learned process—and Shakespeare's genius being the marvel of all marvels in this kind, the attempt either to discount or to aggrandize it on the ground of his alleged scanty education is irrelevant, and merely reflects on the intelligence of those who make it.

Far more profitable, need one say, is it to ponder on the natural alchemy of a mind that could so magically transmute an entry or two in an old chronicle into "Macbeth" and "Lear," an outline in a trivial Italian novel into "Romeo and Juliet," a blood-and-thunder stock piece of the theater into the psychologic masterpiece of "Hamlet."

Not indeed that Shakespeare did not owe something to his predecessors and contemporaries—to Marlowe, for example, for his masterly development of blank verse—and to such conditions of the time as the familiarity of theatergoers with many of his themes in previous handlings. To these handlings themselves, doubtless, he owed an occasional debt. And, like other illustrious

men of his period, his greatness drew its share from the greatness of the times—"those spacious times when," as Whitman would say, "a great personal deed had room"—times of which, as we look back, he seems the very flowering summit—the Elizabethan age embodied in one supreme, triumphant figure.

But the fact that he was, after all, as Jonson said, "not of an age, but for all time," depended on that in him for which there are no explanations, and which all deductions leave unique and unapproached. The very thought of him warms the blood, and sets the soul in an enchanted garden that is still nothing but this very world, this multifarious, sinning, starry world, laughing, loving, fighting, dreaming; so foul and so fragrant, blood-drenched and dawn-washed, filled with flowers, running over with tears, and ringing with songs; a world of ghosts and gross pleasures and lovely faces, unspeakable basenesses and shining deeds; so desperate and so filled with joy, so familiar and so very strange.

No man but Shakespeare has put this world into a book with all its colors so warm and vivid, its motions so full of the fiery energy of life itself. And yet, master of the visible, breathing concrete as he was, no other has so strangely interpenetrated it with the sense of the unseen, everywhere infolding it with thrilling touch as of an ethereal pressure.

Never was such a giant laughter—"his laughter seems to pour from him in floods," said Carlyle. Never was such a lover—no book save his is so filled with the bloom and the awful tenderness of love. Never has man gone down deeper into the bottomless caverns of fearful thought, or shot up higher into the morning heaven of spiritual exaltation.

It was surely a good day for the world when he was born, and to celebrate the day of his death is but to announce that he has never really died—never can die till humanity itself must die, and no man is left on the planet to love and quote him. Sweet Master Shakespeare!

LOVE'S MAGIC

TIME touched her lightly, leaving but a trace;
Care gave her lips that softness when they speak;
Now love has wrought a marvel on her face,
And youth returns, once more to kiss her cheek.

Eldredge Denison

PREPAREDNESS — OF A NEW KIND

By Franklin K. Lane

United States Secretary of the Interior

SOME months ago I sought to learn what I could of the assets of this country as they might be revealed by the Department of the Interior. I desired to find just where we were in point of development, and what we had with which to meet the world; for we were learning that war is no longer a set contest between more or less mobile armies, but an enduring contest between all the life-forces of the contending parties—their financial strength, their industrial organization and adaptability, their crop yields, and their mineral resources. Ultimately, indeed, it comes to a test of the very genius of the peoples involved.

To mobilize an army, even a great army, is now no more than an idle evidence of a single form of strength, if behind this army the nation is not organized. An army is no longer merely so many rifles and men, cartridges and horses. It must have chemists and inventors, mines and farms, automobiles and roads, air-ships and gasoline, barbed wire and turning-lathes, railroads and weather prophets—indeed, the complete machinery of an industrial nation's life.

From the reports made to me at this time the following facts stand out:

With one or two minor exceptions, the United States produces every mineral that is needed in industry. This can be said of no other country in the world.

We produce sixty-six per cent of the world's output of petroleum, sixty per cent of its copper, forty per cent of its coal and iron, and thirty-two per cent of its lead and zinc. Tin in small quantities is produced in Alaska; platinum in Oregon, Nevada, and California; manganese in Virginia, Georgia, Arkansas, and California. We can build a battle-ship or an



automobile—excepting the tires—a railroad or a factory, entirely from the products of American mines and forests.

To replenish the soil, we have phosphorus in abundance. Potash is known to exist in the deposits of Searles Lake, California, and in alunite, in which it is combined with aluminum, and deposits of which are found in several States. Nitrogen can be extracted from the air by cheap hydroelectric power, as is now done in Germany, Norway, and elsewhere. Therefore we can feed the earth and keep it sustained.

Our soil and climate are so varied that we can produce all the grains, fruits, vegetables, and fibers known to the temperate zone and some found in the subtropical regions. And to crown all this, we have water-power that can be made to generate perhaps as much as sixty million horsepower.

The public domain is growing rapidly less, which means that it is being occupied and used. Of the two hundred and odd million acres left, twelve million acres have been classified as coal-bearing, more than four million as probably carrying oil, and nearly three million as phosphate lands. The most valuable discovery made in recent years, as affecting the public domain, is that the semiarid regions may become abundantly productive under dry-farming methods.

The Territory of Alaska, containing perhaps four hundred million acres, is now the great body of our public domain. It is heavily mineralized, and is a land of unknown possibilities. One gold-mine there has recently erected a mill of six thousand tons' daily capacity, with ore in sight to run the mill for fifty years.

Our waters that now flow idly to the sea

could be made to support not less than fifty million people if turned upon the land which otherwise will remain as pasture, or altogether worthless. The demonstration has been given that our lands of little rain can be made more fruitful than those where the rainfall is abundant. Land and water we have; the problem of bringing them together is only one of money.

When the war in Europe shut off certain chemical supplies, one of the chemists of the Department of the Interior, Mr. Rittman, found a new process, which has been given to the public, by which benzol and toluol, the foundation of aniline dyes and explosives, and gasoline, may be made from crude petroleum. Mr. Parsons and Mr. Moore have devised and proved a process for the reduction of radium from carnotite ores.

An oil expert, Mr. Pollard, was put to the task of saving the billions of feet of gas wasted daily into the air from the oilwells of Oklahoma. He was successful. Mr. Cottrell has devised a method of taking solids and liquids out of smelter smoke, thus saving sulfuric acid, arsenic, zinc, and lead.

During the past fifty years the people of the United States have uttered two-thirds of all the epoch-making inventions of the world, ranging from the telephone and the incandescent lamp to Wright's aeroplane and high-speed steel. Each day we issue an average of two hundred letters patent to American inventors, and the number of inventions is increasing with the years.

There are more than twenty million boys and girls in the public schools of the United States.

These, then, are the assets of the United States as revealed by this one department of our government—lands and waters and mines, inventors and chemists and engineers, and a new generation coming on which will add still further to the achievements of peace.

What has been our policy with respect to all these things? How may they be more completely put to use? These questions are seen to be more vital than ever before.

We have given of our national resources as no people ever did before or ever can again. Within fifty years we gave in subsidies to our railroads public lands exceeding seven times the area of the State of Pennsylvania.

We have given to the States, for the sustaining of their schools and other public institutions, an amount which our records do not accurately state, but which we know to exceed sixty-seven million acres in thirteen Western States alone. In addition, the Federal government gave to the States all the swamp and overflowed public lands within their borders, amounting to sixty-four million acres, upon condition that they should use the proceeds to reclaim the land—a condition which, it may be idle to state, has only partially been complied with.

There passed out of the General Land Office in the past year nearly sixty-two thousand patents to land, some for one hundred and sixty acres of land and some for twice as much—donations from the government to the courageous pioneer.

The man who finds gold or silver or iron or lead or copper, or any of the metalliferous minerals, has it for the asking, without money and without price, a prize for discovery. We expend fifteen hundred thousand dollars a year in the making of geological and other studies of the country that we may know what we have.

And all the revenue from the sale of public lands—less five per cent, which goes to the States—is used as a fund for the building of irrigation works to reclaim the desert. A hundred million dollars has been so spent, which is, however, no more than a loan to the farmers. However, before attempting the governmental construction of such works, the Federal government said to the States, through the Carey Act:

"If you will irrigate the lands of your State, or if there are private individuals who will do this work, we will give you whatever land you desire up to one million acres each, and will set it apart for ten years while you try the experiment."

Yet but a small portion of that area was ever called for by the States, and a still smaller portion has been irrigated, although a number of projects have been extremely successful. In some parts of the West, however, the desert is dotted with the deserted homes of those who were lured thither by the promises of financiers, some made in good faith, and some in the spirit of *Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford*.

Was there ever a more generous method of populating and developing a new land? Surely there has been no niggardliness on the part of the government, which has not

asked from those who took its lands even so much as the cost of their administration.

In doing all this with so lavish a hand, the government has been expressing the generous instinct of the people, and their absorbing determination to "go out and find." For a hundred years and a little more, this has been the drama of our life. It has given color to our civilization and buoyancy to the hearts of the people.

It has been a century of revelation, and still we have, as yet, only the most superficial knowledge of what this land is, what it will yield to research, and how it may best be used. Its development has only begun.

But in all our giving we have been guided by a purpose. The land we gave was to be converted from wilderness into homes, or from rock into useful metal. We gave to the States and to the railroads, with a reservation of minerals. We gave to the homesteader with a condition—the land was to be used. We gave our swamp-lands, but to be reclaimed. We found our coal-lands going as farms, and we put a price on them. We saw our forests being swept clean or monopolized, and we held them out from the mass.

Use! Use by as many as possible! The superior use! These were the purposes we had in view, and these gave form to our legislation. No homesteader receives all the lands he wishes, or even all he might use. One hundred and sixty acres was formerly the limit—not a full section. But now he may have three hundred and twenty acres, if it is dry-farming or grazing land—and in the latter case the size of the grant might still be increased. He cannot have it as a speculation. It must be made a home and brought into the body of the world's producing area by cultivation.

The government was generous, but it had no intention of being a spendthrift. When it found itself imposed upon, it stayed its hand and drew back. So it came about that lands were withdrawn from entry—the Alaskan coal-lands, the oil and phosphate lands, dam and reservoir sites for power-plants, and a few water-holes which commanded the adjoining miles of desert. The nation stayed its hand and halted, so as to make sure of the right course to follow. It wished use—use by as many as possible, and the best use.

Having mapped out this policy of use, it is to be hoped that no other policies of this

government will be allowed to stay the internal development of the country. Any such course would, I am sure, offend the most deep-seated instinct of our people, for in the development of this continent, the discovery of its resources, and their highest utilization, there is to the American a superlative fascination. It is our life, and it has called out the most sterling qualities in our character.

Foreigners who write of our country often engage in facetious, if not scornful, comment upon our bombastic manner of telling the story of our growth and of the things achieved or possessed. They fail, unfortunately, to see far enough into the secret of our pride.

No one would smile when told that a foreign power had brought into action a gun of hitherto unknown caliber, or had built a ship of unequaled displacement or power, or that its army had made an unprecedented number of miles in a day's march. These are the very things on which certain nations pride themselves as revealing their capacity, ingenuity, and resourcefulness. No doubt such achievements make for national self-respect and self-confidence.

And so it is with the American. His place in the scheme of things is to reveal to the world what can be done in the development of a new country. Every crop raised, every schoolhouse built, every rail laid, every nail driven, is evidence that the work he is sent to do is being done. Instead of being the petty boasting of a parochial-minded provincial, this spirit is of the very essence of the highest creative quality.

It is not a figure of speech to say that every American has it in his heart that he is in a small sense a discoverer; that he is joining in the revelation to the world of something of which it was not previously aware, and of which it may some day make use. Men work for what they think worth while. If they find their joy in proving that their land contains coal or will raise wheat, or that a refractory ore may be reduced at a practicable cost, and tell about it proudly, they may be serving themselves, but they are also serving the world.

The clerk in the store and the mechanic in the mill may not consciously engage in any enterprise which makes this appeal; but when he learns that the government of which he is a part has within the year opened a town on the far northern shores of

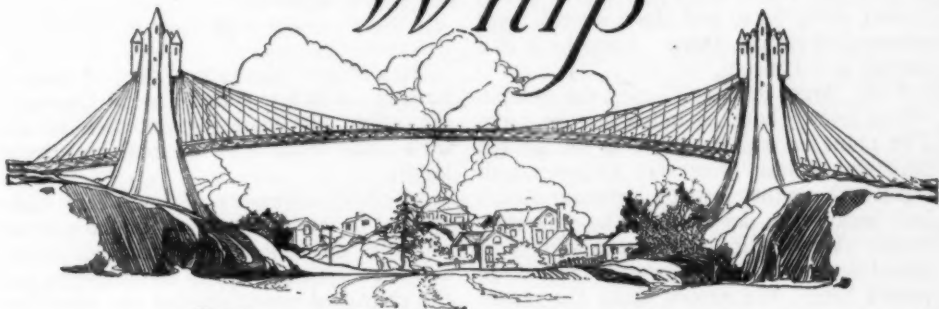
the Pacific which now has some three thousand inhabitants, and has driven a railroad nearly forty miles inland toward the arctic circle on its way to the coal-fields of the Matanuska and the gold-fields of the Tanana, he has a feeling that he, too, is participating in the making of this new world.

One might say that this was nothing more than sentimental pride. There is a truer

and more dignified word for it, however—it is the expression of the American instinct for improvement.

We have a passion for going into the unknown, for answering the puzzles that are put to us. Our imagination is challenged by difficulty, and the result has been a century of growth, which in its magic and its largeness casts a spell upon the mind.

Van Cracks the Whip



By Ross Callaway

AT that particular moment the Seraph didn't at all look the part. He was frowning heavily.

"There ought to be an open season on town selectmen," he announced suddenly. "That fellow Grimsey is getting to be a nuisance, and it's the solemn duty of Exmoor College to suppress him!"

"What's he been doing now?" drawled Simple Simon, without interest.

"Oh, nothing much," returned the Seraph sarcastically; "but the next time you go over to Benton to see that flax-haired charmer, you'll probably get pinched on the way back."

Simp became interested all at once.

"Elucidate," he commanded.

"Simply this—he's dug up a moth-eaten blue law of the respected township of Whitman, which saith that 'no citizen shall be abroad after nine of the clock on the

Sabbath evening,'" intoned the Seraph mockingly.

"And the old rascal worked it on you?" roared Haviland, in delight.

"Yes, he did," snapped the Seraph. "You'd think I was a babe in arms. He said these students had been carrying on altogether too free on the Lord's day, and it was time they learned respect. Soaked me a bean, besides."

"Where did he dig up that law?" asked Van Gregory, after the laugh had subsided.

"Oh, he showed it to me at the town hall all right—passed in 1746 and never used since, I guess."

Gregory, who was in the law school, spoke from the heights of a whole term's delving into Blackstone.

"Some of these old New England towns have remarkable codes," he expounded judicially. "Whitman is a good example.

They can pass all kinds of fiendish local acts, and nothing less than the State Legislature can stop 'em."

"Do you mean that the town meetings really amount to anything?" asked Haviland.

"You bet your life they do! They fix taxes, make local laws, pass appropriations, and act like a regular little Congress. The selectmen run things between times, but the town meeting is the law of the land, young man. If you had a strong mind and took law instead of puttering around in academic, you'd know these things."

"Why, it's positively funny!" Van was fairly in the saddle. "A town like this, with two or three thousand inhabitants, mostly farmers, can do almost anything but declare war in its little old meetings; but at that, the voters don't go to them much. I went down once, and there weren't over twenty-five people there. Something like twenty is a quorum."

"Oh, forget it, Greg!" cried the Seraph. "You know about as much law as I do. The point is, are we going to let an old mossbunker like Selectman Grimsey pull eighteenth-century laws on righteous studes just because he doesn't like the way they dress? Why, this worm-eaten old burg would dry up and blow away if the college wasn't here. We simply make the place; and instead of appreciating that fact, and being properly and humbly grateful, these bull-headed Whitmanites act as if they had the State Pen wished on their beautiful metropolis, instead of the best college in the country!"

"They *are* pretty cocky," remarked Haviland thoughtfully. "What a row there was over the football bonfire last fall! You'd have thought we burned the town down. Those old sheds and fences were an eyesore, anyway."

"That select board sits up nights thinking up ways to start the chain-gang marching to the dean's!" Simple Simon spoke out of the bitterness of a disastrous personal experience.

"Do we ever have a party up here that the price of everything in the place doesn't go sky-high? We do not!" This from Bull Edwards.

"Why don't we *do* something?" broke in the Seraph impatiently. "Regularly, ever since I've been in college, I've been in at two or three roast meetings a term,

but they never got anywhere. Lots of hot air and no action!"

"Well, suggest something."

"That's just it. It would be a cinch to chuck old Grimsey into Duck Pond, or carry him over the mountain and let him walk back, but it wouldn't do any good. He'd just find a new way of bedeviling us, and he don't scare worth a cent. Ten found that out, you know."

"I've got an idea," announced Gregory. "I'll have to look up some data at the register's first; but if I'm right on one guess, we'll give our friends, Grimsey & Co., something to think about!"

"What's the dope, Greg?"

"Never mind now," Van chuckled. "I'll bet it will work, and if it does—wow, me lads! Just wait till to-morrow, and maybe I'll show you the advantage of taking law at old Exmoor!"

II

SELECTMAN EUGENE GRIMSEY rapped harshly for order, glared around the meeting from his vantage-point behind the high oak desk, and cleared his throat loudly.

"Fellow townsmen! This here town meetin' is hereby convened for the purpose of actin' on certain appropriations in accordance with the will o' the majority and the chartered preevileges of the township. Mr. Secretary, you will read the minutes of the last meetin'."

"Mr. Chairman, I should like to move that the reading be dispensed with." Van Gregory rose to put his motion.

"We won't do no sech thing," returned the chair. Then, recognizing the disturber: "You college chaps don't have no rights in this meetin'. Get out!"

"Second the motion, Mr. Chairman!" came from across the little hall as the Seraph towered over the benches and bowed amiably to Grimsey.

Grimsey spluttered inarticulately, while the secretary, threatened with the loss of his only chance to be heard upon the floor, glowered in support of his chief.

"Thet's a right good idea," piped up a farmer who lived seven miles overland. "I'm for it!"

"Question!" remarked Gregory. "And, parenthetically, if I may venture to address the chair, he will find that the seconder and myself are both enrolled voters of this township."

Grimsey put the motion, and the "ayes" had it.

Struck by the unusual volume of the oral response, the chief selectman looked more carefully at the meeting. It was larger than any he could remember.

Gregory was speaking again.

"I understand that certain appropriations are to be acted upon at this meeting," he said easily. "It seems to me that this is an excellent time for the town to take cognizance of a great necessity. Between our city and its neighbor, Benton, there is no connection other than an ancient dirt road, which at most seasons of the year is three feet deep in mud by the most scientific measurements. In fact, the government survey"—he pulled a sheaf of papers from his pocket and thumbed them anxiously—"yes, here it is. The government engineers, in their report, state that at one point near Hog Pasture Crossing a depth of three feet two and one-half inches was sounded last spring, while two miles farther a fourteen-foot measuring-pole was unable to touch bottom.

"Furthermore, that road follows the profile of the ground, up hill and down dale, and meanders round about instead of going direct from town to town; so that, instead of ten miles as the crow flies, it is seventeen miles as the road crawls.

"Now, as we all know, it is a curious fact that there is a large surplus population of young men in our fair city, while Benton seems to be blessed with an unusually bountiful supply of the fair sex. Hence good transportation over the intervening distance is absolutely essential to the well-being of both towns. You may perhaps say, 'Let Benton do it!' But I ask you, when have the citizens of Whitman ever waited for Benton to show the way? Never! We will set the pace in this most important matter.

"Now, therefore, I move, Mr. Chairman, that this meeting appropriate funds to build from Whitman to Benton a concrete board-walk, electrically lighted at each end, thirty-five feet wide, provided with suitable wheeled chairs and attendants, and with a maximum grade of one and one-half per cent."

"Wha-at?" It was like a trained chorus.

"I second the gentleman's motion!"

Bull Edwards, who said this, got his name from his voice. No one else could

have been heard just then. A dozen townsmen were on their feet, yelping. Brother Grimsey broke his gavel at the fifteenth stroke and thereafter used a chair. At length Jasper Sprague got the floor.

"I ask ye, Gene Grimsey, is this passel o' smart Alecks goin' to be allowed to make a joke out o' this here meetin'? Ef I wuz in that there cheer—"

Crash! The improvised gavel splintered on the desk-top.

"Ye're out o' order!" screamed the chair. "Set down!"

"I should like to ask the chair"—Van Gregory spoke calmly, but his voice carried, and the meeting listened—"if he has investigated the standing of Mr. Edwards and myself as registered voters of this town and therefore eligible to take part in this meeting?"

Mr. Scarron, town clerk, answered the question.

"Yep, Gene; they're legal voters."

"Very well, sir, I move the question."

"Vote! vote!" a dozen voices cried.

As Grimsey, remembering the volume of those other "ayes," hesitated, Edwards spoke his part.

"A standing vote!" he bellowed.

"Those in favor, stand up," snarled the chief selectman.

There was a rustle from the back of the hall, and then Grimsey understood. The secretary counted sixty-two "ayes"—all seniors at Exmoor College. Forty-one townsmen voted "nay."

"If them fellers is all voters—" began Grimsey feebly.

"Mr. Scarron," interposed Van, "will you kindly settle the chair's doubts once and for all?"

The public-spirited sixty-two stood up again. In ten minutes Clerk Scarron had dissipated Grimsey's last hope.

"The motion's passed," whispered the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman!" It was the Seraph this time. "Doubts having been thrown upon the eligibility of my friends and myself, I rise to request that a similar investigation of the legal standing of our friends, the enemy"—he bowed sweepingly to the glowering townsmen—"be conducted at once. If there are any objections," he added meaningly, "I will make a motion and put the matter to a vote."

There were no articulate objections—only suppressed growls.

The forty-one "nays" stood up. Rapidly Scarron verified their Simon-purity until only three remained. Then the town clerk paused at the name of one, Herrick.

"Ain't registered, Gene," he announced, and the minority thereupon became forty. Simple Simon rose, grinning.

"It is very painful, Mr. Chairman," he said, "to find such guile as this among our opponents. These high-minded young men"—with a sweeping oratorical gesture—"engaged in exercising their inalienable rights as enfranchised voters, find here, in this beautiful city, political practises of the most contemptible stripe. Not only are they unjustly accused of high crimes and misdemeanors, but now before their saddened eyes appears that specter of political disgrace—the packed ballot-box! I weep, and they weep with me, at this spectacle of a debauched municipality."

"I move we adjourn!" Butwell, the druggist, had that bright thought.

"Yes, yes, adjourn!" came the town chorus.

The chairman brightened; then his face fell again. There were forty votes for adjournment and sixty-two for staying right where they were. He was helpless, and he knew it.

The farmer who was in a hurry rose.

"We've had enough nonsense at this meetin'!" he announced briefly. "I want to know what's goin' to be done about a new foot-bridge over the crick. It's a right smart nuisance crossin' on them stones since the old one c'ollapsed."

"I agree heartily with our rural member," said the Seraph gravely. "A bridge there should be. The town should not stop at replacing the old one, but should erect a modern structure—a bridge which should not only span the creek but the town itself. It has occurred to me that an excellent terminus for the new board-walk would be the top of Fletcher's Mountain, on the western side of our beautiful valley. On the other side of the town rises Exmoor College on its seven hills, like imperial Rome. Obviously these two points need a connecting link. The distance by airline is scarcely more than a mile; and there is the place for the bridge."

"Let us build such a bridge as the world never saw before—a great suspension bridge, spanning the entire valley. Then can the youth of Exmoor reach the opposite heights without once leaving the

rarified stratum, the pure, God-given ether of those upper reaches. No longer will they have to breathe the contaminated air of Whitman as they cross the babbling creek far below.

"I therefore move you, Mr. Chairman, that the town build a suspension bridge such as I have described, to have a width of one hundred and ten feet and a height above the creek of at least one hundred and fifty feet. This will give room for the passing of large vessels, and will be a safeguard against floods. Let our bridge be double-decked. The lower level will care for pedestrian and vehicle traffic, the upper for elevated trains. Of course, I appreciate that there are no elevated trains at present, but there might be, and progress must not find us unprepared."

Amid a stunned silence the Seraph sat down.

"I second the motion," announced Van solemnly. "With the mover's permission, I will add an amendment to provide for arc-lights on the structure, spaced at every fifty feet, with colored incandescents strung tastefully between."

"I accept the amendment," decided the Seraph.

Again silence.

"Question, Mr. Chairman!" the Seraph reminded him.

III

AND then the chairman awoke. With all the blistering wealth of his vocabulary, Eugene Grimsey flayed the Exmoor pair and their supporters. He stormed and raved. In the middle of his language the Congregational minister very pointedly left the meeting.

At length exhaustion brought peace. First aid in the form of hard cider was applied, and the second selectman took his fallen superior's place and put the question. There was nothing else to do.

The minister's defection made the majority one greater, as the secretary sadly noted. The huge bridge took its place in the town records with its elder brother, the glorified board-walk.

The new chairman looked appealingly toward Gregory, and that young gentleman looked stonily back. The chairman sighed. There was to be no relief yet, evidently.

The schoolmaster, a timorous soul, found his courage. He nervously addressed the second selectman.

"Excuse me, Mr. Matley, but there's the new schoolhouse to consider, and—"

"We've passed enough motions!" shouted Mr. Butwell fiercely.

"That's right!"

"We'd ought ter hev the law on them students!"

"Put 'em out!"

The little building fairly quivered under the noisy wrath of the Whitmanites. At length Van Gregory made himself heard.

"I regret this disturbance, Mr. Chairman. I am as much surprised as saddened by it." He turned to the mustache-gnawing townsmen. "Think what such an exhibition looks like to these young men!" He waved an eloquent hand toward the solemn seniors. "Orderliness and—in the words of our chairman—the will of the majority should be the shibboleths of parliamentary meetings such as this. In Whitman we expect these things as a matter of course. I am shocked and mortified at the present exhibition. Do we find this rowdiness proceeding from the young voters who have come here to sit at the feet of their elders and learn from them the lesson of local patriotism? No! Those who through greater years and experience should be the restraining influence of this gathering are the offenders. Is the mob to rule in Whitman?"

The orator paused and looked around.

"I am sure," he concluded smilingly, "that it will not be necessary to remind the voters again, and I would suggest that we proceed to a consideration of Mr. Parslow's very excellent suggestion."

"Wal, I never!" came fervently from the out-of-town farmer.

As that seemed to express every one's sentiments, it closed the discussion. The chairman signaled weakly to the schoolmaster.

"Well, Mr. Parslow!"

"I just wanted to say, Mr. Matley and gentlemen, that the best location for the children would be on Sam Beacher's land, opposite the wood-lot, you know. Mr. Beacher will sell reasonable, and I think a schoolhouse with two class-rooms, about forty by thirty, would be what the town needs."

Parslow sat down. The chairman looked apprehensively toward the Exmoor delegation. He was not disappointed. Van Gregory smiled cheerfully as he took the floor.

"I am sure we all agree heartily with Mr. Parslow in his statement of the case. I notice, however, that he has made no formal motion. I therefore move that a two-room schoolhouse be erected on the plot of land owned by Mr. Samuel Beacher, designated on the county surveyor's map of the township as plots ten, eleven, and twelve, subdivision N, section fourteen, township of Whitman—did you get that, Mr. Secretary?—the walls of the building to follow the outside lines of the aforesaid property."

Bull seconded, and the chairman drew a sigh of relief. At least the town was spared another indignity.

The motion passed without discussion. Then the Seraph moved adjournment, and the stunned Whitmanites went home.

IV

"Did you notice, Seraph, that the chief selectman recovered enough to speak to me on the way out?" asked Gregory.

"Yes—what did he want?"

"Well, I guess he knows he's licked. He wants to see me to-morrow."

"But the damage is done now. They can't wipe out those fool motions without the help of the Legislature!"

"That's true. I made darned certain of it before the meeting; but he couldn't afford another meeting like to-night's, anyhow. One was plenty. You'll find out to-morrow, my boy, that Exmoor students won't have any more blue laws pulled on 'em; and in return we won't go to any more town meetings. Get me?"

"Greg, you're there, old man! One thing puzzled me a little, though. Why didn't you pile in on the new schoolhouse, too? Rather an anticlimax, wasn't it?"

Van chuckled.

"That's what the townsmen thought. Did you notice that motion closely? If you'll take a glimpse at the map over there, you will discover that plots ten, eleven, and twelve, subdivision N, section fourteen, aren't what our friend Mr. Parslow meant at all. This stretch is the end of Peaslee's pasture land, which the railroad didn't want when it cut through there. According to the county map, it's about six feet wide by a quarter of a mile long, and the walls of that two-room schoolhouse are to follow the outside lines of the property. Oh, we've done quite enough to our friend Eugene Grimsey!"

The METRIC SYSTEM



The Increasing Prospect of Its Adoption in the United States

by

Judson C. Welliver

POUNDS and ounces, gallons and quarts, tons and hundredweight, miles and yards, feet and inches, acres and square feet, are making ready for their exit from the stage of American business affairs.

Truth to say, they have had no good excuse for lingering with us so long. They ought to have been lifted out on the toe of the legislative boot long ago. They are confusing, obsolete, unscientific, and calculated to demoralize all commercial transactions measured in their terms. Their continued existence as the standards of weight and measurement in American business is a testimony to our national conservatism, and to the overpowering inertia that so often prevents the accomplishment of things which everybody knows ought to be done.

It is more than a century and a quarter since Thomas Jefferson came home from France, where he had been helping the French radicals to conduct their Revolution, and incidentally serving as American minister, to tell the Washington administration that pounds and ounces, feet and inches, gallons and quarts, were no longer to be good form in the commercial world. Those wonderful French had devised a new and strictly scientific system of weights and measures, based throughout on the decimal scale, so simple that it well-nigh removed the necessity of learning mathematics.

Jefferson assured his colleagues that the new system was certain to become universal, and that even if the United States didn't join forces with the French in spreading to all the world the glories of freedom, equality, and fraternity, it ought

at least to adopt the metric system and emancipate the race from arithmetic.

The reign of terror in the intellectual life of the average American is probably represented by that period in his scholastic career when he is struggling with the intricacies of applied arithmetic. Did it ever occur to you that going to school might have been one sweet dream of happiness if the so-called practical problems in Ray's "New Higher Arithmetic" had never been invented?

Most of these problems would scarcely exist, or would be ridiculously easy of solution, if Jefferson could have had his way and secured the adoption of the metric system. The boasted intellectual development that we are presumed to get from our struggles with the impossible problems over in the "Third Part" might have been denied to the race.

Perhaps we should have paid a penalty in loss of mental vigor and intellectual fiber, but there would have been compensations. Everybody vaguely knows that the rich man's children are doomed to be demoralized by the ease and luxury of their upholstered station in life; but none the less almost everybody entertains a cheerful feeling that it must be nice to be spoiled that way.

So, too, with the intellectual discipline consequent upon our adolescent wrestles with the tribulations of applied arithmetic. Perhaps they are good for us, but how much happier we might be without them!

A very wise man once said that the invention of the Arabic system of decimal numeration was the greatest single intellectual achievement of the human mind. If the statement seems somewhat exagger-

ated, try for a moment to imagine the chaos which would ensue in this world if to-morrow morning all knowledge of the decimal system, with its nine digits and a cipher, were blotted out. If it never occurred to you to realize what a time-saving and labor-saving contrivance it is, you have a real treat in store.

Just get down and dust off the volume of your encyclopedia which contains the article on the decimal system, and read it. Probably it never occurred to you that the established method of numeration was anything less obvious and eternal than a force of nature, like the attraction of gravitation. Yet it is nothing of the kind. It was the product of a slow and difficult evolution which required many centuries.

Then, after it had struggled along for an eon or two without a decimal point, some particularly gifted Arab conceived the idea of that potent fly-speck, and adopted it into the system. At another stage of its development some other wily Oriental bethought him of pointing off the figures in groups of three. The greatest contribution of all was that of the aboriginal philosopher who got the notion into his noddle that a cipher, inserted at the right place as the concrete representative of nothingness, would be the finishing touch to the system.

But get down your encyclopedia and read about it. The story is a fascinating one. After you have read it, and precipitated some little realization of what it meant to bring the decimal system into a world that previously had conducted all its mathematical operations with groups of pebbles or strings of beads, you will begin to understand what Tom Jefferson had in mind when he assured Washington and Hamilton that this French contrivance of a new and sane system of weights and measures was one of the distinguished contributions of the intellectual ferment in France.

Adopting the metric system for computation of distances, weights, and quantities would simplify affairs for us just about as much as the invention of the Arabic system of numeration facilitated the business of making computations for the Assyrians and Babylonians.

The first point about the metric system is that it is the system generally prevalent throughout the world. We have adopted it only in our coinage, which runs in multiplying units of ten; but most countries

have applied the same simple system to their measures of dimensions, of contents, and of weight.

If calculations of money had to be made under a method as clumsy as is our fashion of dealing with weights, we should have to pass a universal conscription act to get enough bank clerks, cashiers, and book-keepers to record the business of the country.

From the beginnings of barter among savages, the problem of establishing and standardizing units of measurement has constituted one of the greatest difficulties incident to doing business. Yet it was not until a century and a quarter ago that any government laid serious hold upon the problem and set about the effort to force a universal system.

The inspired enthusiasts of revolutionary France hesitated at nothing, once convinced that they had discovered a realm in which they could serve mankind. So a commission of mathematicians, which included Laplace, Lagrange, and Condorcet, among others, was created by the Convention to devise a scientific scheme that should be so much better than anything the world had ever known that its adoption by all countries would be the only logical and sensible conclusion.

Just exactly this was actually accomplished. The metric system, first adopted by France, is now the legal system of all continental Europe except Russia and Turkey, of all the Latin-American countries, and, in fact, of substantially the entire Occidental world aside from the United States, Great Britain, and most of the British Empire.

It is legalized but not compulsory in Russia, Turkey, Japan, Egypt, the United States, and Great Britain. The Japanese system is substantially similar to the metric, while nearly all technical and scientific authorities use it in preference to any other.

For example, the Bureau of Standards of the United States government at Washington conducts all calculations and computations in metric units, for reasons of convenience and accuracy. After the results have been obtained, it translates them into the terms of our accepted system— inches and feet, ounces and pounds, and so forth.

It is commonly supposed that the American and British units of weight and meas-

ure are identical. As a matter of fact, several of them differ. They are so nearly alike, however, that more errors are caused by their similarity than would occur if they were utterly unrelated. This is one of the strong arguments for introducing the metric system as the sole legal standard in both countries.

Our own liquid quart and dry quart are not identical. In Great Britain and Canada, the liquid quart is twenty per cent larger than our own, while the British standard bushel is three per cent smaller than ours.

When the Frenchmen started out to create their ideal system of weights and measures, they determined to take as its basis some value adopted from nature, perpetual and unchanging. One proposal was to use the length of a pendulum ticking seconds. This was conceived to be about as nearly a fixed quantity as anything susceptible of accurate measurement. It meant basing the system on the revolutions of the planets, the length of the celestial year, and the constancy of the force of gravitation.

The commission finally decided that the basis of its system should be the earth's polar quadrant—that is, the precise distance on the earth's surface from the equator to the pole. At that time it was commonly assumed that this distance was absolute and unchanging, but geology and geophysics have since taught men that the world is not by any means constant in its circumference.

However, the French scientists decided on this value as the base of their system, and spent several years making computations to determine the precise distance from the equator to the pole. Then they divided this distance by ten million, and the resultant unit of space was made the basis of the new system.

This is the meter, approximately equivalent to 39.37 inches. Ten meters make one decameter; ten decameters make one hectometer; ten hectometers make one kilometer, and ten kilometers make one myriameter. In the descending scale, the meter is divided into ten decimeters, the decimeter into ten centimeters, and the centimeter into ten millimeters. The first set of terms is derived from the Greek numbers, the second from the Latin.

The ratio between the successive denominations in linear measurements, in capacity, in money, and in weight, is ten;

the ratio between the successive denominations in surface measure is one hundred, and in cubic measure one thousand.

In determining the unit of weight, it was particularly desired to have some absolutely fixed and unchangeable standard. The standard adopted is the weight of a cubic centimeter of pure water, at the freezing-point and at sea-level. As nearly as possible, every element in this statement of conditions is invariable.

This weight unit, called the gram, is equal to 15.43 troy grains under the English system.

The basic unit for length being the meter, that for surface is the square meter. Areas of land are calculated in square decameters, the decameter being approximately twenty-five one-thousandths of an acre. The hectare, the next denomination, equals 2.471 acres.

The unit of capacity, the liter, is a cubic decimeter, which is a little larger than the American liquid quart.

It has been almost universally admitted, for many decades, that the French system is the most nearly perfect that has ever been devised. Nobody has ever heard a substantial reason why our own illogical and club-footed system should not be discarded in favor of it. In both the United States and England the use of the metric system is permissive, but not compulsory. In neither country have people in general become familiar with it, and they never will familiarize themselves with it unless it is made the sole and compulsory standard.

Our English cousins are a bit ahead of us with regard to the metric system, because their world-wide trade relations have compelled them to recognize the French standards. Their manufacturers and merchants now very generally base computations on metric units in manufacturing or shipping goods for foreign trade. Since the European war has opened to American manufacturers and workmen many new fields of opportunity, the fact has been impressed as never before that our business must adapt itself to the conditions imposed by customers, or they will take their patronage elsewhere.

At the opening of the present session of Congress, Representative Charles H. Dillon, of South Dakota, introduced a bill making the metric system permissive in this country until July, 1920, after which time it is to be compulsory and exclusive. At first there

was no special interest to indicate that any better fate was in reserve for this bill than for many others of its kind that have been introduced during the past century; but the situation was suddenly changed one day when Secretary of Commerce Redfield took a hand in the matter.

Mr. Redfield, himself a manufacturer of large experience in foreign trade, is a determined believer in the metric system. He called up Dr. S. W. Stratton, director of the Bureau of Standards, and asked him to appear before the House committee considering the Dillon bill. Dr. Stratton complied, and before he had got half-way through his testimony the committee was all attention, eager to know more about the system, and anxious to devise means for its early adoption.

The committeemen seemed to be about equally impressed with the two sets of arguments in favor of the system; one set being concerned with the reasons for adopting in our foreign trade what is rapidly becoming the world's universal standard, and the other based on the fact that the more scientific system would greatly facilitate domestic business. It was made very clear that commerce with Spanish-speaking countries, and, indeed, with practically all parts of the world in which it is hoped to extend American trade would be sensibly promoted if the metric basis were accepted.

There are, however, some difficulties, entirely aside from conservatism and inertia, about making the change. The most serious of these involves the measurement of land. Land titles in our country are based on acres, while the metric system would substitute the hectare. To reorganize the whole system of real-estate records, measurements, and surveys, and reduce acres to hectares with absolute accuracy, would be a terrific task. Conservatism rises to its most insistent climax at the suggestion of

any change that might possibly becloud titles to real property.

It has been suggested that the metric scheme might be adopted for all other than land measures; but this would be like taking half a bite of a cherry. Moreover, it is pointed out that this country has once changed its unit of land measurement throughout a large area with very little difficulty or complication.

When Texas, California, Arizona, and New Mexico were acquired from Mexico, they had already been surveyed under the Spanish system, in which the unit of area is the *vara*. Values in *varas* had to be translated into terms of acres, and for a time it was feared considerable difficulty would ensue. However, the thing was done much more easily than had been expected. The precise comparative values of the Spanish and American units were determined, as they have repeatedly been fixed in the relations of our American units to those of the metric system. In a comparatively short time, and with no great confusion, the American units were substituted for the Spanish; and people familiar with the procedure in that case give assurance that the change from our present system to metric measurements would be effected with small embarrassment.

It is now becoming apparent for the first time that the change cannot long be postponed, and that it is going to be highly beneficial to business and science, to technical and popular interests.

It is probable that Great Britain will not be far behind us in adopting the French units. British manufacturers have had to use French measurements in many new operations since the war has drawn the two countries closer together than ever before, and even English conservatism will not stand out forever against a good system that is also a universal system.

APRIL IN KENTUCKY

(In Memoriam of Madison Cawein)

Thy slopes are golden with the glow
The dandelion scatters;
Thy hills and vales are decked with green,
To hide the winter's tatters.

Afar I hear the flutes of birds
That seem all sad from singing:
"He comes no more among us here
To set thy woodlands ringing!"

W. F. McCaleb

Light Verse

AN INVITATION POSTPONED

LET'S saunter away on the wanderer's trail,
On the road that is open and free;
For workaday living grows sodden and stale,
And the *wanderlust* calls us to flee.

Let's wander away with a song in the heart,
And a questing and glamorous glance;
For we're weary of toiling and anxious to start
On the gipsying road of romance.

What care we for hardships and dangers that lurk
By the ventureful ways we shall go?
It's ho, to be free of the fret and the irk—
As free as the breezes that blow!

Let's wander—what's that? Yes, the frost lingers
late
And the winds of the winter still sting;
And I guess you are right that it's better to wait
Till the weather gets warm in the spring!

Berton Braley

THE MOAN OF A MODERN LOVER

WHEN first I caught a glimpse of her,
She took my eye;
Since you have seen her, I infer
You know just why.
With such an apple-blossom face,
With such a slender, willowy grace,
I marked the day, the time, the place,
She took my eye!

Elapsed a week or more of time—
She took my heart;
And yet I lived and felt quite prime,
Nor grieved to part
With that important bit of me—
An organ which I rarely see;
In fact, I quite rejoiced that she
Should take my heart.

When six short months were nearly past,
She took my name;
I felt my wings were clipped at last,
And grew quite tame.
But I was willing, goodness knows,
To squelch at least a dozen beaus,
If from such thorns I picked my rose.
She took my name!

Since then the climax has been reached—

She takes my cash!
Whene'er economy I've preached,
She's fed me hash;
While modistes squander half my pay,
And tradesmen call for more each day,
I mourn, too late, her taking way—
She takes my cash!

Mary Kalor Hutchinson

FOUR AGES OF THE DRAMA

IN melodrama, which to-day
True art derides,
They always had in every play
Asides.

And after that 'twas not so bad;
With better guides,
They got some plays which really had
Insides.

And then the show-girl era came,
With kicks and glides;
It needed but to win the game,
Outsides.

But managers to-day explore
To find where hides
A play that has all things and more
Besides!

McLamburgh Wilson

THE QUIET HOUR

THERE is an hour at early morn
When vagrant fancy plumes her wings;
When, looking in my glass, I view
Myself, and think of many things;
A medleyed thought, a mental drift,
A queer procession, gay and grave—
The future, past, the might-have-been—
The things I think of when I shave!

The lather on, the rubbing done,
My razor down the leather slips;
Something about the swinging stroke
Recalls my unreturning ships.
Where are they now? On what dim sea,
Beset by adverse wind and wave?
There drift fair argosies to me—
The things I think of when I shave!

Now down my face the keen blade glides
And leaves the surface smooth and bare;
Since first it crossed that open page,
How many lines are written there!
How many hieroglyphs that tell
Of pleasures passed, or those I crave—
The record of a million things—
The things I think of when I shave!

Now fresh again and all aglow
The face that once was smooth by right;
This labor seems a waste of time,
One gets so bristly overnight.
But I'll not give it up, not yet
This effort will I seek to save;
I love this hour—I love, you bet,
The things I think of when I shave!

Albert Bigelow Paine

ARMS

SOME genius, believing that being prepared
With arms is a battle half won
In case of a foeman invading our shores,
Has discovered a powderless gun.
No lyddite or dynamite's needed to send
The missile of death on its way;
Propelled by a silent and terrible force,
It will drop in the midst of the fray.

In dancing with débutante beauties—a form
Of amusement in which I delight—
My pleasure is spoiled when their beautiful arms
Fresco both of my shoulders with white,
And adorn my coat-collar with splashes and dabs
Of *poudre de riz, blanc de perle*,
And similar stuff; so I wish I could now
Discover a powderless girl!

Minna Irving

TELLING IT TO YOUR WIFE

I HAVE led my share of hopes forlorn, in this
coulée of tears;
I have tried the things than "can't be done"
through years on futile years;
I have argued with an angry man; have tried to
get rich quick;
I have reasoned with the chump who'd buy a
luscious golden brick;
But the rashest thing I've tackled in my striving,
struggling life
Was to make a yarn sound funny when I told it
to my wife!

I would set the fellows screaming at the office,
with the tale;
I'd relate it, wending homeward, and its punch
would never fail;
I would chuckle o'er its humor till I reached my
own abode,

Then with raconteurish cunning I would wittily
unload.
Wife would listen, smiling kindly, till I handed
out the nub,
Then would say: "Uh-huh—the plumber came to-
day and fixed the tub."

Then I'd tell the story over to myself, and bit by
bit
Seek to find just what had ever been so laughable
in it.
Could it be that in my jealousy to put the
thing across
I had skipped the gist entirely, made my work a
total loss?
No, I'd told it as I'd meant to—point as keen as
any knife;
But a funny yarn's not funny when you tell it to
your wife!

Strickland Gillilan

TWO GIRLS

AS I was walking down the street,
A little girl I chanced to meet.
Her hat was trimmed with ostrich-plumes
Entwined with rhododendron blooms;
Her gloves, they were immaculate
And, I should judge, a perfect fit;
The stylish skirt that matched her waist
Was in the very best of taste;
Her dainty boots, I must concede,
Were very, very smart indeed.
Her face? Well, now, I couldn't say;
Perhaps her veil was in the way.
I didn't notice—and, what's more,
I only thought of what she wore!

As I was walking up the street,
Another girl I chanced to meet.
No hat adorned her lovely hair;
Her dimpled hands and arms were bare;
But heavenly blue was in her eyes—
She seemed an angel from the skies.
The dogwood blossoms in her arms
But added to her many charms;
And, oh, the sunshine of her smile!
Its sweetness made life seem worth while.
Her dress? Well, now, I couldn't say;
I didn't notice, anyway.
I only saw her face—no more;
I never thought of what she wore!

Georgina Billings-King

NOT QUITE ALIKE

"SOME difference there is," said she,
"Twixt genius and insanity;
The lunatic, for instance, knows
That he is sure of board and clothes!"

Eugene C. Dolson

FOUR FAMOUS AMERICAN OCTOGENARIANS

A QUARTET OF VETERANS WHO AT MORE THAN FOURSCORE YEARS ARE STILL USEFUL AND ACTIVE CITIZENS

TO Henri Frédéric Amiel, the Swiss philosopher whose "Journal Intime" has gained a posthumous celebrity, we owe this profound observation:

To know how to grow old is the master-work of wisdom, and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.

This is a truth heartily indorsed by elderly gentlemen of experience and by younger men of imagination. And herewith are the portraits of four well-known Americans who have conspicuously achieved their "master-work."

There was a time when the public did not accept Amiel's theory. Not so long ago it was the custom for ladies of forty-five to put on lace caps and go in for genealogical reminiscences. A man of fifty was supposed to devote himself to canes, rheumatism, and retrospection. He was expected to talk of nothing but "the good old days," when he could corner a hearer in such a fashion that escape was impossible.

This gave rise to the late Mr. Pope's unkind thrust to the effect that but for the survival of elderly gentlemen who talk about the brilliant period of their youth, we should have to take their word for it that fools did not exist in those earlier days.

Long before Dr. Osler made his genial suggestion about knocking people on the head when they reach the fifty-year mark, a sprightly and debonair lady of seventy-two remarked to us, with plenty of youthful spirit, that there seemed to be a general impression that old people ought to be shot.

Any one who sets out to knock on the head—even figuratively—some of the active old gentlemen of this day had better put in a lot of time at careful preparation. Most of these octogenarians are always willing to deliver a farewell address, but the subject of their eloquence is probably some

young and ambitious man who has attempted to ease them of their burdens. When the man of affairs passes the fifty mark to-day, he begins to climb down the hill of declining years, instead of sliding down; and a young man needs to have considerable natural bent for active Alpine work to offset their accumulated experience and familiarity with the dangerous paths.

It is well for all of us that this is so. The world would be a poorer place in science and letters and statecraft if all men had begun to slide at fifty, or even sixty or seventy.

The youngest of our four veterans is Chauncey M. Depew, who hopes and expects to celebrate his eighty-second birthday on April 23—also the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death. Ex-Senator Depew is one of the zealous advocates of activity as the means for achieving the master-work. He was recently discussing the case of a business man who retired at seventy because he was seventy.

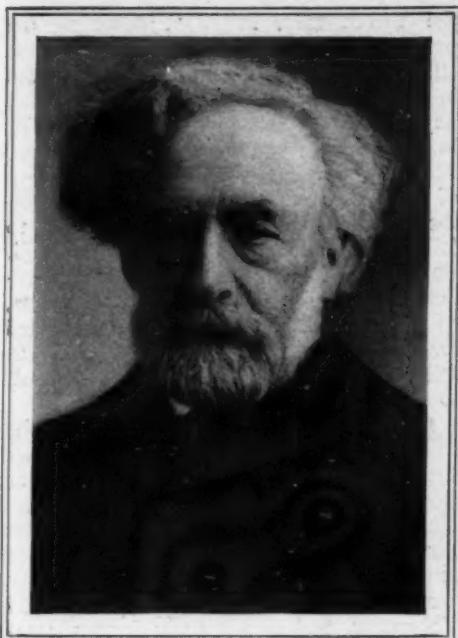
"He should remember Luther," said Mr. Depew. "Luther was asked why he worked so hard when growing old, and he replied:

"'When I rest, I rust.'

"That is the secret of growing old in the full enjoyment of life. A rusty machine is no pleasure to itself, or to any one who has anything to do with it. The human mind, as well as the body, is a machine. Both must be kept busy, or they will rust.

"I have known other men who retired from work 'to enjoy life.' That is like retiring from a theater to enjoy a play. As a general rule, they are bored within an inch of their lives before they have been out of harness a year.

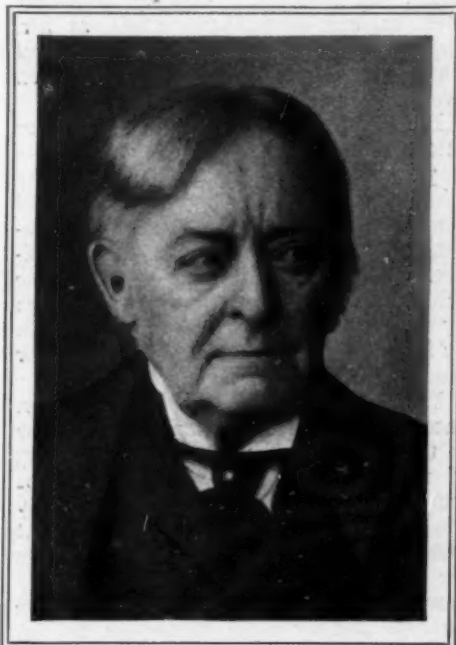
"Activity is the foe of decay. Occupation, work, keeps worry out of the mind and ill-health out of the body, and as long as a man is alive he has a chance to do



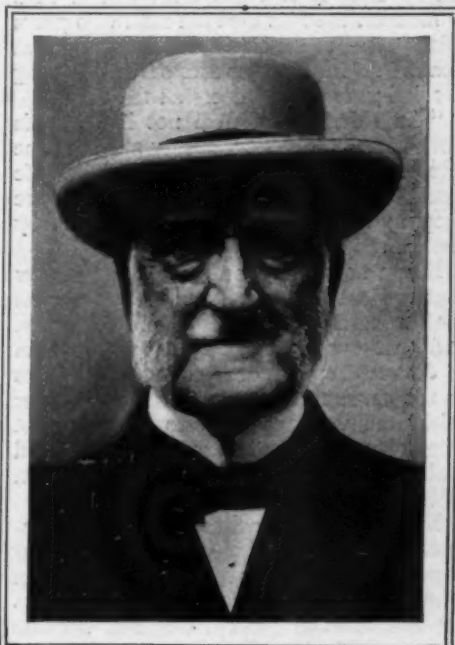
DR. ABRAHAM JACOBI, OF NEW YORK, THE DEAN OF AMERICAN MEDICINE, BORN MAY 6, 1830



DR. CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, PRESIDENT EMERITUS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, BORN MARCH 20, 1834



JOSEPH H. CHOATE, LAWYER, ORATOR, AND FORMER AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN, BORN JANUARY 24, 1832



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, FORMER RAILROAD PRESIDENT AND UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM NEW YORK, BORN APRIL 23, 1834

"OLD AGE HATH YET ITS HONOR AND ITS TOIL"—FOUR NOTABLE AMERICAN OCTOGENARIANS

things. Gladstone won some of his greatest triumphs when he was past eighty. Victor Hugo was considered an old man when he produced some of the greatest novels in literature. Commodore Vanderbilt was past seventy when he made more than two-thirds of his vast fortune.

"And you can take some great examples of to-day. Here is Joseph Choate, who is eighty-four years old, and is still the recognized leader of the American bar. He is making some of the best speeches of the day. President Eliot of Harvard is a leader of thought. He is well past eighty, but his lectures and articles on social and scientific subjects are accepted as the best thought of our country.

"The greatest mistake a man can make is to stop working along the line of his life's occupation, unless he can find something equally interesting to occupy his mind and fill his day. And that is pretty hard to find. Golf is a mighty poor substitute for a life-work."

There is an ancient saw to the effect that many a man has achieved riches by a strict adherence to his own affairs. Like most old sayings, it is quite true, but it fails to mention the fact that the man who plays this system seldom achieves anything but riches. As Mr. Depew sees life, it is wrong to mind your own business all the time.

"An elderly man does not live by his work alone," he says, "but by a wholesome interest in every department of life. He must know who the people are that are keeping the world moving, and how they are doing it."

Every now and then some one observes that modern life is a very speedy business—that it is geared to the pace of youth, and that there is nothing for an old man to do but drop out of it. Recent chapters in the careers of Joseph Choate and other celebrated veterans seem to indicate that when youth has been exceeding the speed limit it has to call them in to get itself out of trouble.

Mr. Choate was a busy and highly successful lawyer in the days before newspapers had outgrown the chalk-plate school of illustration. To-day his services are not in such general demand, because comparatively few clients can afford to hire him. In his eighty-fifth year of life, his time is more valuable than ever.

And his have been very active years. From the time when he led the fight against

the Tweed ring, in 1871, down to the present day, he has been busy with great affairs. He has found time to take honors in law and letters, and from 1899 to 1905 he was our ambassador at the court of St. James, where he shone with distinction. This last service was more of a measure of a man's caliber than might appear on the surface. It is no light assignment to follow in the footsteps of Motley, Lowell, Bayard, and John Hay, and, more remotely, in those of John Quincy Adams, Monroe, Gallatin, Van Buren, and Edward Everett. Any but a large man is likely to fall into one of the said footsteps and fail to emerge.

Charles W. Eliot led what used to be called a narrow life, until the American people began picking out college heads as Governors of States and Presidents of the United States. He is a month older than Mr. Depew, and for sixty-two years he has taught the youth of America. For forty years he was active president of Harvard University, and saw it grow from a comparatively small college into one of the greatest institutions of learning in the world. In 1909 he became president emeritus, and since then he has, as Mr. Depew points out, contributed much useful material to contemporaneous thought on live questions.

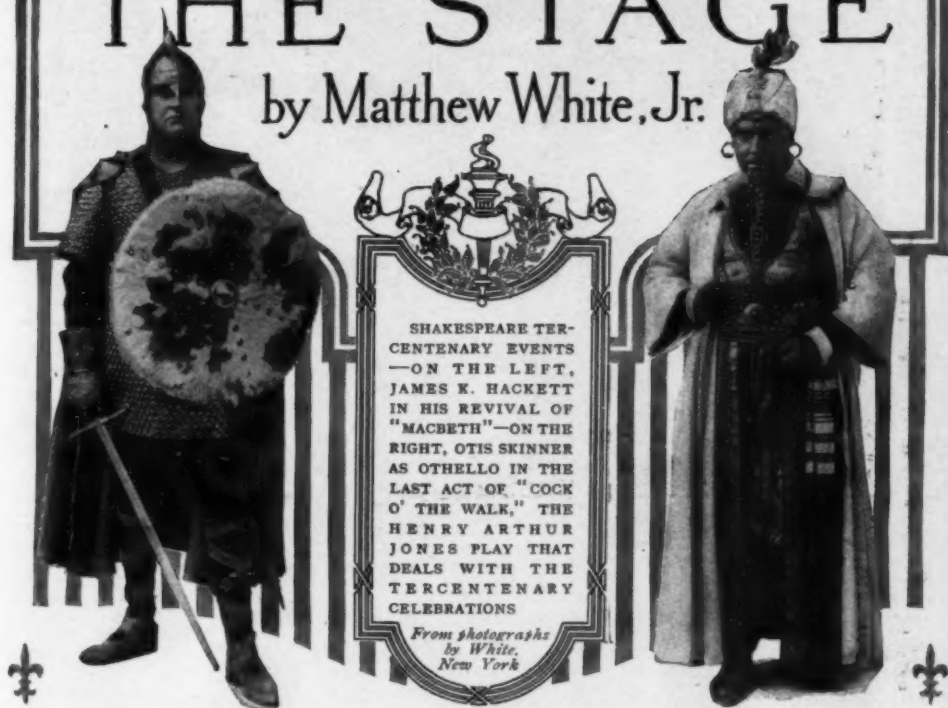
Dr. Abraham Jacobi, oldest of the four veterans—for he was born May 6, 1830—is probably less widely known than the other three, but he is second to none of them in his life record of useful achievement. If there were such an official position as "dean of American doctors," the title would probably be conferred upon him by the overwhelming vote of his colleagues. As it is, he has held practically every honor possible to his profession in this country.

While he is a thorough American, Dr. Jacobi was born in Germany. He came to this country after the abortive uprising of 1848, when Germany attempted to be truly free. He did not come immediately thereafter, because a paternal government insisted on his serving a two years' sentence for his connection with the revolutionary movement. He settled in New York, where he rose steadily from distinction to distinction. He has written many medical works, and is an honorary member of great European societies.

Along with the other three, Dr. Jacobi has achieved the master-work.

THE STAGE

by Matthew White, Jr.



SHAKESPEARE TER-
CENTENARY EVENTS
—ON THE LEFT,
JAMES K. HACKETT
IN HIS REVIVAL OF
"MACBETH"—ON THE
RIGHT, OTIS SKINNER
AS OTHELLO IN THE
LAST ACT OF "COCK
O' THE WALK." THE
HENRY ARTHUR
JONES PLAY THAT
DEALS WITH THE
TERCENTENARY
CELEBRATIONS

*From photographs
by White,
New York*

IF anybody needs a capable press-agent, it is one William Shakespeare. With each passing year the sight of his name on the bill-boards has been of rarer occurrence. Last season, but for Robert Mantell's four weeks' engagement in repertoire and Granville Barker's interlarding of Bernard Shaw with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," he would have had no Broadway showing at all. And now Mantell has gone into the movies and Barker has been among the missing.

This year the tercentenary celebration of his death will give Shakespeare a chance to come back on a grand scale. He will receive many tributes, of which MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE contributes one, in the shape of an excellent article by Mr. Le Gallienne, printed elsewhere in this number. But after all the memorial exercises, what? It is to be hoped, a revival of popular interest—for Shakespeare might easily be popular if those who exploit him would allow it. Unfortunately, most of his champions are

so frightfully "highbrow" and heavy themselves that they spread a wrong impression of the master they set out to serve. And the impudence of some of them!

Here, for instance, is Percy Mackaye, writing what he calls a "Community Masque" to be produced as the climax of the New York celebrations in the last week in May. It strikes me that this sort of thing would be more appropriate at any other time than when the one end and aim of all is supposed to be to do honor to the master dramatist. But here Mackaye steps forward, unblushingly takes Shakespeare's characters from "The Tempest," and supplies them with words of his own! Is this the way to do reverence to Shakespeare?

In a newspaper report of the preliminary reading of the "Masque" in the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House last January, Charles Rann Kennedy is quoted as telling Mackaye:

"You have rivaled Shakespeare!"

This recalls the story that at the first



JOSEPH CAWTHORN, JULIA SANDERSON, AND DONALD BRIAN IN THE MUSICAL-COMEDY HIT, "SYBIL"

From a photograph—copyrighted by Charles Frohman, Inc.

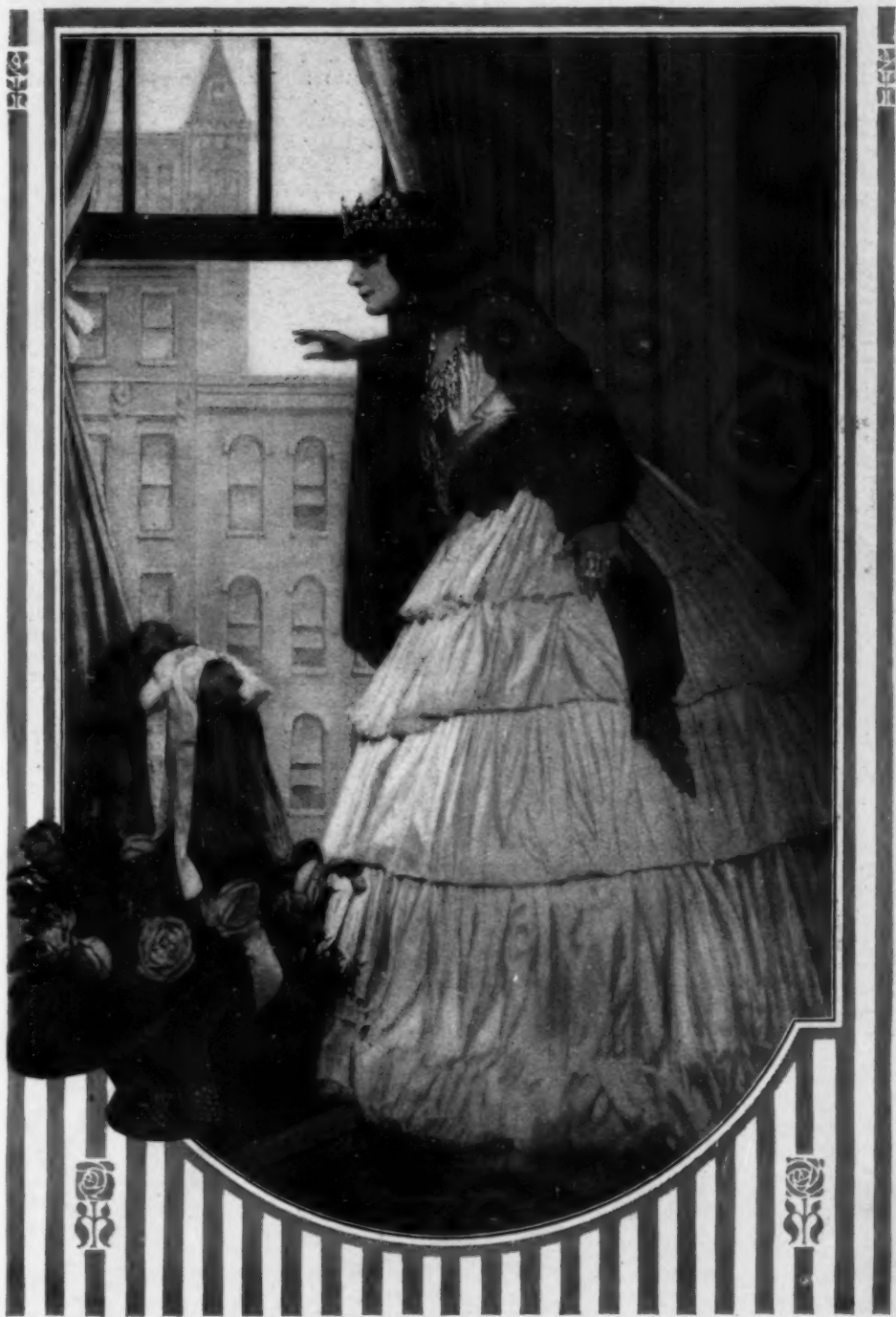
production of John Home's once famous, but now forgotten, play of "Douglas," an enthusiastic Scotsman in the audience jumped up and shouted:

"Whaur's your Wully Shakespeare noo?"

I will not dispute Mr. Kennedy's comparison of the dramatist from Concord, New Hampshire, with him of Stratford-on-Avon; but even if it be true that the Elizabethan master's mantle has fallen upon Mr. Mackaye's shoulders, this is not

the most fitting time for the latter to flaunt it before the public. At a Shakespeare festival we should have Shakespeare himself, not a modern imitation of him.

For outdoor presentation, what more appropriate than "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or "As You Like It," or "The Tempest" itself, if you will? Think how much more it would mean to the participants to realize that they are speaking Shakespeare's words, rather than those of a modern trying to write in his vein.



DORIS KEANE IN THE LAST ACT OF "ROMANCE," THE EDWARD SHELTON PLAY WHICH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY PRODUCED IN LONDON

From a photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London

Yes, the Bard of Avon needs a capable press-agent. Could he revisit the glimpses of the moon, he might exclaim:

"Save me from my friends! Deliver me over, in preference, even to the motion-picture men, one of whom paid me this tercentenary tribute in an advertisement:

"You didn't live in the age of air-ships and telephones and automobiles and rapid-fire guns

and other speedy things, Bill, but you put a speedy one right over the plate when you said: 'The play's the thing!'

"If all the moving-picture companies in the world had sat down for a long time and studied over those few words of yours, they'd have saved themselves many a headache and many a wasted shilling, old boy. But, instead of profiting by your wide experience, we all had to find out for ourselves that the play's the thing."



JOSEPHINE VICTOR, ALBERT HACKETT, AND WALTER HAMPDEN IN THE LAST ACT OF "JUST A WOMAN,"
EUGENE WALTER'S LATEST PLAY

From a photograph by White, New York

DAVID HARBLIN AND ROSE STAHL IN A SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF MISS STAHL'S LATEST STARRING VEHICLE, "MOONLIGHT MARY"

From a photograph by White, New York



Happily, the anniversary day itself—or, rather, the day following, as April 23 this year falls on Easter Sunday—will be commemorated in royal fashion at the Sanders Theater, Cambridge, where Forbes-Robertson, than whom there is no finer *Hamlet* living, will on that night say his farewell to America by performing the bard's most famous play.

The Shakespeare ball was set rolling in New York as early as February 7, when James K. Hackett appeared at the restored Criterion Theater as *Macbeth*, with Viola Allen as his leading woman. It is to be kept going by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who, after first posing for screen purposes in California, promises to produce his "Henry VIII" in New York, with himself as *Cardinal Richelieu* and Edith Wynne Matthison for *Queen Katharine*. According to his present plans, this will be followed by performances of "Richard

III," "The Merry Wives"—with Lyn Harding as *Bolingbroke* and *Ford* respectively—and "The Merchant of Venice."

Julia Marlowe's ill-health will preclude E. H. Sothern from participating in the honors that are to be accorded to Shakespeare, but as an offset to this disappointment announcement is made that Margaret Anglin and William Faversham have associated themselves with the intention of playing Shakespeare together—good tidings indeed for lovers of the real legitimate.

Otis Skinner—of whom we give a portrait in his *Othello* make-up in the last act of "Cock o' the Walk"—still sticks to the modern. In 1911, in an interview for the *Dramatic Mirror*, he said:

Of course I love Shakespeare; those characters are old friends that I can revisit when I choose. I have done so much Shakespeare, however, that I always welcome something new. If an actor serves his art and his profession, he will not mark



MAUDE ADAMS AND DALLAS ANDERSON IN "THE LITTLE MINISTER," WHICH DREW LARGE AUDIENCES
ON ITS REVIVAL AT THE EMPIRE THEATER, NEW YORK

From a photograph by White, New York

time by doing the same thing over and over; he will attempt something new, something that points toward progress.

Well, for the last few seasons Skinner has been doing new things. What could be newer than "Kismet"? May we not then look forward to his joining the procession of those who will do honor to the greatest of the English dramatists by giving us a Shakespearian revival this spring?

Mr. Skinner's first appearance in Shakespeare was in March, 1880, as the *Wounded Officer* in "Macbeth," with Edwin Booth, at the old Booth's Theater, Sixth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street, New York. Later, at Daly's, he was *Page* in "The Merry Wives," *Lucentio* in "The Shrew," and *Lysander* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In 1890 he acted *Romeo* in London, at the old Globe Theater, which used to stand somewhere near the site of the present Gaiety. In 1891 he was with Modjeska, acting such parts as *Orlando* and *Benedick*. Otis Skinner was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on June 28, 1858, and is therefore fifty-seven years old.

James K. Hackett is eleven years his junior, and, although Canadian by birth, is thoroughly American by ancestry on both sides. His father, the James Henry Hackett whose *Falstaff* had no equal in his day, was born in New York in 1800. Young James's mother was the elder Hackett's second wife, wholly wrapped up in her boy, and when the panic of 1873 swept away the family fortune she went on the stage as *Lady Macbeth* and *Leah* to earn the money with which to put her son through school and college.

When but a child of seven young Hackett recited the "Seven Ages" on the stage, at eighteen he acted *Touchstone*, and before he reached his majority he had even essayed *Othello*. Daniel Frohman gave him his first real professional chance by putting him at the head of a "Prisoner of Zenda" company, to play the dual rôle created the preceding season by E. H. Sothorn. The production achieved a run at the same

Lyceum Theater in New York where his predecessor had scored so heavily.

This was just twenty years ago. Then followed Hackett's big hit in "The Pride of Jennico," and later on his branching out as a manager, during which period what was opened as the Lew Fields Theater, and is now known as the Harris, bore his name. But four plays failed in quick succession, with bankruptcy as the result.

Then came the pictures, and Hackett was among the first to pose for the feature films, putting the Famous Players on



EMILY CALLAWAY, TO APPEAR IN THE FARCE "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH,"
DRAMATIZED FROM A NOVEL PUBLISHED IN MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

From a photograph by White, New York

the map with his "Prisoner of Zenda." But luck had not yet finished with this apparently favorite child, who was born when his father was sixty-nine years old. Two years ago, out of a clear sky, came the thunderbolt of an unexpected announcement—that he had inherited a fortune of more than a million dollars. It came to him from a relative, Minnie Hackett Trowbridge, wife of the late Francis E. Trowbridge, well known in Wall Street.

Mr. Hackett plans to follow "Macbeth" with a revival of "The Merry Wives," for which he has already engaged Henrietta Crossman as *Mistress Page*.



PHOEBE FOSTER AND SHELLEY HULL IN A SCENE FROM THAT KING-PIN OF ROMANTIC PLAYS,
"THE CINDERELLA MAN"

From a photograph by White, New York

One cannot expect London to participate very extensively in celebrations of any sort just now. American plays have predominated in the recent offerings there, among them "Romance," which has been running with Doris Keane since early October. Miss Keane is a Chicago girl, who woke up in New York, one morning of August, 1906, to find herself famous. What she had done was to play with straightforward simplicity the unhappy heroine of Henry Arthur Jones's powerful drama, "The Hypocrites."

New York's previous acquaintance with her name had been confined to brief mention of her good work with John Drew as the florist's daughter in Augustus Thomas's "Delancey." That was not a part to do more than show charm. What all players love is a rôle into which they can set their teeth, and pretty Doris Keane certainly got one of that sort when Charles Frohman selected her to create *Rachel Nevé*.

Oddly enough, he cared so little for an-

other play in which Miss Keane was destined to win even greater laurels that he wrote across the script, when it was offered him:

This is not a good play.—C. F.

The play was "Romance," by Edward Sheldon, which scored a triumph on its presentation in New York, a few years ago, with Miss Keane, and which has now duplicated its success in London, where, besides Miss Keane, there is clever Gilda Varesi of the original cast.

Reviewing the London performance, one critic began as follows:

When all has been written and spoken about the charm of Mr. Edward Sheldon's latest play, the one topic that will remain with playgoers will be summed up in the query:

"Have you seen Miss Doris Keane in 'Romance'?"

Miss Keane is a graduate of the Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. The



XENIA MACLEZOWA AND ADOLPH BOLM IN "LA PRINCESSE ENCHANTÉE," AS PRESENTED BY SERGE DE DIAGHILEFF'S BALLET Russe, WHICH IS BOOKED TO FOLLOW GRAND OPERA WITH A FOUR WEEKS' SEASON AT THE METROPOLITAN, NEW YORK

From a photograph by White, New York

From a
photograph by
White,
New York



MARGARITA FISCHER, LEADING WOMAN IN THE EQUITABLE PHOTOPLAY,
"THE DRAGON"

other day I saw a performance by the graduating class of that institution, in which two players showed decided promise—Jane Warrington as an ingénue and Ethel Remy for character work. I put down their names here in order that in time to come I may possibly have the pleasure of harking back to this page and referring to my early mention of their blossoming.

Speaking of London, the *Stage* of that city laments the steady taking over of the outlying theaters by motion-picture managers, the Shakespeare in Clapham and the famous Sadler's Wells being among the neighborhood houses that have lately substituted the screen for the curtain. New York, on the other hand, has this winter recovered two of its prominent stages from the film men—the Criterion and the Liberty.

At the latter, the musical comedy "Sybil" has registered a success of such proportions that the house seems to be safe from the grasp of the cinema for many months to come. Surely the Frohman people are to be congratulated on having

struck twelve twice in succession with the same three stars—Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian, and Joseph Cawthorn. The first time was with "The Girl from Utah," a piece with an English background—which was also the case with "The Sunshine Girl" of the previous year, a play that made Miss Sanderson a star in her own right, supported by Joe Cawthorn.

By common consent of critics and public "Sybil" gives most opportunity to Cawthorn, so I will here accord him precedence and tell you that he was born in Cincinnati in 1868, and appeared with Haverly's Minstrels when a very small child. He made his first big dent in the memories of Broadway playgoers by his *Mother Goose* in the English piece of that name played at the New Amsterdam Theater in 1903. At the same house, five years later, he created *Dr. Pill* in "Little Nemo," and in 1911 he was

with Elsie Janis at the Globe, in "The Slim Princess." As *Otto Sprechles*, an impresario, in "Sybil," he gets the biggest applause for his own song, to which John L. Golden wrote the music—"I Can Dance with Everybody but My Wife." It may not be great music, but it's human.

Julia Sanderson is the opera-singer who finds herself compelled to impersonate a grand duchess. By the bye, this winter runs to "shop" in the theater, as other years have run to crime in the topics for plays. On the present season's list are "The Great Lover," all about opera folk, "Stop! Look! Listen!" wholly of musical-comedy atmosphere, and "Cock o' the Walk," of the theater, theatrical; while Rose Stahl, in "Moonlight Mary," was a playwright with an actress for a sister. The ball was started rolling last winter with Clayton Hamilton and A. E. Thomas's "The Big Idea," with James Forbes's "The Show Shop" following closely on its heels.

Of Miss Stahl's new play the critics had little that was good to say. Indeed, they

fell upon poor "Moonlight Mary" tooth and nail. By the persistency with which they harked back to "The Chorus Lady," lamenting its lack of a suitable successor, one might suppose that this first starring vehicle of the capable Rose Stahl had been welcomed by the reviewers with open arms, which was far from being the case.

"Moonlight Mary" was written by George V. Hobart, who fitted Ethel Barrymore with "Our Mrs. McChesney." Of actual story it contains the barest thread, and that of quite familiar fabric. But the obvious padding is so highly entertaining, and the charm of the star's voice and manner so soothing to the nerves, that I should not be in the least surprised to find "Moonlight Mary" a big money-maker on the road, even though its New York run was limited to only a few performances. At any rate, the big second night audience seemed to like it

immensely, and I cannot forbear quoting the remark of a man who sat behind me:

"One need never be afraid to ask a girl to go to see a play with Miss Stahl in it."

Objection has been raised that the best lines go to others than the star. It seems to me that this concerns Miss Stahl herself less than it does the man in the audience, who should rejoice that there is at least

one star willing to let the other players have a chance; but apparently the public is not appreciative, and Miss Stahl has decided to shelve the piece. More's the pity, for she had surrounded herself with an exceptionally capable company, from David Harblin, the lead, recruited from stock, to J. D. Walsh, in a brief scene as a superannuated mummer of seventy. The latter laments that when he was a boy they wanted him to play old-men's parts which he couldn't look, and now, when he has the appearance, they tell him he is too old to act



MARGUERITE LESLIE, WHO WAS WITH ELSIE FERGUSON IN "OUTCAST" LAST SEASON, AND WHO IS NOW IN MOTION PICTURES

From her latest photograph—copyrighted by Ira L. Hill, New York



at all. Particularly adroit in their respective fields were Mrs. Kate Jepson as an old lady and Echlin Gayer as a "silly ass" Englishman.

Last season Miss Stahl played "A Perfect Lady," impersonating a burlesque actress who endeavors to keep her occupation a secret from her sister. This year she was a novelist who turns playwright and seeks to save a sister from a supposed horrible fate.

Previous to "A Perfect Lady" she was a saleswoman in "Maggie Pepper."

Rose Stahl was born in Chicago, though her home town is Trenton, New Jersey. She was educated in Montreal, and made her first appearance in the stock company

at the Girard Avenue Theater, Philadelphia.

Three years before she originated *Patricia O'Brien* in the one-act sketch from which "The Chorus Lady" was expanded, she played *Juliet* and *Camille*, among other leads, in a stock company at Columbus, Ohio.

In certain poses Miss Stahl bears a strong resemblance to Sara Bernhardt. It is strange that the playwrights have never taken

this fact into account in their endeavors to fit her with something new.

Apropos of Bernhardt, she has definitely put off her trip to America until next season. She finds that she cannot manage her artificial limb as deftly as she had hoped to

LOUISE HUFF AND CREIGHTON HALE IN A SCENE FROM
THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY'S REPRO-
DUCTION OF "THE OLD HOMESTEAD,"
IN WHICH FRANK LOSEE ASSUMED
DENMAN THOMPSON'S PART



WILLIAM HODGE AND TERESA MAXWELL CONOVER IN MR. HODGE'S NEWEST STARRING VEHICLE,
"FIXING SISTER"

From a photograph by White, New York

do, and must wait until she can have a repertoire prepared adapted to the new exigencies. At this writing she is in London, appearing at the Coliseum as an actor with the army, "somewhere in France," in

exhibition in America. It is intensely somber, but interesting in that it shows how the camera can come to the aid of a player afflicted as Bernhardt now is. She is never seen to walk except under stress of deep



SAMUEL ASH, NORMA MENDOZA, AND
MAY NAUDAIN IN A SCENE FROM THE
TUNEFUL MUSICAL COMEDY, "KATINKA"
From a photograph by White, New York

a sketch showing her as a wounded soldier propped against a tree. She also represents the cathedral of Strasburg in the dramatic poem, "The Cathedrals."

She went to England immediately after finishing with "Jeanne Doré," a motion picture taken last autumn within a few miles of the French war zone, and now on

emotion, when it is quite conceivable that she would lean on others or help herself along by clutching at whatever support is within reach.

The screen, by the bye, would suit a new play, "The Fear Market," better than does the stage. Written by Amélie Rives—the Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy—it was of-

ferred, I believe, under the original title, "Blackmail," in the Winthrop Ames contest last year and received favorable mention. It is played in a prologue and three acts, with some very beautiful scenery, designed by the author herself. Much of what should be the most interesting action takes place off stage. This could easily be shown in motion pictures.

We print this month a pretty view from the screen reproduction of "The Old Homestead," which all lovers of the famous Denman Thompson play should see, as it elaborates the original story in an acceptable fashion. Marguerite Leslie, who has gone into pictures this season, was last year with Elsie Ferguson in "Outcast." She is a sister of Martha Hedman, and acted in London before coming to New York.

Margarita Fischer has the lead in "The Dragon," written by Perley Poore Sheehan, one of the younger literary lights who has recently turned his attention to motion pictures.

Josephine Victor, the heroine of the hit, "Just a Woman," is one of the dwindling band of players who are standing out against the most tempting offers of the film people. Last winter she was *Myrtle* in "Kick In"—an American play which seems to have caught on in London—and in the spring she took Florence Reed's place as *Valentine de Mornay* in the all-star cast of "A Celebrated Case." She is a Hungarian by birth. In "Just a Woman" she has the best opportunity of her career, not only to show emotion, but to express repression of it—an infinitely harder task, which Miss Victor accomplishes with rare adroitness.

Her leading man is Walter Hampden. Born in Brooklyn, he made his first big strike as *Manson* in "The Servant in the House," in the first production of the Charles Rann Kennedy drama nine years ago. Later he created *George Rand, Jr.*, in Clyde Fitch's last play, "The City."

There are other anniversaries this year besides the Shakespeare tercentenary. The Metropolitan Opera House celebrated the hundredth birthday of Rossini's "Barber of Seville" by a *matinée* performance of that opera on the 5th of February, precisely a century after its first performance, which took place at the Teatro Argentina in Rome. Comparatively few operas remain so long in the repertoire, and it was quite fitting that the Metropolitan management

should hang a garlanded portrait of Rossini in the lobby and print his picture in the program. There was a Spanish singer for the *Rosina*—Maria Barrientos, the coloratura soprano who had, on the previous Monday, approached closely to a Tetrizzini sensation with her American debut in "Lucia."

Musical Spain is receiving an unusual amount of recognition in New York this season. Late in January the Metropolitan brought out, for the first time on any stage, the opera "Goyescas," elaborated in one act and three "pictures" from the piano score by Enrique Granados, who was inspired by the paintings of the famous Spanish artist Goya. An enchanting intermezzo preceding the second picture, and a beautiful *mise en scène* are the most attractive features of this latest addition to the Metropolitan's repertoire.

"Goyescas" runs not much over an hour in length, and consequently makes a neat companion-piece to "Pagliacci" or "Cavalleria." Its production afforded opportunity for the debut of another prima donna—this time an American, Anna Fitziu, who as Anna Fitzhugh sang in "The Wizard of Oz" when that bit of foolery, with Victor Herbert music, built a place for Montgomery and Stone in the affections of New York playgoers.

The season at the Metropolitan will be prolonged this spring by the addition of four weeks of the Ballet Russe, whose fortnight at the Century, in January, created so much of a sensation. Serge de Diaghileff is the moving spirit behind this organization, whose professed aim is to merge the arts of music and scene-painting in consistent harmony with that of the dance. M. de Diaghileff was formerly editor of an art magazine, and in this way became acquainted with Leon Bakst, whose remarkable color-effects are dominant in the settings against which the ballet executes its dances.

In mentioning the first performance of the "Barber of Seville," in 1816, I might have added that the opera, now regarded as its author's best work, was received with storms of hisses by the first-nighters of Rome. Their ill-will, it appears, was not due to disapproval of Rossini's music, but to their loyalty to the older composer, Paisiello, who had written an opera on the same theme. Rossini was then a youth of twenty-four; he lived to compose forty operas, and to see several of them become

established favorites. To-day not more than two or three of them hold the boards, and if Rossini's name lives another hundred years it will probably be due to the "Barber" alone. His "William Tell," long so popular, gets fewer and fewer representations as the years go by.

The severe criticism meted out to Hall Caine's alleged war play, "Margaret Schiller," was every bit of it deserved. A worse piece of dramatic composition has rarely been offered in a first-class theater. But in spite of the enormous number of people who are writing them, plays are scarce, the subject of "Margaret Schiller" was at least timely, and there can be no complaint on the score that the piece does not give its leading woman—Elsie Ferguson—plenty of chances. In spite of its bad notices, such is the popularity of Miss Ferguson that "Margaret Schiller" appears to be a success of the box-office.

I am not surprised that the piece has not been produced in London. I think Hall Caine's fellow countrymen would call him to account for making England's prime minister such a milksop.

TWO IN "KATINKA"

Have you ever noticed that T. Roy Barnes always dresses his parts in the same way, no matter in what play he is appearing? He tells me that it is a fad of his.

"You will always find me," he says, "wearing a straw hat, a red tie, and a blue suit."

He grew up in Utica, where, as he himself tersely puts it, he was "the fellow that always got up and made a fool of himself at parties." New York first got to know how funny he is when he appeared in "The Red Canary," which had a short run at the Lyric Theater some two years ago. Then he joined "The Passing Show of 1914" at the Winter Garden. It was little more than a passing show that he made of himself last autumn in "See My Lawyer," for the play was so bad that not even Barnes could save it; but he is at his best now as the American tourist in "Katinka."

Many may be surprised to learn that this part was written for him, though he didn't create it. Our picture from "Katinka" shows three of the principals, including May Naudain, of whom I spoke last month. Norma Mendoza is new to the stage, and this is Samuel Ash's first chance in New York, outside of vaudeville.

Ash comes from Cincinnati, and is a son of the Samuel Ash who used to sing with the McCaull Opera Company in the eighties. The father later opened a music-store in the Ohio City, and young Sam was installed there; but he didn't like trade, and was anxious to use the good voice with which nature had endowed him, so when the panic of 1907 brought business losses, he hustled out and got a job in the chorus of a musical show. He was smart enough not to stay in that environment more than eight weeks, and found an opening in vaudeville, where for some time he was featured in a single singing act.

COHAN'S MIDWINTER FUN FEAST

Although it is called "The Cohan R  vue 1916," all the plays burlesqued in the new show at the Astor are of 1915 vintage. However, this was inevitable when George decided to be first in the burlesque field. But what does the title matter?—even though I could wish as thorough an American as Cohan, born on the 4th of July, 1876, would eliminate the French spelling of "review." Still, I come not to blame, but to praise.

Whether you have seen the hits of the theatrical year or haven't seen them makes no difference in the enjoyment you will get out of this musical crazy-quilt, which is written in Cohan's happiest vein, and funnier than anything even in Weber & Fields's best nights at the old Twenty-Ninth Street music-hall thought of being. The rimed travesty on the trial scene from "Common Clay" is a marvel. Especially happy, too, is the dressing-room episode from "The Great Lover," where not one, but three tenors lose their voices in succession, while Little Billy's imitation of George M. in the "Young America" climax is immense. Little Billy, recruited from vaudeville, is only forty-two inches high.

Although Cohan himself is not in the piece, the cast comes pretty near deserving that oft-abused adjective, "all-star." There's Richard Carle, as *Dr. Booberang*, the love-cure man; Valli Valli as *Jane Clay*, the crying servant; Harry Bulger as *Andrew Overdraft*, the cannon-maker, with Frederic Santley (brother to Joe) as his son *Stephen*; while Elizabeth Murray, as *Mrs. Overdraft*, gets over the song-hit of the piece—"You Can Tell That I'm Irish." And I must not forget to mention the life-like resemblance to Leo Ditrichstein, in

both looks and voice, of Charles Winninger, as *Jean Paurel*, the great lover.

In private life Mr. Winninger is the husband of Blanche Ring. He was born in Austria, which may partly account for the faithfulness with which he reproduces Mr. Dittrichstein's accent. His professional career was begun as a boy soprano in a concert company, and continued as a trapeze performer in a circus. He has played with Miss Ring in "The Yankee Girl," "The Wall Street Girl," and "When Claudia Smiles."

It's a pity "The Cinderella Man" was not brought out in time to be included in the Cohan travesty. Such preposterous stuff as a rich maiden walking over the roof-tops to carry bread and cheese—to say nothing of kisses—to a poor but, of course, handsome poet in his garret would empale itself admirably on the Cohan shafts of fun. They tell me that this play by Edward Childs Carpenter, who once wrote "The Barber of New Orleans" for Faversham, is a real box-office favorite. I admit that some of the reviewers have gushed over it profusely, and have acclaimed it as the harbinger of that revival of romance which everybody in the game, from William A. Brady down, has been trying to wish on the public for the past season or two. To me the whole thing seems inept, saved only by its admirable acting.

THE HAPPY STATE OF REPERTOIRE

Grace George refuses to bow to a hit. That is to say, no matter how much money one of her productions turns into the Playhouse box-office, she invariably starts rehearsals for something new, thereby not only living up to the promise she made at the beginning of her repertory season, but at the same time breaking all precedents.

"The Earth," a newspaper play by James Bernard Fagan, is the latest addition to her list. I reviewed its English presentation in *MUNSEY'S* for September, 1909. The ensuing autumn it was brought out in Chicago as a starring vehicle for Edmund Breese, but it failed to reach New York.

The fact that Miss George stands quite ready to stage a piece that does not give her the only important part is one of the gratifying features of the repertory system as she has applied it. In a stock house—which she has now made of the Playhouse—this can be done, though we have just

seen that it can't be done under the starring arrangement. In "Moonlight Mary," as was pointed out on a preceding page, Rose Stahl practically subordinated herself to her company. The reviewers scored the piece, and said she didn't have enough to do. Result—a run of only ten nights. The critical comments on "Margaret Schiller" were equally severe, but nobody denied that big opportunity was offered Elsie Ferguson for center-of-the-stage emotional work. Result—well-filled houses and the prospects of a good run.

In "The Earth," Miss George makes an especially appealing figure of *Lady Kil-lone*, with a fetching suspicion of brogue. Louis Calvert is fine as *Sir Felix Janion*, the millionaire newspaper-proprietor, while Conway Tearle cements himself hard and fast in the big niche he has come to occupy in the regard of playgoers. He brings dignity, force, and tenderness to the *Hon. Denzil Trevena*, who pits himself against the strong forces of *Janion* in the contest over a proposed piece of labor legislation. Ernest Lawford distinguishes and almost disguises himself as a paid spy of *Janion's*—*Michael Dickson*.

"THE MELODY OF YOUTH"

Exactly a dozen years ago Belasco signed a contract with Brandon Tynan to make him the fifth star in the Belasco galaxy, which at that time consisted of Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Bates, David Warfield, and Henrietta Crosman. Young Tynan, who in the previous August had achieved a whirlwind success in his own play, "Robert Emmet," was to be presented in another Irish drama, in writing which Mr. Belasco was to collaborate with Mr. Tynan.

"It will be a play which will show Irishmen as they are," said Mr. Belasco in an interview published in the *New York Herald* of February 18, 1904, "rather than as their enemies are pleased to caricature them. It will not be burdened with revolutions and red coats, but with real human characters."

This description exactly fits "The Melody of Youth," the romantic Irish comedy by Brandon Tynan, brought out by Messrs. Hackett and Tyler at the Fulton Theater on February 16. We all know that Mr. Tynan never appeared as a star under the Belasco banner, and I cannot help conjecturing that this may be

the same play on which the busy Belasco never found time to work with the Irish author-actor.

In "The Melody of Youth" Mr. Tynan is a studious young Irishman who has the priesthood in mind, but who finds *Cathleen Linnett* so much more to his heart that after one act of winning and another of nearly losing her, the final curtain finds them in each other's arms. The period is 1830, and after the poverty-stricken peasants to whom Lady Gregory and the Irish Players have accustomed us it is refreshing to meet dwellers on the "old sod" who have enough to eat, and who live in an environment lending itself easily to attractive settings.

The new producing firm—composed of James K. Hackett and George Tyler—has provided Mr. Tynan with a capital support for his play that has been so much delayed in reaching the footlights.

WHISPERS IN THE WINGS

Emily Callaway, who is to appear in the new farce made from "Nothing But the Truth," the novel in the January *MUNSEY*, tells me how unwittingly she robbed another actor when, as understudy to Georgia O'Ramey, she was suddenly called upon to play Miss O'Ramey's part.

"I had to go on at an hour's notice, and had no scenic rehearsal, but everything went beautifully till the last act, where a trick chair was used for Herbert Corthell to sit through. Never having rehearsed with the prop, I sat on the chair, went through, and stuck, getting his laugh myself. Nevertheless, they let me play the part the whole following season."

One of the film companies, which last year offered a prize to the prettiest girl, is now making a similar offer to the handsomest man. The prize involves employment as a motion-picture actor, but I cannot forbear reminding contestants of the experience that befell Ruth Purcell, the Washington winner in the ladies' stakes. According to a story she told after she had returned in disgust to her stenographer's position, everybody around the studio was jealous of her, and made things so unpleasant that her days were tortures and her nights crying-spells. If they would do this to a girl, one may imagine the guying that will fall to the luckless individual who

walks off with a medal labeling him as the best-looking man.

The film-purveyors are doing so much in the way of entertaining the eye that the ear seems in danger of being neglected these days. For instance, in eighty minutes at a picture house you can acquire sufficient knowledge of a well-known novel to be able to talk about it intelligently afterward, even though you would, of course, miss any literary merit it may possess. But if it's Dickens you want to brush up on, you can take the same short cut by listening to one of Frank Speaight's recitals of "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," or "Two Cities" in a condensation which takes no longer in spreading the essential points of the story before you, and practically all in its author's own words.

No news is said to be good news, but William Hodge wasn't ready to believe it when in his early days he secured the rôle of *Freeman Whitmarsh*, the painter, in James A. Herne's "Sag Harbor," at a weekly wage of forty dollars. He had received the part with the understanding that if he wasn't satisfactory after the first three rehearsals he should quit. He rehearsed for ten days, and Mr. Herne never said a word to him. At last he became so desperate that he told Mr. Herne he was quite ready to leave. To which the famous author-actor replied:

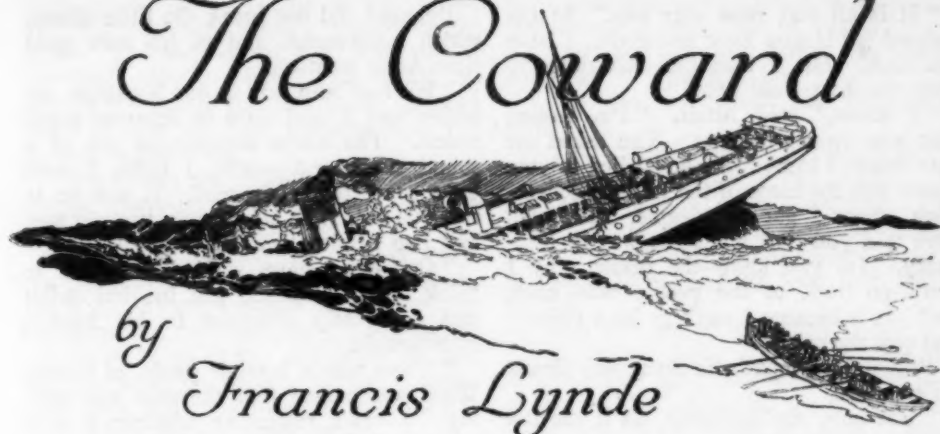
"My boy, if you are as funny to the public as you have been to me at these rehearsals, your fame will be assured after the opening night!"

And such proved to be the case.

Although one of the first things girls think of when they see Maude Adams from the front is to send around a note to the back, asking if it won't be possible for them to meet her, that is the very last favor Miss Adams ever thinks of granting. Throughout her career she has kept herself strictly to herself.

"It's absolutely the right thing to do," a young actor said to me the other day. "Keep your name before the public, but yourself aloof from them. This is one of the secrets of success in the theatrical profession, and Miss Adams learned it at the very outset."

The Coward



by

Francis Lynde

IN every great undertaking that the world puts through there comes a time when the horizons go blank for the men who have borne the heat and burden of the day. It is the moment when the job is done, and the details, minute or stupendous, into which a man has been building himself for months or years, have gone out of his life as a friend goes after the funeral is over.

Adair was feeling the blankness pretty keenly on the evening when he sat, for the last time, with Bugeaud on the veranda of the bachelor quarters at Cristobal. Though the formal opening was still in the future, the great Isthmian waterway was a task practically completed. For several weeks the world's traffic had been passing through the canal from ocean to ocean; and for a much longer period its released builders had been crowding the homeward-bound ships.

Adair and Bugeaud were both engineers, and they had been two years together on the job. Now they were bidding each other good-by.

"I suppose you go as straight to Paris as steam will carry you, Jules," Adair was saying. "France needs you badly enough, Heaven knows! On some accounts I could wish I were going with you."

"But why not?" put in the Frenchman quickly. "Why not come with me to fight for *la belle France*?"

Out in the bay a motor-yacht, half as big as a small liner, and looming white and ghostly in the moonlight, was feeling its way down the channel from Gatun to the anchor grounds. The drone of its air-

whistle came across the water like the booming of a distant fog-horn. Adair shook his head and held another match to his pipe.

"I am an American," he objected. "Besides, there are those who would tell you that I would make a poor soldier. I haven't fully made up my mind where I shall go next."

"Then it is not to the States?"

Again Adair made the sign of negation.

"There are reasons why I can never go back home, Jules," he added soberly.

"Ah, I am not hasking the reasons, *mon ami*," Bugeaud offered in friendly protest. "For me it is sufficient that you—*sacré*, that pilot is play too moch with his w'istle!"

The motor-yacht had found her anchorage, and the rattle of the chain cable through its hawse-hole drummed thunderously upon the silence of the tropical night. Adair let a minute or so go by before he took up the Frenchman's broken sentence.

"We're parting, Bugeaud—quite probably for all time. To-morrow you sail for home, and the great war will swallow you up. The next day I shall most likely cross to Panama and take the boat for Callao. There is a railroad building in the Andes, and I may try for a job on it. In the two years we have been together, you have given me your confidence like a brother; and I've never given you much of anything in return."

Bugeaud's hands, brown, slender, and as quick-fingered as a woman's, were eloquently deprecatory.

"It is all one, *mon cher ami!*" he exclaimed. "If you have not given, I have not hask. Me, I muz talk som'times to keep the 'eart from burst."

"I know," said Adair. "I'm feeling that way myself to-night. You asked me once where I came from, and I lied to you. I gave you the name of the Indiana college-town where I got my degree. I should have told you that my home was in Kentucky. Do you know the reason why I don't go back to the people who know me? It is because I can't go back there—and pay the price."

Bugeaud's sympathetic shrug was almost an embrace.

"But how, my Richard? Is it the law you have broken?"

Adair's smile was bitter.

"The law of human averages, yes. I did a thing that made my own father call me an infernal coward and tell me that the world was still wide enough to hold him and me, provided I didn't crowd him too much. Bugeaud, do you know what it means to go stark, staring crazy with fear?"

"But yes," returned the Frenchman, with a shudder. "It was in Martinique—St. Pierre. The yellow fever was come. For one, two, t'ree week they die like the sheep. 'Bah!' I say. 'Me, I am not afraid!' It is one vair' big lie, my Richard. I am 'orribly afraid hall the time. My bone hinside of me is turn' hall sof'—like water."

"But you didn't run away?"

"I'll ron away if I can, yes; but there was no ship. I'll gone hide in the woods by the coas', and by and by I'll swim off to lumber-schooner. The captain was put me in irons, but I don' care for that. Anyt'ing, so he don't make me to go back to that Martinique."

"But there was only yourself," Adair put in. "You were not running away from somebody you ought to have been willing to stay and die for."

"There was not hanybody that I lov'—*non.*"

"My try-out was different. It was on a ship at sea. I had persuaded my father to make a tour of Europe with me after my graduation. We were coming back to New York; and besides my father there was a—the one girl in the world, Jules; she and her father and an aunt. Our ship struck an iceberg—in the night."

Bugeaud did not break the little silence which supervened, and in his own good time Adair went on.

"We had been late in our bookings, my father and I, and were in separate state-rooms. The alarm aroused me out of a sound sleep, and—well, I think I must have gone completely mad. It was up to me, you see. The others were two old men and two helpless women."

"One *muz* have som' little time to think, yes?" Bugeaud put in; but Adair was apparently oblivious to his friend's interruption.

"There was a horrible panic, of course. Word was passed that the ship was sinking. I can't remember whether I even tried to find my father and the—and Annette and her father and aunt. All that I can recall is a frantic fight with the people who were crowding to the boats; a fight in which I became a brute beast, scrapping for life. Somebody must have knocked me on the head and heaved me into one of the boats. When reason and consciousness came back, I was underfoot in one of the life-boats; and the ship had gone down."

Again Bugeaud's gesture was eloquently sympathetic.

"It was moz' 'orrible, my poor Richard. And the others?"

"Until we reached New York I did not know whether they were alive or dead. For days on the slow freighter that had picked up our boat I had lived a life of torment. I went to a hotel, and it was there that my father found me. The four of them were safe. My father and Annette's father had found life-belts for the women, and they clung to a bit of floating wreckage after the ship went down. They were in the water for hours before they were rescued. I should have been with them, Bugeaud—and I wasn't. I was safe and dry in one of the first boats that had been lowered."

For the second time the Frenchman refused to break the silence.

"You would have to know my father to understand what followed," Adair continued. "He and his father both fought in the Civil War, though he was but a boy. There had never before been a coward in the Adair family, Jules. I am the first in a line that goes back to the best stock in old Virginia. I never want to see my father again as I saw him that night in my

room at the hotel, raging up and down, and telling me that I was a disgrace to the name. You see, he had it all from one of the ship's officers—how I had fought my way to the boats, and had to be knocked down to keep me from climbing over the women and children."

"But it was not rissonable that he shall utterly condemn you for that one bad quarter of an hour, *mon ami!*"

"You wouldn't say that if you knew Kentucky and its people of the old stock, Bugeaud. Cowardice in a man is the one unpardonable sin—and justly. My father was as right as right; and after he had told me what he thought of me, I came down here and was lucky enough to get a job where nobody knew me."

"And the beautiful one?" Bugeaud queried.

"I never saw her again. Her people are New Yorkers, and her father is a banker, and rich. He had made some Kentucky coal-land investments on my father's recommendation, and that is how I came to meet the daughter. We were to have been married that summer; but I asked my father to tell her that she was free, and then I dropped out, as I have said."

II

THE tragedy was beyond words, even for the voluble little Frenchman. After a period of silence he rose and flung away his cigarette.

"Let us walk," he suggested.

In comradely speechlessness they strolled along the water-front. A power-launch was coming across from the lately anchored motor-yacht. As it forged into the nimbus of the shore lights, they could see that the landing-party had women in it.

It was so ordered that the two engineers should arrive at the landing-place at the same moment with the launch. There were two men and three women in the party, and Bugeaud had time to observe that two of the women were young, and that one of the two, the one who wore yachting-flannel and a sailor hat of white duck, was passing beautiful—the fine, high-bred type with the face and figure of a young goddess.

As he looked, he heard a choking exclamation from his companion, and realized that Adair was dragging him backward into the shadow of the palms. It was all over in a moment, and Adair, breathing

hard, and with an arm linked in Bugeaud's, was setting a swift pace in retreat.

"Heavens!" he said under his breath. And then: "You saw her?"

"But yes," returned the Frenchman softly.

"That miniature liner out there is the Artemis—her father's private yacht. In daylight I should have recognized it at once. It pretty nearly got me, Jules. Two years, you remember; and without a word to bridge them. Thank God they didn't see us!"

"You will not be expecting them?"

"Expecting them? If I had had the remotest idea that they were in this part of the world— But you see how matters stand now. I can't stay in Colon; I must go to Panama—to-night. I can go aboard the Callao boat, and then I shall be safe."

"She is with her own people?"

"Yes. The old man with the correct little English whiskers is her father, Mr. Curtice Van Bilder, and the elderly lady is the aunt I spoke of. The young man is Norrey Carter, Mr. Van Bilder's secretary. I don't know the other young woman."

They had reached the quarters, and in the room which they had been occupying together Bugeaud helped Adair with his packing. When the last suit-case was strapped, the American glanced at his watch and remembered a duty neglected.

"I have an hour yet, and they will probably be sightseeing among the shops. Jules, before I drop out I ought to make one more effort to persuade Bat Chambers to quit drinking himself to death and go home."

The Frenchman's shoulders went up, and he spread his hands. Chambers was the derelict of the force, and since his discharge he had been painstakingly trying to drink the Isthmus dry.

"*Eh bien!* The game is not worth the candle," was Bugeaud's comment. "But if you shall bring that w'sky-sop here, I, Jules Marie Albert Bugeaud, will knock him on the 'ead and make him to go with me on the Alliança to-morrow; yes!"

With the hour to spare, Adair went in search of the derelict. Knowing the man and his haunts, the quest was soon narrowed down to the "red-light" quarter of Colon. In the meanest of the wine-shops, a place kept by a gray-bearded Portuguese half-blood who looked as if he might be a lineal descendant of one of Morgan's

pirates, Adair found the trace. Chambers had been there and would doubtless return. If the *senhor* would wait?

Adair did wait, paying for a bottle of wine which he was wise enough to leave untasted. There were silent card-players at two tables in the evil-smelling bar, but from a back room beyond a low partition came a murmur of voices.

Knowing the bastard Spanish of the little Americas fairly well, Adair, sitting with his back to the partition, caught a word now and then. There were two men in the back room, and they were plotting something. Though he was thinking pointedly of things much more vital to his own peace of mind, Adair heard mention made of arms and ammunition hidden somewhere up the coast, and of a plan to steal some ship for the transporting of them.

Anxious only to do his errand and to make good his own escape, he paid scant attention to the murmuring voices until a single word, the name of the Van Bilder yacht, shocked him suddenly alive. One minute later he had forgotten Chambers and was forthfaring into the streets, to begin a blind and hurried search for the party of five from the Artemis. The vessel to be stolen and used for the transportation of the smuggled war material to Mexico was Mr. Curtice Van Bilder's yacht!

III

It is one of the psychological paradoxes that the most obvious thing to do in an emergency is often the one that is most readily overlooked. A word to the harbor police would have been all that was needed, but Adair was obsessed with the idea that he must find Mr. Van Bilder immediately and warn him of the danger. He made a swift round of the shops, and was everywhere, it seemed, but a few minutes behind the party of Americans who had been buying souvenirs.

In the last of the shops a clerk had heard *madame*—by whom he doubtless meant the aunt—say that it was late, and that they must return to their ship. Acting upon this hint, Adair made a quick run for the Cristobal launch-landing; and was in time to see the launch of the Artemis half-way across to the yacht.

Some little time was lost in finding a native boatman to row him off to the Artemis. When the start was made, the

launch had already emptied itself at the accommodation-ladder, and was being winched up to its davits. To complicate matters still more, the yacht was evidently about to get under way. Clear and distinct across the unruffled waters came the clicking song of the anchor capstan.

Adair spoke to his boatman, promising gold if the race should be won. It was won, but by the narrowest margin. As the boat swung under the yacht's counter, the twin screws began to revolve. Adair tossed a coin to the boatman and sprang for the grating at the foot of the accommodation-ladder. A moment later the Artemis was moving toward the breakwater at half speed, and Adair found himself on the after-deck of the miniature liner—alone.

Light laughter from the bridge, forward, told him where he might find the owner and his party; but now Adair's excitement was passing, and he saw in what a false position the impulsive chase had placed him. The immediate departure of the yacht had doubtless foiled the seizure plot, and he was left without a shadow of a credible excuse for his intrusion. In the light of its failure, the plot would figure as a mere hallucination on his part; or, what was worse, as a deliberate invention.

It was thus that the banker-yachtsman, coming down from the bridge after the order for full speed had been given, found Adair. His recognition of the bronzed young engineer was instant.

"Why, Adair!" he exclaimed, starting as if he had seen a ghost. Then the barriers reared themselves coldly. "Where did you come from? I thought—we understood—that you were building a railroad in China."

Adair saw his chance of escape diminishing with every thrust of the yacht's propellers, and he cut out all the preliminaries.

"I must have a word with you in private, Mr. Van Bilder," he began hurriedly. "I have—"

The yacht-owner wheeled abruptly and led the way to the companion stair. In the main saloon he opened the door to his own cabin, and the privacy was attained.

Seated across the small writing-table from the gray-faced money-changer, Adair found himself wretchedly embarrassed. It was difficult to tell his story with any degree of coherence. When it was finished,

it was plainly evident that the listener was unconvinced.

"I'm taking it for granted that you haven't been drinking," was the older man's chilling comment; "but you can scarcely expect me to believe any such romantic nonsense as this story of yours. This is the twentieth century, not the seventeenth."

Adair tried to defend himself.

"These are desperate times, Mr. Van Bilder. Since the United States placed an embargo on the shipment of arms and ammunition to Mexico, all sorts of expedients have been resorted to to evade it. I could hardly do less than to try to warn you. Are you sure nothing happened aboard the *Artemis* while you were ashore?"

"Of course nothing happened. What could happen?"

"Then I shall merely have to say that I am sorry for this intrusion, and ask you to put back and set me ashore."

"You don't wish to meet the others?"

"Certainly not—not if it can be helped."

The man who had once given a willing assent to the marriage of his daughter to this bronzed young fellow—and had afterward withdrawn that assent—was frowning thoughtfully.

"If we put back now, you can't very well help meeting them; and for Annette's sake it will be better if you don't. I'll be perfectly frank with you, Adair. You broke her heart once, two years ago, and once is enough. Are you still at work on the canal?"

"No; I'm through. I'm leaving for Peru the day after to-morrow."

Again the banker became thoughtful.

"We shall touch at Port Limon to-morrow morning. Suppose we set you ashore there—before the others are up? Could you get back to Panama and catch your South American boat?"

Adair thought it very doubtful, but he did not say so. Since he was so evidently an unwelcome guest, it was not his place to haggle over the manner of his dismissal.

"Whatever you say," he agreed; and at that his host touched a bell-push for the steward.

IV

In the solitude of the stateroom to which he was shown, Adair had it out with himself rather brutally. In attempting to do

the Van Bilders a service, he had merely succeeded in making a nuisance of himself. To add to his wretchedness, the love which he had thrust aside two years earlier came back to flay him alive. To be on the same ship with the woman he had lost, and to have to hide from her sight as if he had been a moral leper, was maddening.

The ship's bell struck midnight before sleep came to make him forget, and even then the surcease seemed to be only momentary. When he awoke, it was with a vague sense of impending danger. The stateroom was dark save for the band of moonlight which came through the open port-light, and the yacht was apparently at anchor. From the region of the upper deck, forward, came a babel of noises—tramlings as of men marching in a circle, and the clack and grind of a hoist.

Adair bounded out of his berth, dressed swiftly, and tried the stateroom door. It was locked!

He could guess what had befallen. By some means the arms-smugglers had contrived to board the yacht in Limon Bay, in the absence of its owner and his party. In the dead of night they had risen and overpowered the small crew of the pleasure-boat, and they were now loading the contraband.

The stateroom prisoner hardly dared ask himself what had become of the yacht's passengers; but he had lived in the tropics long enough to know the desperate character of the men who figured as "gun-runners." Human life meant nothing to them when weighed in the scale against their own safety.

Adair went dizzy and sick when he realized how easily the crime could be covered up. The *Artemis* had cleared for some home port, but she would never be heard of again. It would be merely one more to add to the mysterious sea disappearances.

The realization brought a swift and terrifying recurrence of the delirium which had made him an outcast. What if the others had already been slaughtered, and he had been spared only because the gun-runners had not known that he had added himself to the yacht's complement at the last moment? He sank back on the edge of the berth and covered his face with his hands, fighting, as the dying fight for breath, to beat off the demon of frenzied fear.

The moonbeams volleying through the open port-light fell upon the floor at his feet. In a flash he saw his chance for escape. Through the circular opening he could make out the shadowy bulkings of a forest. He was a strong swimmer, and the shore could not be more than a few hundred yards distant. With the smugglers at work forward, he could drop overboard through the port-light, dive deep, and the thing would be done.

Who can tell what hair-balance in heart or brain tips the scale of the most momentous decision in the human crisis?

Staring fixedly at the beam of moonlight splashed upon the floor, and gripping the edge of the berth to hold fast while the wave of panic fear submerged him, Adair felt a sudden lightening of the pressure. When he got his breath again, the craven prompting was gone, leaving him sweating and light-headed, but sane. There were things to be done, and he pulled himself to his feet and set about doing them.

The small room yielded nothing in the shape of a tool that could be used for forcing the lock of the door. Adair found his pocket-knife, and broke the point from one of the blades to make it serve as a screw-driver. The grateful tranquillity of soul increased as he worked with the lock, and he found himself planning calmly what he should do after he had gained his freedom. If the others were alive, they would barricade the saloon and the after-deck, and fight for the recovery of the yacht. If the others were dead, then the Artemis should become their coffin and his own—and that of every murderer on board.

Though he worked as swiftly as he could in the darkness, the deck noises had ceased with a thunderous replacing of the fore-hatch by the time Adair had found and removed the final screw. Almost immediately the engines of the yacht were started and the propellers began to churn. Through the open port came the tinkling crash of the ground-swell breaking on a reef, and then a sheering rise and dip to indicate that the vessel was offshore and proceeding at speed.

With the baffling lock conquered, Adair found the main saloon deserted. Knowing nothing about the cabin plan of the yacht, he was groping aft, when a door was opened suddenly and he found himself face to face with Annette Van Bilder. Though the saloon was unlighted, the

moonbeams sifting through the deck-lights sufficed for the recognition.

"Richard!" she gasped, bridging all the chasms in the single word. "What has—what has happened to us?"

As if the late conflict had blotted out the interval of separation and its cause, making both as if they had not been, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Annette—my darling!" he whispered. "I don't know what has happened, and I don't care, so long as you are alive and safe. Show me the staterooms of the others, quickly!"

"Tell me first," she urged. "I've been awake for hours. There was a fight of some kind, and shots were fired. Then the engines stopped, and I tried to get out to call the others. My door was locked, and for a long time I couldn't find the duplicate key."

Hastily he began to tell her of the plot he had overheard in the Colon wine-shop. In the midst of the recountal she stopped him.

"What is that crackling noise?" she demanded. "I smell smoke! It's a fire—the yacht is afire!"

If there had been any uncertainty about it, the doubt was dispelled by the sudden resumption of the trappings on the deck overhead, and by shouts and cries and hoarse commands bellowed in bad Spanish. Adair sniffed the crowning terror of the seas in the smoke-wreaths drifting aft, and there was another chance for a plunge into the abyss of panic; but the fear demon's opportunity was gone.

"It is a fire," he said, facing the frightful truth hardily. "Some one of the smugglers must have dropped a cigarette into the hold while they were loading. Steady, Annette! There's work to be done. We must get the others and make a dash for the boats while we can."

"Heavens!" she panted. "And they—they said you were a coward, Richard—your own father said so! I *knew* you weren't!"

V

TOGETHER they battered at the doors of the occupied staterooms, using one of the saloon settees for a ram. In a few minutes the prisoners were all freed, in a pitiful state of terror. The other young woman, nurse and companion to the elderly aunt, promptly fainted. The aunt

shrieked and sat down on the battering-ram settee. Carter, the private secretary, was swaying in circles, with his eyes fixed and glassy. The yacht-owner, cold-eyed no longer, was clawing the air and gasping for breath.

Adair took hold like a man.

"Get some water and drench that girl alive," he commanded, speaking to the only dependable one. Then, to the banker: "Are there any arms on board?"

Mr. Curtice Van Bilder pointed to his private cabin and controlled his emotions sufficiently to enable him to gurgled out three words:

"Pistols—table drawer!"

Adair armed himself quickly, and gave the brief explanation to all that he had attempted to give to Miss Van Bilder.

"Get your money and valuables. When I tap on this deck-light overhead, make a rush for the motor-launch, lower it, and get away," he ordered. "If the gun-runners make a break, I'll try to hold them back until you can get off. When you start, you must do it quickly. There's no time to lose. If the fire reaches that ammunition, or the gas-tanks, there'll be nothing left of the yacht or anybody on it!"

"But you, Richard! You are leaving yourself out!" cried the only one who was cool enough to mark the omission.

"Your crew," he explained briefly. "Your own men are probably locked in their quarters forward. I shall stay and try to get them out. If I make it, we'll take the small boat."

While the banker and his secretary were making a frantic dash for the staterooms, Adair went on deck, going by way of the after-companion. What he saw was calculated to shatter any but unbreakable nerves.

The yacht's engines were stopped, and out of the reopened fore-hatch a column of yellowish smoke was rising to cast its ominous shadow in the moonlight far out upon the heaving sea. Adair had not noticed the sudden cessation of the human clamor, and he had expected to find the gun-runners fighting for their lives; but there was not a man in sight. The empty davits where the motor-launch had hung, together with a diminishing patter of a boat motor far away to leeward, told the story. The smugglers had gone, leaving the Artemis to its fate.

One glance at the empty boat-davits on either side was enough. Adair ran back to the saloon and snapped out his news and his commands.

"Out on the after-deck, all of you!" he shouted. Then to the banker and the secretary: "The life-raft on the raised deck—get it overboard and put the women on it!"

Again the one who was coolest caught at him as he was pressing forward through the dense smoke that was now filling the saloon.

"Where are you going, Richard?" she demanded.

"To try to find your crew. If the men are still alive, we can't leave them to be burned or blown up."

"But you'll be killed!" she wailed.

Time was more precious than gold, but he snatched the necessary instant.

"I ought to be killed, Annette! Once, loving you even as I love you now, I left you to live or die, as chance might decide. Let me go! One kiss, sweetheart, and then we'll take what is coming to us. If you live and I don't, try to remember that I wasn't *all* yellow!"

In their place on the after-deck, where they waited while the panic-stricken secretary and his employer struggled ineffectively with the life-raft, the three women clung together, gazing in terrified silence at the yellowish column of smoke rising from the open hatchway and mushrooming like a small volcanic eruption at the height of the foremast. Miss Van Bilder had told her aunt and the nurse what Adair was trying to do, but as yet there was no sign of life on the forward deck.

Suddenly, as swiftly as the film shift in a moving picture, the scene changed. Out of the forward companionway men came struggling up into the smoke, dragging a hose. In the depths below the machinery began to grind, and presently a jet of water shot from the hose, spraying itself aimlessly in the general direction of the fire.

Among the struggling figures Adair was recognizable, at least to one of the three pairs of eyes on the after-deck. Annette Van Bilder heard his shouts to the men. His words were lost in the roaring of the fire, but the gestures that went with them were plain enough. He was pointing to the life-raft, and driving the men back.

Just then a burst of yellow flame shot up through the hatchway, the hose-draggers recoiled in panicky confusion, and Adair, shielding his face with a bent arm, caught up the hose and dropped with it into the fiery furnace between-decks. The watcher, who saw and understood, turned quickly and hid her face on her aunt's shoulder.

"Oh, Aunt Martha, did you see?" she sobbed. "He's gone—he's gone! And you—you, too—called him a coward!"

Adair had no hope of putting out the fire when he flung himself into the breach. What he saw was a slender chance that he might thus hold the explosion back until the others could escape from the doomed yacht, and he took it. But there are times when the rashest courage proves its right to command. Foot by foot, scorched, strangled, and gasping, he fought the flames away from the cartridge-boxes which had been loosely stowed beneath the hatch.

Then help came, and another line of hose; but Adair, as it appeared, was past the need of help. He had driven the fire into its corner of origin, and was kneeling braced among the cartridge-boxes. And when they pried his fingers loose from their death grip on the hose-pipe, he fell over and lay with his face in the water with which the small fore-hold was now awash.

VI

THE stars were going out one by one, and the dawn of a new day was preparing to break over the heaving Caribbean, when a big pleasure-yacht, with the paint blistered on its bow-plates and fore-deck, and a distress signal flying from one of its wireless masts, overhauled a Colon-bound Fruit Company liner, and a stop was made long enough to permit a hurried transfer of the liner's surgeon to the yacht.

Past this, the yacht tore along upon its way to the Isthmus, and after the record run was completed it lay for two weeks in the basin off Colon, while its complement of two men and three women came and went softly upon the verandas of the Hotel Tivoli and waited for the verdict of the Ancon doctors.

In the early evening of the fifteenth day a young intern came over from the hospital ward to which they had taken Adair, and made his report.

"He is conscious at last," he said. "He is asking for some one by the name of Annette."

"I am Annette," said Miss Van Bilder; and on the way to the hospital ward her guide spoke a word of caution.

"Only for a very few minutes, Miss Van Bilder, merely to quiet the patient," was the form the caution took, and she promised mechanically.

The private room in the palm-shaded ward was carefully darkened, and when she entered the girl could scarcely see to find her way to the bedside.

"I've come, Richard," she said softly. "But they tell me I mustn't stay. It has been terrible; they wouldn't let me see you, you know. What can I do to help you get strong and well again?"

"Wait," said a feeble voice out of the bandages. "That night—you kissed me and said that I wasn't a coward; that you knew it, though my father and everybody else said I was. I'm not going to hold you for that brave word, Annette; it wouldn't be fair. For I was a coward once, and now I shall always be one. They—they tell me I'm going to live—and be blind."

With a sharp little cry of anguish she dropped on her knees at the bedside.

"Blind? Oh, I *can't* believe it, Dick, dear! But if you are—if you should be—I'll be your courage and your eyes so long as we both shall live!"

"But my father," he began. "I'm disinherited, you know—as an Adair should be for what I did."

"You are not!" she flashed back. "Your father is on the way down here now, bringing the most famous oculist in America. And if you were twice blind, Dick dear, you could never be what you are calling yourself. Not all of us have the gift of instantaneous courage, but don't we all know now that you have the other and the finer gift? If you had died, you would have given your life soberly and deliberately that others might live!"

Again the broken voice came from the bandages.

"I wish I could see your face while you are saying that, Annette! That is what I shall miss most in a world of darkness."

"You shall see it!" she predicted passionately. "You shall see it on our wedding-day, Richard dear!"

And so, in spite of the Ancon doctors' verdict, he did.

The Magnificent Adventure^{*}

A Romance of the
Lewis and Clark Expedition

by Emerson Hough

*Author of "The Mississippi Bubble,"
"Fifty-Four Forty or Fight," etc.*

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

CHAPTER I

MOTHER AND SON

A WOMAN, tall, somewhat angular, dark of hair and eye, strong of features—a woman now approaching middle age—sat looking out over the long, tree-clad slopes that ran down from the gallery front of the mansion-house to the gate at the distant roadway. She had sat thus for some moments, many moments, her gaze intently fixed, as if she was waiting for something—something or some one that she did not now see, but expected soon to see.

It was late afternoon of a day so beautiful that not even old Albemarle, beauty-spot of Virginia, ever produced one more beautiful—not in the hundred years preceding that day, nor in the century since then. For this was more than a hundred years ago; and what is now an ancient land was then a half-opened region, settled only here and there by the great plantations of the well-to-do. The house that lay at the summit of the long and gentle slope,

flanked by its wide galleries—its flung doors opening it from front to rear to the gaze as one approached—had all the rude comfort and assuredness usual with the gentry of that time and place.

It was the privilege, and the habit, of the Widow Lewis to sit idly when she liked, but her attitude now was not that of idleness. Intentness, reposeful acceptance of life, rather, showed in her motionless, long-sustained position. She was patient, as women are; but her strong pose, its freedom from material support, her restrained power to do or to endure, gave her the look of owning something more than resignation, something more than patience. A strong figure of a woman, one would have said had one seen her, sitting on the gallery of her old home a hundred and twenty-four years ago.

The Widow Lewis stared straight down at the gate, a quarter of a mile away, with yearning in her gaze. But as so often happens, what she awaited did not appear at the time and place she herself had set. There fell at the western end of the gallery

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a shadow—a tall shadow, but she did not see it. She did not hear the footfall, not stealthy, but quite silent, with which the tall owner of the shadow came toward her from the gallery end.

It was a young man, or rather boy, no more than eighteen years of age, who stood now and gazed at her after his silent approach, so like that of an Indian savage. Half savage himself he seemed now, as he stood, clad in the buckskin garments of the chase, then not unusual in the Virginian border-lands among settlers and hunters, and not held *outré* among a people so often called to the chase or to war.

His tunic was of dressed deer-hide, his well-fitting leggings also of that material. His feet were covered with moccasins, although his hat and the neat scarf at his neck were those of a gentleman. He was a practical youth, one would have said, for no ornament of any sort was to be seen upon his garb. In his hand he carried a long rifle of the sort then used thereabout. At his belt swung the hide of a raccoon, the bodies of a few squirrels.

Had you been a close observer, you would have found each squirrel shot fair through the head. Indeed, a look into the gray eye of the silent-paced youth would have assured you in advance of his skill with his weapons—you would have known that to be natural with him.

You would not soon have found his like, even in that land of tall hunting men. He was a grand young being as he stood there, straight and clean-limbed; hard-bitted of muscle, albeit so young; powerful and graceful in his stride. The beauty of youth was his, and of a strong heredity—that you might have seen.

The years of youth were his, yes; but the lightness of youth did not rest on his brow. While he was not yet eighteen, the gravity of manhood was his.

He did not smile now, as he saw his mother sitting there absorbed, gazing out for his return, and not seeing him now that he had returned. Instead, he stepped forward, and quietly laid a hand upon her shoulder, not with any attempt to surprise or startle her, but as if he knew that she would accept it as the announcement of his presence.

He was right. The strong figure in the chair did not start away. No exclamation came from the straight mouth of the face now turned toward him. Evidently the

nerves of these two were not of the sort readily stamped.

The young man's mother at first did not speak to him. She only reached up her own hand to take that which lay upon her shoulder. They remained thus for a moment, until at last the youth stepped back to lean his rifle against the wall.

"I am late, mother," said he at length, as he turned and, seating himself at her feet, threw his arm across her lap—himself but boy again now, and not the hunter and the man.

She stroked his dark hair, not foolishly fond, but with a sort of stern maternal care, smoothing it back in place where it belonged, straightening out the riot it had assumed. It made a mane above his forehead and reached down his neck to his shoulders, so heavy that where its dark mass was lifted it showed the skin of his neck white beneath.

"You are late, yes."

"And you waited—so long?"

"I am always waiting for you, Merne," said she. She used the Elizabethan vowel, as one should pronounce "bird," with no sound of "u"—"Mairne," the name sounded as she spoke it. And her voice was full and rich and strong, as was her son's; musically strong.

"I am always waiting for you, Merne," said she. "But I long ago learned not to expect anything else of you." She spoke with not the least reproach in her tone. "No, I only knew that you would come back in time, because you told me that you would."

"And you did not fear for me, then—gone overnight in the woods?" He half smiled at that thought himself.

"You know I would not. I know you, what you are—born woodsman. No, I trust you to care for yourself in any wild country, my son, and to come back. And then—to go back again into the forest. When will it be, my son? To-morrow? In two days, or four, or six? Some time you will go to the wilderness again. It draws you, does it not?"

She turned her head slightly toward the west, where lay the forest from which the boy had but now emerged. He did not smile, did not deprecate. He was singularly mature in his actions, though but eighteen years old.

"I did not desert my duty, mother," said he at length.

"Oh, no, you would not do that, Merne!" returned the widow.

"Please, mother," said he suddenly, "I want you to call me by my full name—that of your people. Am I not Meriwether, too?"

The hand on his forehead ceased its gentle movement, fell to its owner's lap. A sigh passed his mother's set lips.

"Yes, my son, Meriwether," said she. "This is the last journey! I have lost you, then, it seems? You do not wish to be my boy any longer? You are a man altogether, then?"

"I am Meriwether Lewis, mother," said he gravely, and no more.

"Yes!" She spoke absently, musingly. "Yes, you always were!"

"I went westward, clear across the Ragged Mountains," said the youth. "These"—and he pointed with contempt to the small trophies at his belt—"will do for the darkies at the stables. I put yon old ringtail up a tree last night, on my way home, and thought it was as well to wait till dawn, till I could see the rifle-sights; and afterward—the woods were beautiful to-day. As to the trails, even if there is no trail, I know the way back home—you know that, mother."

"I know that, my son, yes. You were born for the forest. I fear I shall not hold you long on this quiet farm."

"All in time, mother! I am to stay here with you until I am fitted to go higher. You know what Mr. Jefferson has said to me. I am for Washington, mother, one of these days—for I hold it sure that Mr. Jefferson will go there in some still higher place. He was my father's friend, and is ours still."

"It may be that you will go to Washington, my son," said his mother; "I do not know. But will you stay there? The forest will call to you all your life—all your life! Do I not know you, then? Can I not see your life—all your life—as plainly as if it were written? Do I not know—your mother? Why should your mother not know?"

He looked around at her rather gravely once again, unsmilingly, for he rarely smiled.

"How do you know, mother? What do you know? Tell me—about myself! Then I will tell you also. We will see how we agree as to what I am and what I ought to do!"

"My son, it is no question of what you ought to do, for that blends too closely in fate with what you surely will do—must do—because it was written for you. Yonder forest will always call to you." She turned now toward the sun, sinking across the red-leaved forest lands. "The wilderness is your home. You will go out into it and return—often; and then at last you will go and not come back again—not to me—not to any one will you come back."

The youth did not move as she sat, her hands on his head. Her voice went on, even and steady.

"You are old, Meriwether Lewis! It is time, now. You are a man. You *always* were a man! You were born old. You never have been a boy, and never can be one. You never were a child, but always a man. When you were a baby, you did not smile; when you were a boy, you always had your way. My boy, a long time ago I ceased to oppose that will of yours—I knew that it was useless. But, ah, how I have loved that will when I felt it was behind your promise! I knew you would do what you had set for yourself to do. I knew you would come back with deeds in your hands, my boy—gained through that will which never would bend for me or for any one else in the world!"

He remained motionless, apparently unaffected, as his mother went on.

"You were always old, always grown up, always resolved, always your own master—always Meriwether Lewis. When you were born, you were not a child. When the old nurse brought you to me—I can see her black face grinning now—she carried you held by the feet instead of lying on her arm. You *stood*, you were so strong! Your hair was dark and full even then. You were old! In two weeks you turned where you heard a sound—you recognized sight and sound together, as no child usually does for months. You were beautiful, my boy, so strong, so straight—ah, yes!—but you never were a boy at all. When you should have been a baby, you did not weep and you did not smile. I never knew you to do so. From the first, you always were a man."

She paused, but still he did not speak.

"That was well enough, for later we were left alone. But your father was in you. Do I not know well enough where you got that settled melancholy of yours, that despondency, that somber grief—call

it what you like—that marked him all his life, and even in his death? That came from him, your father. I thank God I did not give you that, knowing what life must hold for you in suffering! He suffered, yes, but not as you will. And you must—you must, my son. Beyond all other men, you will suffer!"

"You were better named Cassandra, mother!" Yet the young man scarce smiled even now.

"Yes, I am a prophetess, all too sooth a prophetess, my son. I see ahead as only a mother can see—perhaps as only one of the old Highland blood can see. I am sooth-seer and soothsayer, because you are blood of my blood, bone of my bone, and I cannot help but know. I cannot help but know what that melancholy and that resolution, all these combined, must spell for you. You know how his heart was racked at times?"

The boy nodded now.

"Then know how your own must be racked in turn!" said she. "My son, it is no ordinary fate that will be yours. You will go forward at all costs; you will keep your word bright as the knife in your belt—you will drive yourself. What that means to you in agony—what that means when your will is set against the unalterable and the inevitable—I wish—oh, I wish I could not see it! But I do see it, now, all laid out before me—all, all! Oh, Merne—may I not call you Merne once more before I let you go?"

She let her hands fall from his head to his shoulders as she gazed steadily out beyond him, as if looking into his future; but she herself sat, her strong face composed. She might, indeed, have been a prophetess of old.

"Tragedy is yours, my son," said she, slowly, "not happiness. No woman will ever come and lie in your arms happy and content."

"Mother!"

He half flung off her hands, but she laid them again more firmly on his shoulders, and went on speaking, as if half in reverie, half in trance, looking down the long slope of green and gold as if it showed the vista of the years.

"You will love, my boy, but with your nature how could love mean happiness to you? Love? No man could love more terribly. You will be intent, resolved, but the firmness of your will means but that much

more suffering for you. You will suffer, my boy—I see that for you, my first-born boy! You will love—why should you not, a man fit to love and be loved by any woman? But that love, the stronger it grows, will but burn you the deeper. You will struggle through on your own path; but happiness does not lie at the end of that path for you. You will succeed, yes—you could not fail; but always the load on your shoulders will grow heavier and heavier. You will carry it alone, until at last it will be too much for you. Your strong heart will break. You will lie down and die. Such a fate for you, Merne, my boy—such a man as you will be!"

She sighed, shivered, and looked about her, startled, as if she had spoken aloud in some dream.

"Well, then, go on!" she said, and withdrew her hands from his shoulders. The faces of both were now gazing straight on over the gold-flecked slope before them. "Go on, you are a man. I know you will not turn back from what you undertake. You will not change, you will not turn—because you cannot. You were born to earn and not to own; to find, but not to possess. But as you have lived, so you will die."

"You give me no long shrift, mother?" said the youth, with a twinkle in his eye.

"How can I? I can only tell you what is in the book of life. Do I not know? A mother always loves her son; so it takes all her courage to face what she knows will be his lot. Any mother can read her son's future—if she dares to read it. She knows—she knows!"

There was a long silence; then the widow continued.

"Listen, Merne," she said. "You call me a prophetess of evil. I am not that. Do you think I speak only in despair, my boy? No, there is something larger than mere happiness. Listen, and believe me, for now I could not fail to know. I tell you that your great desire, the great wish of your life, shall be yours! You never will relinquish it, you always will possess it, and at last it will be yours."

Again silence fell between them before she went on, her hand again resting on her son's dark hair.

"Your great desire will cost me my son. Be it so! We breed men for the world, we women, and we give them up. Out of the agony of our hearts, we do and must always

give them up. That is the price I must pay. But I give you up to the great hope, the great thing of your life. Should I complain? Am I not your mother, and therefore a woman? And should a woman complain? But, oh, Merne, Merne, my son, my boy!"

She drew his head back, so that she could see deep into his eyes. Her dark brows half frowning, she gazed down upon him, not so much in tenderness as in intentness. For the first time in many months—for the last time in his life—she kissed him on the forehead; and then she let him go.

He rose now, and, silently as he had come, passed around the end of the wide gallery.

Her gaze did not follow him. She sat still looking down the golden-green slope where the leaves were dropping silently. She sat, her chin in her hand, her elbows upon her knees, facing that future, somber but splendid, to which she had devoted her son, and which in later years he so singularly fulfilled.

That was the time when the mother of Meriwether Lewis gave him to his fate—his fate, so closely linked with yours and mine.

CHAPTER II

MERIWETHER AND THEODOSIA

SOFT is the sun in the summer season at Washington, softer at times than any old Dan Chaucer ever knew; but again so ardent that any one who would ride abroad would best do so in the early morning. This is true to-day, and it was true when the capital city lay in the heart of a sweeping forest at the edge of a yet unconquered morass.

The young man who now rode into this forest, leaving behind him the open streets of the straggling city—then but beginning to lighten under the rays of the morning sun—was one who evidently knew his Washington. He knew his own mind as well, for he rode steadily, as if with some definite purpose, to some definite point, looking between his horse's ears.

Sitting as erect and as easily as any cavalier of the world's best, he was tall in his saddle seat, his legs were long and straight. His boots were neatly varnished, his coat well cut, his gloves of good pat-

tern for that time. His hat swept over a mass of dark hair, which fell deep in its loose cue upon his neck. His cravat was immaculate and well tied. He was a good figure of a man, a fine example of the young manhood of America as he rode, his light, firm hand half unconsciously curbing the antics of the splendid animal beneath him—a horse deep bay in color, high-mettled, a mount fit for a monarch—or for a young gentleman of Virginia a little more than one hundred years ago.

If it was not the horse of a monarch the young man bestrode, none the less it was the horse of one who insisted that his stables should be as good as those of any king—none less, if you please, than Mr. Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States of America.

This particular animal was none other than Arcturus, Mr. Jefferson's favorite saddler. It was the duty as well as the delight of Mr. Jefferson's private secretary to give Arcturus and his stable-mate, Wild-air, their exercise on alternate days. On this summer morning Arcturus was enjoying his turn beneath his rider—who forsooth was more often in the saddle than Mr. Jefferson himself.

Horse and rider made a picture in perfect keeping as they fared on toward the little-used forest road which led out Rock Creek way. Yonder, a few miles distant, was a stone mill owned by an old German, who sometimes would offer a cup of coffee to an early horseman. Perhaps this rider knew the way from earlier wanderings thither on other summer mornings.

Arcturus curveted along and tossed his head, mincing daintily, and making all manner of pretense at being dangerous, with sudden gusts of speed and tossings of the head and blowings out of his nostrils—though all the time the noble bay was as gentle as a dog. Whether or not he really were dangerous would have made small difference to the young man who bestrode him, for his seat was that of the born horseman.

They advanced comfortably enough, the rider seemingly less alive to the joys of the morning than was the animal beneath him. The young man's face was grave, his mouth unsmiling—a mouth of half-Indian lines, broken in its upsweeping curve merely by the point of a bow which spoke of gentleness as well as strength. His head was that of the new man, the American, the new

man of a new world, young and strong, a continent that had lain fallow from the birth of time.

What burdened the mind of a man like this, of years which should have left him yet in full attunement with the morning of life and with the dawn of a country? Why should he pay so little heed to the playful advances of Arcturus, inviting him for a run along the shady road?

Arcturus could not tell. He could but prance invitingly, his ears forward, his head tossed, his eye now and again turned about inquiringly.

But though the young man, moody and abstracted, still looked on ahead, some of his senses seemed yet on guard. His head turned at the slightest sound of the forest life that came to him. If a twig cracked, he heard it. If a green nut clattered softly on the leaves, that was not lost to him.

A bevy of partridges, feeding at dawn along the edge of the forest path, whirled up in his horse's face; and though he held the startled animal close, he followed the flight of the birds with the trained eye of the fowler, and marked well where they pitched again. He did these things unconsciously as one well used to the woods, even though his eye turned again straight down the road and the look of intentness, of sadness, almost of melancholy, once more settled upon his features.

He advanced into the wood until all sight of the city was quite cut off from him, until the light grew yet dimmer along the forest road, in places almost half covered with a leafy canopy, until at length he came to the valley of the little stream. He followed the trail as it rambled along the bank toward the mill, through scenes apparently familiar to him.

Abstracted as he was he must have been alert, alive, for now, suddenly, he broke his moody reverie at some sound which he heard on ahead. He reined in for just an instant, then loosed the bridle and leaned forward. The horse under him sprang forward in giant strides.

It was the sound of a voice that the young cavalier had heard—the voice of a woman—apparently a woman in some distress. What cavalier at any time of the world has not instinctively leaped forward at such sound. In less than half a moment the rider was around the turn of the leafy trail.

She was there, the woman who had cried

out, herself mounted, and now upon the point of trying conclusions with her mount. Whether dissatisfaction with the latter or some sudden fear of her own had caused her to cry out might have been less certain, had it not been sure that her eye was at the moment fastened, not upon the fractious steed, but upon the cause of his unwonted misbehavior.

The keen eye of the young man looked with hers, and found the reason for the sudden scene. A serpent, some feet in length—one of the mottled, harmless species sometimes locally called the blow-snake—obviously had come out into the morning sun to warm himself, and his yellow body, lying loose and uncoiled, had been invisible to horse and rider until they were almost upon it. Then, naturally, the serpent had moved his head, and both horse and rider had seen him, to the dismay of both.

This the young man saw and understood in a second, even as he spurred forward alongside the plunging animal. His firm hand on the bridle brought both horses back to their haunches. An instant later both had control of their mounts again, and had set them down to their paces in workmanlike fashion.

There was color in the young woman's face, but it was the color of courage, of resolution. There was breeding in every line of her. Class and lineage marked her as she sat easily, her supple young body accommodating itself handsomely to the restrained restiveness of the steed beneath her. She rode with perfect confidence, as an experienced horsewoman, and was well turned out in a close habit, neither old nor new.

Her dark hair—cut rather squarely across her forehead after an individual fashion of her own—was surmounted by a slashed hat, decorated with a wide-flung plume of smoky color, caught with a jewel at the side. Both jewel and plume had come, no doubt, in some ship from across seas. Her hands were small, and gloved as well as might be at that day of the world. There was small ornament about her; nor did this young woman need ornament beyond the color of her cheek and hair and eye, and perhaps the touch of a bold ribbon at her throat, which held a white collar closer to a neck almost as white.

An aristocrat, you must have called her, had you seen her in any chance company. And had you been a young man such as

this, and had you met her alone, in some sort of agitation, and had consent been given you—or had you taken consent—surely you would have been loath to part company with one so fair, and would have ridden on with her as he did now.

But at first they did not speak. A quick, startled look came into the face of the young woman. A deeper shade glowed upon the cheek of the cavalier, reddening under the skin—a flush which shamed him, but which he could not master. He only kept his eyes straight between his horse's ears as he rode—after he had raised his hat and bowed at the close of the episode.

"I am to thank Captain Lewis once more," began the young woman, in a voice vibrant and clear—the sweetest, kindest voice in the world. "It is good fortune that you rode abroad so early this morning. You always come at need!"

He turned upon her, mute for a time, yet looking full into her face. It was sadness, not boldness, not any gay challenge, that marked his own.

"Can you then call it good fortune?" His own voice was low, suppressed.

"Why not, then?"

"You did not need me. A moment, and you would have been in command again—there was no real need of me. Ah, you never need me!"

"Yet you come. You were here, had the need been worse. And, indeed, I was quite off my guard—I must have been thinking of something else."

"And I also."

"And there was the serpent."

"Madam, there was the serpent! And why not? Is this not Eden? I swear it is paradise enough for me. Tell me, why is it that in the glimpses the sages give us of paradise they no more than lift the curtain—and let it fall again?"

"Captain Meriwether Lewis is singularly gloomy this morning!"

"Not more than I have been always. How brief was my little hour! Yet for that time I knew paradise—as I do now. We should part here, madam, now, forever. Yon serpent spelled danger for both of us."

"For both of us?"

"No, forgive me. None the less, I could not help my thoughts—cannot help them now. I ride here every morning. I saw your horse's hoof-marks some two miles back. Do you suppose I did not know whose they were?"

"And you followed me? Ah!"

"I suppose I did, and yet I did not. If I did I knew I was riding to my fate."

She would have spoken—her lips half parted—but what she might have said none heard. He went on.

"I have ridden here since first I saw you turn here one morning. I guessed this might be your haunt at dawn. I have ridden here often—and feared each time that I might meet you. Perhaps I came this morning in the same way, not knowing that you were near, but hoping that you might be. You see, madam, I speak the absolute truth with you."

"You have never spoken aught else to any human soul. That I know."

"And yet you try to evade the truth? Why deceive your heart about it, since I have not deceived my own? I have faced it out in my own heart, and I have, I trust, come off the victor. At some cost!"

Her face was troubled. She looked aside as she replied in a voice low, but firm:

"Any woman would be glad to hear such words from Captain Lewis, and I am glad. But—the honest wife never lived who could listen to them often."

"I know that," said he simply.

"No!" Her voice was very low now; her eyes soft and cast down as they fell upon a ring under her glove. "We must not meet, Captain Meriwether Lewis. At least, we must not meet thus alone in the woods. It might cause talk. The administration has enemies enough, as you know—and never was a woman who did not have enemies, no matter how clean her life has been."

"Clean as the snow, yours! I have never asked you to be aught else, and never will. I sought you once, when I rode from Virginia to New York—when I first had my captain's pay, before Mr. Jefferson asked me to join his family. Before that time I had too little to offer you; but then, with my hopes and my ambitions, I ventured. I made that journey to offer you my hand. I was two weeks late—you were already wedded to Mr. Alston. Then I learned that happiness never could be mine. Yes, we must part! You are the only thing in life I fear. And I fear as well for you. One wagging tongue in this hotbed of gossip—and there is harm for you, whom all good men should wish to shield."

As he rode, speaking thus, his were the features of a man of tremendous emotions,

a resolute man, a man of strength, of passions not easily put down.

She turned aside her own face for an instant. At last her little hand went to him in a simple gesture of farewell. Meriwether Lewis leaned and kissed it reverently as he rode.

"Good-by!" said he. "Now we may go on for the brief space that remains for us," he added a moment later. "No one is likely to ride this way this morning. Let us go on to the old mill. May I give you a cup of coffee there?"

"I trust Captain Meriwether Lewis," she replied.

They advanced silently, and presently came in sight of a little cascade above a rocky shallowing of the stream. Below this, after they had splashed through the ford, they saw the gray stone walls of Rock Creek Mill.

The miller was a plain man, and silent. Other folk, younger or older, married or single, had come hither of a morning, and he spoke the name of none. He welcomed these two after his fashion. Under the shade of a great tree, which flung an arm out to the rivulet, he pulled out a little table spread in white and departed to tell his wife of the company. She, busy and smiling, came out presently with her best in old china and linen and wherewith to go with both.

They sat now, face to face across the little table, their horses cropping the dewy grass near by. Lewis's riding-crop and gloves lay on his knee. He cast his hat upon the grass. Little birds hopped about on the ground and flitted here and there in the trees, twittering. A mocker, trilling in sudden ecstasy of life, spread a larger melody through all the wood.

The sun drew gently up in the heavens, screened by the waving trees. The ripple of the stream was very sweet.

"Theodosia, look!" said the young man, suddenly swinging a gesture about him. "Did I not say right? It is Eden! Ah, what a pity it is that Eden must ever be the same—a serpent—repentance—and farewell! Yet it was so beautiful."

"A sinless Eden; sir."

"No! I will not lie—I will not say that I do not love you more than ever. That is my sin; so I must go away. This must be our last meeting—I am fortunate that it came by chance to-day."

"Going away—where, then, my friend?"

"Into the West. It always has called me. Ah, if only I had remained in the Indian country yonder, where I belonged, and never made my ride to New York—to learn that I had come too late! But the West still is there—the wilderness still exists to welcome such as me!"

"But you will—you will come back again?"

"It is in the lap of the gods. I do not know or care. But my plans are all arranged. Mr. Jefferson and I have agreed that it is almost time to start. You see, Theodosia, I am now back from my schooling. You behold in me, madam, a scientist! At least I am competent to read by the sun and stars, can reckon longitude and latitude—as one must, to journey into the desert yonder. If only I dared orient my soul as well!"

"You would never doubt my faith in my husband."

"No! Of course, you love your husband. I could not look at you a second time if you did not."

"You are a good man, Meriwether Lewis!"

"Do not say it! I am a man accursed of evil passions—the most unhappy of all men. There is nothing else, I say, in all the world that I fear but my love for you. Tell me it will not last—tell me it will change—tell me that I shall forget! I should not believe you—but tell me that. Does a man never forget? Success—for others; happiness—for some one else. My mother said that was to be my fate. What did she mean?"

"She meant, Meriwether Lewis, that you were a great man, a great soul! Only a man of noble soul could speak as you have spoken to me. We women, in our souls, love something noble and good and strong. Then we imagine some one like that. We believe, or try to believe, or say that we believe; but always—"

"And a woman may divide not love, only love of love itself?"

"I shall love your future, and shall watch it always," she replied, coloring. "You will be a great man, and there will be a great place for you."

"And what then?"

"Do not ask what then. You ask if men never change. Alas, they do, all too frequently! Do not deny the imperious way of nature. Only—remember me as long as you can, Meriwether Lewis."

She spoke softly, and the color of her cheek, still rising, told of her self-reproof.

He turned suddenly at this, a wonderfully sweet smile now upon his face.

"As long as I can?"

"Yes. Let your own mind run on the ambitions of a proud man, a strong man. Ambition—power—place—these things will all be yours in the coming years. They belong to any man of ability such as yours, and I covet them for you. I shall pray always for your success; but success makes men forget."

He still sat looking at her unmoved, with thoughts in his heart that he would not have cared to let her know. She went on still, half tremblingly.

"I want to see you happy after a time—with some good woman at your side—your children by you—in your own home. I want everything for you which ought to come to any man. And yet I know how hard it is to alter your resolve, once formed. Captain Lewis, you are a stubborn man, a hard man!"

He shook his head.

"Yes, I do not seem to change," said he simply. "I hope I shall be able to carry my burden and to hold my trail."

"Fie! I will not have such talk on a morning like this."

Fearlessly she reached out her hand to his, which lay upon the table. She smiled at him, but he looked down, the lean fingers of his own hand not trembling nor responding.

If she sensed the rigidity of the muscles which held his fingers outward, at least she feared it not. If she felt the repression which kept him silent, at least she feared it not. Her intuitions told her at last that the danger was gone. His hand did not close on hers.

She raised her cup and saluted laughingly.

"A good journey, Meriwether Lewis," said she, "and a happy return from it! Cast away such melancholy—you will forget all this!"

"I ask you not to wound me more than need be. I am hard to die. I can carry many wounds, but they may pain me none the less."

"Forgive me, then," she said, and once more her small hand reached out toward him. "I would not wound you. I asked you only to remember me as—"

"As—"

"As I shall you, of course. And I remember that bright day when you came to me—yonder in New York. You offered me all that any man can ever offer any woman. I am proud of that! I told my husband, yes. He never mentions your name save in seriousness and respect. I am ambitious for you. All the Burrs are full of ambition, and I am a Burr, as you know. How long will it be before you come back to higher office and higher place? Will it be six months hence?"

"More likely six years. If there is healing for me, the wilderness alone must give it."

"I shall be an old woman—old and sallow from the Carolina suns. You will have forgotten me then."

"It is enough," said he. "You have lightened my burden for me as much as may be—you have made the trial as easy as any can. The rest is for me. At least I can go, feeling that I have not wronged you in any way."

"Yes, Meriwether Lewis," said she quietly, "there has not been one word or act of yours to cause you regret, or me. You have put no secret on me that I must keep. That was like a man! I trust you will find it easy to forget me."

He raised a hand.

"I said, madam, that I am hard to die. I asked you not to wound me overmuch. Do not talk to me of hopes or sympathy. I do not ask—I will not have it! Only this remains to comfort me—if I had laid on my soul the memory of one secret that I had dared to place on yours, ah, then how wretched would life be for me forever after! That thought, it seems to me, I could not endure."

"Go, then, my savage gentleman, and let me—"

"And let you never see my face again?"

She rose and stood looking at him, her own eyes wet with a sudden moisture.

"Women worth loving are so few!" she said slowly. "Clean men are so few! How a woman could have loved you, Meriwether Lewis! How some woman ought to love you! Yes, go now," she concluded. "Yes, go!"

"Mrs. Alston will wait with you here for a few moments," said Meriwether Lewis to the miller's wife quietly. He stood with his bridle-rein across his arm. "See that she is very comfortable. She might have a second cup of your good coffee?"

He swung into his saddle, reined his horse about, turned and bowed formally to his late *vis-à-vis*, who still remained seated at the table. Then he was off at such speed as left Arcturus no more cause to fret at his bridle-rein.

CHAPTER III

MR. BURR AND MR. MERRY

THE young Virginian had well-nigh made his way out over the two miles or so of sheltered roadway, when he heard hoof-beats on ahead, and slackened his own speed. He saw two horsemen approaching, both well mounted, coming on at a handsome gait.

Of these, one was a stout and elderly man of no special shape at all, who sat his horse with small grace, his florid face redder for his exercise, his cheeks mottled with good living and hard riding. He was clad in scrupulous riding costume, and seemed, indeed, a person of some importance. The badge of some order or society showed on his breast, and his entire air—intent as he was upon his present business of keeping company with a skilled horseman—marked him as one accustomed to attention from others. A servant in the costume of an English groom rode at a short distance behind him.

The second man was lighter, straight and trim of figure, with an erectness and exactness of carriage which marked him as a soldier at some part of his life. He was clad with extreme neatness, well booted also, and sat his mount with the nonchalance of the trained horseman. His own garb and face showed not the slightest proof that he had been riding hard.

Indeed, he seemed one whom no condition or circumstance could deprive of a cool immaculateness. He was a man to be marked in any company—especially so by the peculiar brilliance of his full, dark eye, which had a piercing, searching glint of its own; an eye such as few men have owned, and under whose spell man or woman might easily melt to acquiescence with the owner's mind.

He sat his horse with a certain haughtiness as well as carelessness. His chin seemed long and firm, and his lofty forehead—indeed, his whole air and carriage—discovered him the man of ambition that he really was. For this was no other than Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United

States, whose name was soon to be on the lips of all. He had lately come to Washington with the Jefferson administration.

This gentleman now reined up his horse as he caught sight of the young man approaching. His older companion also halted. Burr raised his hat.

"Ah, Captain Lewis!" he said in a voice of extraordinary sweetness, yet of power. "You also have caught the secret of this climate, eh? You ride in the early morning—I do not wonder. You are Virginian, and so know the heats of Washington. I fancy you recognize Mr. Merry," he added, his glance turning from one to the other.

The young Virginian bowed to both gentlemen.

"I have persuaded his excellency the minister from Great Britain to ride with us on one of our Washington mornings. He has been good enough to say—to say—that he enjoys it!"

Burr turned a quick glance upon the heavier figure at his side, with a half smile of badinage on his own face. Lewis bowed again, formally, and Anthony Merry answered with equal politeness and ceremony.

"Yes," said the envoy, "to be sure I recall the young man. I met him in the ante-room at the President's house."

Meriwether Lewis cast him a quick glance, but made no answer. He knew well enough the slighting estimate in which everything at Washington was held by this minister accredited to our government. Also he knew, as he might have said, something about the diplomat's visit at the Executive Mansion. For thus far the minister from Great Britain to Washington had not been able to see the President of the United States.

"And you are done your ride?" said Burr quickly, for his was a keen nose to scent any complication. "Tell me"—he lifted his own reins now to proceed—"you saw nothing of my daughter, Mrs. Alston? We missed her at the house, and have feared her abduction by some bold young Virginian, eh?"

His keen eye rested fairly on the face of the younger man as he spoke. The latter felt the challenge under the half-mocking words.

"Yes," he replied calmly, "I have seen Mrs. Alston. I left her but now at the old mill, having a cup of coffee with the miller's wife. I had not time myself for a second, although Mrs. Alston honored me by allow-

ing me to sit at her table for a moment. We met by accident, you see, as we both rode, a short time ago. I overtook her when it was not yet sunrise, or scarcely more."

"You see!" laughed Burr, as he turned to Merry. "Our young men are early risers when it comes to pursuit of the fair. I must ride at once and see to the welfare of my daughter. She may be weeping at losing her escort so soon!"

They all smiled in proper fashion. Lewis bowed, and, lifting his hat, passed on. Burr, as they parted, fell for just a half-moment into thought, his face suddenly inscrutable, as if he pondered something.

"There is the ablest man I have seen in Washington," blurted out Merry suddenly, apropos of nothing that had been said. "He has manners, and he rides like an Englishman."

"Say not so!" said Burr, laughing. "Better—he rides like a Virginian!"

"Very well; it is the same thing. The Virginians are but ourselves—this country is all English yet. And I swear—Mr. Burr, may we speak freely?—I cannot see, and I never shall see, what is the sense in all this talk of a new democracy of the people. Now, what men like these—like you—"

"You know well enough how far I agree with you," said Burr somberly. "'Tis an experiment, our republic. I am willing to say that boldly to you, at least. How long it may last—"

"Depends on men like you," said Merry, suddenly turning upon him as they rode. "How long do you suppose his majesty will endure such slights as they put on us here day by day? My blood boils at the indignities we have had to suffer here—cooling our heels in your President's halls. I call it mere presumptuousness. I cannot look upon this country as anything but a province to be taken back again when England is ready. And it may be, since so much turbulence and discourtesy seem growing here, that chance will not wait long in the coming."

"It may be, Mr. Merry," said Aaron Burr. "My own thoughts you know too well for need of repetition. Let us only go softly. My plans advance as well as I could ask. I was just wondering," he added, "whether those two young people really were together there at the old mill—and whether they were there for the first time."

"If not, 'twas not for the last time!" re-

joined the older man. "Yonder young man was made to fill a woman's eye. Your daughter, Mr. Burr, while the soul of married discreetness, and charming as any of her sex I have ever seen, must look out for her heart. She might find it divided into three equal parts."

"How then, Mr. Minister?"

"One for her father—"

Aaron Burr bowed.

"Yes, her father first, as I verily believe. What then?"

"The second for her husband—"

"Certainly. Mr. Alston is a rising man. He has a thousand slaves on his plantations—he is one of the richest of the rich South Carolinian planters. And in politics he has a chance—more than a chance. But after that?"

"The third portion of so charming a woman's heart might perhaps be assigned to Captain Meriwether Lewis!"

"Say you so?" laughed Burr carelessly. "Well, well, this must be looked into. Come, I must tell my son-in-law that his home is in danger of being invaded. Far off in his Southern rice-lands, I fear he misses his young wife sometimes. I brought her here for the sake of her own health—she cannot live in such swamps. Besides, I cannot bear to have her live away from me. She is happier with me than anywhere else. Yes, you are right, my daughter worships me."

"Why should she not? And why should she not ride with a gallant at sunrise for an early cup of coffee, egad?" said the older man.

Burr did not answer, and they rode on.

In the opposite direction there rode also the young man of whom they spoke. And at about the time that the two came to the old mill and saw Theodosia Alston sitting there—her face still cast down, her eyes gazing abstractedly into her untasted cup on the little table—Meriwether Lewis was pulling up at the iron gate which then closed the opening in the stone wall encircling the modest official residence of his chief and patron, President Jefferson.

CHAPTER IV

PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY

THERE stood waiting near the gate one of Mr. Jefferson's private servants, Samson, who took the young man's rein, grin-

ning with his usual familiar words of welcome as the secretary dismounted from his horse.

"You-all suttinly did warm old Arcturum a lil bit dis mawnin', Mistah Mehwyether!"

Samson patted the neck of the spirited animal, which tossed its head and turned an eye to its late rider.

"Yes, and see that you rub him well. Mind you, if Mr. Jefferson finds that his whitest handkerchief shows a sweat-mark from the horse's hide he will cut off both your black ears for you, Samson—and very likely your head along with them. You know your master!" The secretary smiled kindly at the old black man.

"Yassah, yassah," grinned Samson, who no more feared Mr. Jefferson than he did the young gentleman with whom he now spoke. "I just lookin' at you comin' down that path right now, and I say to myself, 'Dar come a ridah!' I sho' did, Mistah Mehwyether!"

The young man answered the negro's compliment with one of his rare smiles, then turned, with just a flick of his gloves on his breeches legs, and marched up the walk to the door of the mansion.

At the step he turned and paused, as he usually did, to take one look out over the unfinished wing of stone still in process of erection. On beyond, in the ragged village, he saw a few good mansion-houses, many structures devoted to business, many jumbled huts of negroes, and here and there a public building in its early stages.

The great system of boulevards and parks and circles of the new American capital was not yet apparent from the place where Mr. Thomas Jefferson's young secretary now stood. But the young man perhaps saw city and nation alike advanced in his vision; for he gazed long and lingeringly before he turned back at last and entered the door which the old house-servant swung open for him.

His hat and crop and gloves he handed to this bowed old darky, Ben—another of Mr. Jefferson's plantation servants whom he had brought to Washington with him. Then—for such was the simple fashion of the *ménage*, where Meriwether Lewis himself was one of the President's family—he stepped to the door beyond and knocked lightly, entering as he did so.

The hour was early—he himself had not breakfasted, beyond his coffee at the mill—but, early as it was, he knew he would find

at his desk the gentleman who now turned to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Jefferson," said Meriwether Lewis, in the greeting which he always used.

"Good morning, my son," said the other man, gently, in his invariable address to his secretary. "And how did Arcturus perform for you this morning?"

"Grandly, sir. He is a fine animal. I have never ridden a better."

"I envy you. I wish I could find the time I once had for my horses." He turned a whimsical glance at the piled desk before him. "If our new multigraph could write a dozen letters all at once—and on as many different themes, my son—we might perhaps get through. I vow, if I had the money, I would have a dozen secretaries—if I could find them!"

The President rose now and stood, a tall and striking figure of a man over six feet in height, of clean-cut features, dark hazel eye, and sandy, almost auburn, hair. His long, thin legs were clad in close-fitting knee-breeches of green velveteen, somewhat stained. His high-collared coat, rolling above the loosely-tied stock which girded his neck, was dingy brown in color, and lay in loose folds. He was one of the worst-clad men in Washington at that hour. His waistcoat, of red, was soiled and far from new, and his woolen stockings were covered with no better footwear than carpet slippers, badly down at the heel.

Yet Thomas Jefferson, even clad thus, seemed the great man that he was. Stooped though his shoulders were, his frame was so strong, his eye so clear and keen, though contemplative, that he did not look his years.

Here was a man, all said who knew him, of whose large soul so many large deeds were demanded that he had no time for little and inconsequent things—indeed, scarce knew that they existed. To think, to feel, to create, to achieve—these were his absorbing tasks; and so exigent were the demands on his great intellectual resources that he seemed never to know the existence of a personal world.

He stood careless, slipshod, at the side of a desk cluttered with a mass of maps, papers, letters in packets or spread open. There were writing-implements here, scientific instruments of all sorts, long sheets of specifications, canceled drafts, pages of accounts—all the manifold impedimenta of a

man in the full swing of business life. It might have been the desk of any mediocre man; yet on that desk lay the future of a people and the history of a world.

He stood just a trifle stooped, smiling quizzically at the young man, yet half lovingly; for to no other being in the world did he ever give the confidence that he accorded Meriwether Lewis.

"I do not see how I could be President without you, Merne, my son," said he, employing the familiar term that Meriwether Lewis had not elsewhere heard used, except by his mother. "Look what we must do to-day!"

The young secretary turned his own grave eye upon the cluttered desk; but it was not dread of the redoubtable tasks awaiting him that gave his face all the gravity it bore.

"Mr. Jefferson—" he began, but paused, for he could see now standing before him his friend, the man whom of all in the world he loved, and the man who believed in him and loved him.

"Yes, my son?"

"Your burden is grievous hard, and yet—"

"Yes, my son?"

But Meriwether Lewis could not speak further. He stood now, his jaws set hard, looking out of the window.

The older man came and gently laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Come, come, my son," said he, his own voice low and of a kindness it could assume at times. "You must not—you must not yield to this, I say. Shake off this melancholy which so obsesses you. I know whence it comes—your father gave it you, and you are not to blame; but you have more than your father's strength to aid you. And you have me, your friend, who can understand."

Lewis only turned on him an eye so full of anguish as caused the older man to knit his brow in deep concern.

"What is it, Merne?" he demanded.

"Tell me. Ah, you cannot tell? I know! 'Tis the old melancholy, and something more, Merne, my boy. Tell me—ah, yes, it is a woman!"

The young man did not speak.

"I have often told all my young friends," said Mr. Jefferson slowly, after a time, "that they should marry not later than twenty-three—it is wrong to cheat the years of life—and you approach thirty now,

my son. Why linger? Listen to me. No young man may work at his best and have a woman's face in his desk to haunt him. That will not do. We all have handicap enough without that."

But still Meriwether could only look into the face of his superior.

"I know very well, my son," the President continued. "I know it all. Put her out of your heart, my boy. Would you shame yourself—and her—and me?"

"No! Never would I do that, Mr. Jefferson, believe me. But now I must beg of you—please, sir, let me go soon—let it be at once!"

The older man stood looking at him for a time in silence, as he went on hurriedly:

"I must say good-by to you, best and noblest of men. Indeed, I have said good-by to—everything."

"As you say, your case is hopeless?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, well, we have both been planning for our Western expedition these ten years, my son; so why should we fret if matters conspire to bring it about a trifle earlier than we planned?"

"I asked you when I was a boy to send me, but you could not then."

"No, but instead I sent yonder maundering Michaux. He, Ledyard, and all the others failed me. They never saw the great vision. There it lies, unknown, tremendous—no man knows what—that new country. I have had to hide from the people of this republic this secret purpose which you and I have had of exploring the vast Western country. I have picked you as the one man fitted for that work. I do not make mistakes. You are a born woodsman and traveler—you are ready to my hand as the instrument for this magnificent adventure. I cannot well spare you now—but yes, you must go!"

They stood there, two men who made our great adventure for us—vision-seers, vision-owned, gazing each into the other's eyes.

"Send me now, Mr. Jefferson!" repeated Meriwether Lewis. "Send me now. I will mend to usefulness again. I will work for you all my life, if need be—and I want my name clear with you."

The old man laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder.

"I must yield you to your destiny," said he. "It will be a great one." He turned aside, a hand to his lip as he paced uncer-

tainly. "But I still am wondering what our friends are doing yonder in France," said he. "That is the question. Livingston, Monroe, and the others—what are they doing with Napoleon Bonaparte? The news from France—but stay," he added. "Wait! I had forgotten. Come, we shall see about it!"

With the sudden enthusiasm of a boy he caught his young aid by the arm. They passed down the hall, out by the rear entrance and across the White House grounds to the brick stables which then stood at the rear.

Mr. Jefferson paid no attention to the sleek animals there which looked in greeting toward him. Instead, he passed in front of the series of stalls, and without excuse or explanation hurriedly began to climb the steep ladder which led to the floor above.

They stood at length in the upper apartment of the stable buildings. It was not a mow or feed-loft, but rather a bird-loft, devoted to the use of many pigeons. All about the eaves were arranged many boxes—nesting places, apparently, although none of the birds entered the long room, which seemed free of any occupancy.

Mr. Jefferson stood for a moment, eagerly scanning the rear of the tier of boxes. An exclamation broke from him. He hurried forward with a sudden gesture to a little flag which stood up, like the tilt of a fisherman on the ice, at the side of the box to which he pointed.

"Done!" said he.

He reached up to the box that he had indicated, pressed down a little catch, opened the back and looked in. Again an exclamation escaped him.

He put in a hand gingerly, and, tenderly imprisoning the bird which he found therein, drew it forth, his long fingers eagerly lifting its wings, examining its legs.

It could easily be seen that the box was arranged with a door on a tripping-latch, so that the pigeon, on entering, would imprison itself. It was apparent that Mr. Jefferson was depending upon the natural homing instinct of his carrier-pigeons to bring him some message.

"I told them," said he, "to loose a half-dozen birds at once. See! See!"

He unrolled from one leg of the prisoner a little cylinder of paper covered with tin-foil and tied firmly in its place. It was the first wireless message ever received at Washington. None since that time has

carried a greater burden. It announced a transaction in empires.

Mr. Jefferson read, and spread out the paper that his aid might read:

General Bonaparte signed May 2—Fifteen millions—Rejoice!

In no wider phrasing than that came the news of the great Louisiana Purchase, by virtue of which this republic—whether by chance, by result of greed warring with greed, or through the providence of Almighty God, who shall say?—gained that vast and incalculably valuable realm which reaches from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean. What wealth that great empire held no man had dreamed, nor can any dream to-day; for, a century later, its story is but beginning.

Century on century, that story still will be in the making. A home for millions of the earth's best, a hope for millions of the earth's less fortunate—granary of the peoples, mint of nations, birthplace and growing-ground of the new race of men—who could have measured that land then—who could measure it to-day?

And its title passed, announced in seven words, carried by a bird wandering in the air, but bound unerringly to the ark of God's covenant with man—the covenant of hope and progress.

Thomas Jefferson stretched out his right hand to meet that of Meriwether Lewis. Their clasp was strong and firm. The eye of each man blazed.

"Mr. Jefferson," said Meriwether Lewis, "this is your monument!"

"And yours," was the reply. "Come, then!"

He turned to the stairs, the pigeon still fondled in his arm. That bird—a white one, with slate-blue tips to its wings—never needed to labor again, for Mr. Jefferson kept it during its life, and long after its death.

"Come, now," he said, as he began to descend the ladder once more. "The bird was loosed yesterday, late in the afternoon. It has done its sixty or seventy-five miles an hour for us, counting out time lost in the night. The ship which brought this news docked at New York yesterday. The post stages carrying it hither cannot arrive before to-morrow. This is news—the greatest of news that we could have. Yesterday—this morning—we were a young and weak republic. To-morrow we shall be

one of the powers of the world. Go, now—you have been held in leash long enough, and the time to start has come. To-morrow you will go westward, to that new country which now is ours!"

Neither said anything further until once again they were in the President's little office-room; but Thomas Jefferson's eye now was blazing.

"I count this the most important enterprise in which this country ever was engaged," he exclaimed, his hands clenched. "Yonder lies the greater America—you lead an army which will make far wider conquest than all that our troops won in the Revolutionary War. The stake is larger than any man may dream. I see it—you see it—in time others also will see. Tell me, my son, tell me once more! Come what may, no matter what power shall move you, you will be faithful in this great trust? If I have your promise, then I shall rest assured."

Thomas Jefferson, more agitated than any man had ever seen him, dropped half trembling into his chair, his shaggy red mane about his forehead, his long fingers shaking.

"I give you my promise, Mr. Jefferson," said Meriwether Lewis.

CHAPTER V

THE PELL-MELL AND SOME CONSEQUENCES

It was late in the afternoon when the secretary to the President looked up from the crowded desk.

"Mr. Jefferson," ventured he, "you will pardon me—"

"Yes, my son?"

"It grows late. You know that to-day the British minister, Mr. Merry, comes to meet the President for the first time formally—at dinner. Señor Yrujo also—and their ladies, of course. Mr. Burr and Mr. Merry seem already acquainted. I met them riding this morning."

"Hand and glove, then, so soon? What do you make of it? I have a guess that those three—Burr, Merry, Yrujo—mean this administration no special good. And yet it was I myself who kept our Spanish friend from getting his passports back to Madrid. I did that because of his marriage to the daughter of my friend, Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania. But what were you saying now?"

"I thought perhaps I should go to my rooms to change for dinner. You see that I am still in riding-clothes."

"And what of that, my son? I am in something worse!"

The young man stood and looked at his chief for a moment. He realized the scarce dignified figure that the President presented in his long coat, his soiled waistcoat, his stained trousers, and his woolen stockings—not to mention the unspeakable slippers, down at the heel, into which he had thrust his feet that morning when he came into the office.

"You think I will not do?" Mr. Jefferson smiled at him frankly. "I am not so free from wisdom, perhaps, after all. Let this British minister see us as we are, for men and women, and not dummies for finery. Moreover, I remember well enough how we cooled our heels there in London, Mr. Madison and myself. They showed us little courtesy enough. Well, they shall have no complaint here. We will treat them as well as we do the others, as well as the electors who sent us here!"

Meriwether Lewis allowed himself a smile.

"Go," added his chief. "Garb yourself as I would have you—in your best. But there will be no precedence at table this evening—remember that! Let them take seats pell-mell—the devil take the hindmost—a fair field for every one, and favor to none! Seat them as nearly as possible as they should not be seated—and leave the rest to me. All these—indeed, all history and all the records—shall take me precisely as I am!"

An hour later Meriwether Lewis stood before his narrow mirror, well and handsomely clad, as was seeming with one of his family and his place—a tall and superb figure of young manhood, as proper a man as ever stood in buckled shoes in any country of the world.

The guests came presently, folk of many sorts. With Mr. Jefferson as President, the democracy of America had invaded Washington, taking more and more liberties, and it had many representatives on hand. With these came persons of rank of this and other lands, dignitaries, diplomats, officials, ministers of foreign powers. Carriages with outriders came trundling over the partially paved roads of the crude capital city. Footmen opened doors to gentlemen and ladies in full dress, wearing insignia of

honor, displaying gems, orders, decorations, jewels, all the brilliant costumes of the European courts.

They came up the path to the door of the mansion where, to their amazement, they were met only by Mr. Jefferson's bowing old darky Ben, who ushered them in, helped them with their wraps and asked them to make themselves at home. And only old Henry, Mr. Jefferson's butler, bowed them in as they passed from the entry hall into the anteroom which lay between that and the large dining-saloon.

The numbers increased rapidly. What at first was a general gathering became a crowd, then a mob. There was no assigned place for any, no presentation of one stranger to another. Friends could not find friends. Mutterings arose; crowding and jostling was not absent; here and there an angry word might have been heard. The policy of pell-mell was not working itself out in any happy social fashion.

Matters were at their worst when suddenly from his own apartments appeared the tall and well-composed figure of Mr. Jefferson's young secretary, social captain of matters at the Executive Mansion, and personal aid to the President. His quick glance caught sight of the gathering line of carriages; a second glance estimated the plight of those now jammed into the anteroom like so many cattle and evidently in distress.

In a distant corner of the room, crowded into some sort of refuge back of a huge davenport, stood a small group of persons in full official dress—a group evidently ill at ease and no longer in good humor. Meriwether Lewis made his way thither rapidly as he might.

"It is Mr. Minister Merry," said he, "and Mme. Merry." He bowed deeply. "Señor and Señora Yrujo, I bring you the respects of Mr. Jefferson. He will be with us presently."

"I had believed, sir—I understood," began Merry explosively, "that we were to meet here the President of the United States. Where, then, is his suite?"

"We have no suite, sir. I represent the President as his aid."

"My word!" murmured the mystified dignitary, turning to his lady, who stood, the picture of mute anger, at his side, the very aigrets on her ginger-colored hair trembling in her anger.

They turned once more to the Spanish

minister, who, with his American wife, stood at hand. There ensued such shrugs and lifting of eyebrows as left full evidence of a discontent that none of the four attempted to suppress.

Meriwether Lewis saw and noted, but seemed not to note. Mr. Merry suddenly remembered him now as the young man he had encountered that morning, and turned with an attempt at greater civility.

"You will understand, sir, that I came supposing I was to appear in my official capacity. We were invited upon that basis. There was to have been a dinner, was there not—or am I mistaken of the hour? Is it not four in the afternoon?"

"You were quite right, Mr. Minister," said Meriwether Lewis. "You shall, of course, be presented to the President so soon as it shall please his convenience to join us. He has been occupied in many duties, and begs you will excuse him."

The dignity and courtesy of the young man were not without effect. Silence, at least, was his reward from the perturbed and indignant group of diplomats penned behind the davenport.

Matters stood thus when, at a time when scarce another soul could have been crowded into the anteroom, old Henry flung open the folding doors which he had closed.

"Mistah Thomas Jefferson!" was his sole announcement.

There appeared in the doorway the tall, slightly stooped figure of the President of the United States, one of the greatest men of his own or of any day. He stood, gravely unconscious of himself, tranquilly looking out upon his gathered guests. He was still clad in the garb which he had worn throughout the day—the same in which he had climbed to the pigeon-loft—the same in which he had labored during all these long hours.

His coat was still brown and wrinkled, hanging loosely on his long frame. His trousers were the stained velveteens of the morning; his waistcoat the same faded red; his hose the slack woolen pair that he had worn throughout the day. And upon his feet—horror of horrors!—he wore still his slippers, the same old carpet slippers, down at the heel, which had afforded him ease as he sat at his desk.

As Thomas Jefferson stood, he overtopped the men about him head and shoulders in physical stature, as he did in every other measure of a man.

Innocent or unconscious of his own appearance, his eye seeking for knowledge of his guests, he caught sight of the group behind the davenport. Rapidly making his way thither, he greeted each, offering his hand to be shaken, bowing deeply to the ladies; and so quickly passed on, leaving them almost as much mystified as before. Only Yrujo, the Spanish minister, looked after him with any trace of recognition, for at this moment Meriwether Lewis was away, among other guests.

An instant later the curtained folding doors which separated the anteroom from the dining-saloon were thrown open. Mr. Jefferson passed in and took his place at the head of the table, casting not a single look toward any who were to join him there. There was no announcement; there was no *pas*, no precedence, no reserved place for any man, no announcement for any lady or gentleman, no servant to escort any to a place at table!

It had been worse, far worse, this extraordinary scene, had it not been for the swiftness and tact of the young man to whom so much was entrusted. Meriwether Lewis hastened here and there, weeding out those who could not convince him that they were invited to dine. He separated as best he might the socially elect from those not yet socially arrived, until at length he stood, almost the sole barrier against those who still crowded forward.

Here he was met once more by the party from behind the davenport.

"Tell me," demanded Mr. Merry, who—seeing that no other escort offered for her—had given his angry lady his own arm, "tell me, sir, where is the President? To whom shall I present the compliments of his British majesty?"

"Yonder is the President of the United States, sir," said Meriwether Lewis. "He with whom you shook hands is the President. He stands at the head of his table, and you are welcome if you like. He asks you to enter."

Merry turned to his wife, and from her to the wife of the Spanish minister.

"Impossible!" said he. "I do not understand—it cannot be! That man—that extraordinary man in breeches and slippers yonder—it cannot be he asks us to sit at table with him! He cannot be the President of the United States!"

"None the less he is, Mr. Merry," the secretary assured him.

"Good Heavens!" said the minister from Great Britain, as he passed on, half dazed.

By this time there remained but few seats, none at all toward the head of the table or about its middle portion. Toward the end of the room, farthest from the official host, a few chairs still stood vacant, because they had not been sought for. Thither, with faltering footsteps, ere even these opportunities should pass, stepped the minister from Great Britain and the minister from Spain, their ladies with them—none offering escort.

Well disposed to smile at his chief's audacious overturning of all social usage, yet not unadvised of the seriousness of all this, Meriwether Lewis handed the distinguished guests to their seats as best he might; and then left them as best he might.

At that time there were not six vacant places remaining at the long table. No one seemed to know how many had been invited to the banquet, or how many were expected—no one in the company seemed to know any one else. It was indeed a pell-mell affair!

For once the American democracy was triumphant. But the leader of that democracy, the head of the new administration, the host at this official banquet, the President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, stood quietly, serenely, looking out over the long table, entirely unconcerned with what he saw. If there was trouble, it was for others, not for him.

Those at table began to seat themselves, following the host's example. It was at this moment that the young captain of affairs turned once more toward the great doors, with the intention of closing them. Old Henry was having his own battles with the remaining audience in the anteroom, as he now brought forward two belated guests. Old Henry, be sure, knew them both; and—as a look at the sudden change of his features might have told—so did Mr. Jefferson's aid.

They advanced with dignity, these two—one a gentleman, not tall, but elegant, exquisitely clad in full-dress costume; a man whom you would have turned to examine a second time had you met him anywhere. Upon his arm was a young woman, also beautifully costumed, smiling, graceful, entirely at her ease. Many present knew the two—Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States; his daughter, Theodosia Burr Alston.

Mr. Burr passed within the great doors, turned and bowed deeply to his host, distant as he was across the crowded room. His daughter curtsied, also deeply. Their entry was dramatic. Then they stood, a somewhat stately picture, waiting for an instant while seemingly deciding their future course.

It was at this moment that Meriwether Lewis approached them, beckoning. He led them toward the few seats that still remained unoccupied, placed them near to the official visitors, whose ruffled feathers still remained unsmoothed, and then stood by them for an instant, intending to take his departure.

There was one remaining chair. It was at the side of Theodosia Alston. She herself looked up at him eagerly, and patted it with her hand. He seated himself at her side.

Thus at last was filled the pell-mell table of Mr. Thomas Jefferson. To this day no man knows whether all present had been invited, or whether all invited had opportunity to be present.

There were those—his enemies, men of the opposing political party, for the most part—who spoke ill of Mr. Jefferson, and charged that he showed hypocrisy in his pretense of democratic simplicity in official life. Yet others, even among his friends, criticised him severely for the affair of this afternoon—July 4, in the year of 1803. They said that his manners were inconsistent with the dignity of the highest official of this republic.

If any of this comment injured or offended Mr. Jefferson, he never gave a sign. He was born a gentleman as much as any, and was as fully acquainted with good social usage as any man of his day. His life had been spent in the best surroundings of his own country, and at the most polished courts of the Old World. To accuse him of ignorance or boorishness would have been absurd.

The fact was that his own resourceful brain had formed a definite plan. He wished to convey a certain rebuke—and with deadly accuracy he did convey that rebuke. It was at no enduring cost to his own fame.

If the pell-mell dinner was at first a thing inchoate, awkward, impossible, criticism halted when the actual service at table began. The chef at the White House had been brought to this country by Mr. Jef-

erson from Paris, and no better was known on this side the water.

So devoted was Mr. Jefferson known to be to the French style of cooking that no less a man than Patrick Henry, on the stump, had accused him of having "deserted the victuals of his country." His table was set and served with as much elegance as any at any foreign court. At the door of the city of Washington, even in the summer season, there was the best market of the world. As submitted by his *chef de cuisine*, Mr. Jefferson's menu was of no pell-mell sort. If we may credit it as handed down, it ran thus, in the old French of that day:

Huîtres de Shinnecock, Sauce Tempête
Olives du Luc
Othon Mariné à l'Huile Vierge
Amandes et Cerneaux salés
Pot au Feu du Roy "Henriot"
Croustade Mogador
Truite de Ruisselet, Belle Meunière
Pommes en Fines Herbes
Fricot de tendre Poulet en Coquemare, au
Vieux Chanturgne
Tourte de Ris de Veau, Financière
Baron de Pré Salé aux Primeurs
Sorbet des Comtes de Champagne
Dinde Sauvage flambée devant les Sarments
de Vigne, flanquée d'Ortolans
Aspic de Foie Gras Lucullus
Salade des Nymphes à la Lamballe
Asperges Chaudes enduites de Sauce
Lombardienne
Dessert et Fruits de la Réunion
Fromage de Bique
Café Arabe
Larmes de Juliette

Whatever the wines served at the Executive Mansion may have been at later dates, those owned and used by President Jefferson were the best the world produced—vintages of rarity, selected as could have been done only by one of the nicest taste. Rumor had it that none other than Señor Yrujo, minister from Spain, recipient of many casks of the best vintages of his country that he might entertain with proper dignity, had seen fit to do a bit of merchandizing on his own account, to the end that Mr. Jefferson became the owner of certain of these rare casks.

In any event, the Spanish minister now showed no fear of the wines which came his way. Nor, for that matter, did the minister from Great Britain, nor the spouses of these twain. Mr. Burr, seated

with their party, himself somewhat abstemious, none the less could not refrain from an interrogatory glance as he saw Merry halt a certain bottle or two at his own plate.

"Upon my word!" said the sturdy Briton, turning to him. "Such wine I never have tasted! I did not expect it here—served by a host in breeches and slippers! But never mind—it is wonderful!"

"There may be many things here you have not expected, your excellency," said Mr. Burr.

The Vice-President favored the little party at his left with one of his brilliant smiles. He had that strange faculty, admitted even by his enemies, of making another speak freely what he wished to hear, himself reticent the while.

The face of the English dignitary clouded again.

"I wish I could approve all else as I do the wine and the food; but I cannot understand. Here we sit, after being crowded like herrings in a box—myself, my lady here, and these others. Is this the placing his majesty's minister should have at the President's table? Is this what we should demand here?"

"The indignity is to all of us alike," smiled Burr. "Mr. Jefferson believes in a great human democracy. I myself regret to state that I cannot quite go with him to the lengths he fancies."

"I shall report the entire matter to his majesty's government!" said Mr. Merry, again helping himself to wine. "To be received here by a man in his stable clothes—so to meet us when we come formally to pay our call to this government—that is an insult! I fancy it to be a direct and intentional one."

"Insult is small word for it," broke in the irate Spanish minister, still further down the table. "I certainly shall report to my own government what has happened here—of that be very sure!"

"Give me leave, sir," continued Merry. "This republic, what is it? What has it done?"

"I ask as much," affirmed Yrujo. "A small war with your own country, Great Britain, sir—in which only your generosity held you back—that is all this country can claim. In the South, my people own the mouth of the great river—we own Florida—we own the province of Texas—all the Southern and Western lands. True, Louis

XV—to save it from Great Britain, perhaps, sir"—he bowed to the British minister—"originally ceded Louisiana to our crown. True, also, my sovereign has ceded it again to France. But Spain still rules the South, just as Britain rules the middle country out beyond; and what is left? I snap my fingers at this republic!"

Señor Yrujo helped himself to a brimming glass of his own wine.

"I say that Western country is ours," he still insisted, warming to his oration now. "Suppose, under coercion, our sovereign did cede it to Napoleon, who claims it now? Does Spain not govern it still? Do we not collect the revenues? Is not the whole system of law enforced under the flag of Spain, all along the great river yonder? Possession, exploration, discovery—those are the rights under which territories are annexed. France has the title to that West, but we hold the land itself—we administer it. And never shall it go from under our flag, unless it be through the act of stronger foreign powers. Spain will fight!"

"Will Spain fight?" demanded a deep and melodious voice. It was that of Aaron Burr who spoke now, half in query, half in challenge. "Would Spain fight—and would Great Britain, if need were and the time came?"

He spoke to men heated with wine, smarting under social indignity, men owning a hurt personal vanity.

"Our past is proof enough," said Merry proudly.

Yrujo needed no more than a shrug.

"Divide and conquer?" Burr went on, looking at them, and raising an eyebrow in query.

They nodded, both of them. Burr looked around. His daughter and Meriwether Lewis were oblivious. He saw the young man's eyes, somber, deep, fixed on hers; saw her gazing in return, silent, troubled, fascinated.

One presumes that it was at this moment—at the instant when Aaron Burr, seeing the power his daughter held over young Meriwether Lewis, and the interest he held for her, turned to these foreign officials at his left—at that moment, let us say, the Burr conspiracy began.

"Divide that unknown country, the West, and how long would this republic endure?" said Aaron Burr.

The noise of the banquet now rose about them. Voices blended with laughter; the

wine was passing; awkwardness and restraint had given way to good cheer. In a manner they were safe to talk.

"What?" demanded Aaron Burr once more. "Could a few francs transfer all that marvelous country from Spain to France? That were absurd. By what possible title could that region yonder ever come to this republic? It is still more absurd to think that. Civilization does not leap across great river valleys. It follows them. You have said rightly, Señor Yrujo. To my mind Great Britain has laid fair grasp upon the upper West; and Spain holds the lower West, with which our statesmen have interested themselves of late. By all the rights of conquest, discovery, and use, gentlemen, Great Britain's traders have gained for her flag all the territory which they have reached on their Western trading routes. I go with you that far."

Merry turned upon Burr suddenly a deep and estimating eye.

"I begin to see," said he, "that you are open to conviction, Mr. Burr."

"Not open to conviction," said Aaron Burr, "but already convinced!"

"What do you mean, Colonel Burr?" The Englishman bent toward him, frowning in intentness.

"I mean that perhaps I have something to say to you two gentlemen of the foreign courts which will be of interest and importance to you."

"Where, then, could we meet after this is over?"

The minister from Great Britain surely was not beyond close and ready estimate of events.

"At my residence, after this dinner," rejoined Aaron Burr instantly. His eye did not waver as it looked into the other's, but blazed with all the fire of his own soul. "Across the Alleghanies, along the great river, there is a land waiting, ready for strong men. Are we such men, gentlemen? And can we talk freely as such among ourselves?"

Their conversation, carried on in ordinary tones, had not been marked by any. Their brows, drawn sharp in sudden resolution, their glance each to the other, made their ratification of this extraordinary speech.

They had no time for anything further at the moment. A sound came to their ears, and they turned toward the head of the long table, where the tall figure of the

President of the United States was rising in his place. The dinner had drawn toward its close.

Mr. Jefferson now stood, gravely regarding those before him, his keen eye losing no detail of the strange scene. He knew the place of every man and woman at that board—perhaps this was his own revenge for a reception he once had had at London. But at last he spoke.

"I have news for you all, my friends, today; news which applies not to one man nor to one woman of this or any country more than to another, but news which belongs to all the world."

He paused for a moment, and held up in his right hand a tiny scrap of paper, thin, crumpled. None could guess what significance it had.

"May God in His own power punish me," said he, solemnly, "if ever I halt or falter in what I believe to be my duty! I place no bounds to the future of this republic—based, as I firmly believe it to be, upon the enduring principle of the just and even rights of mankind."

"Our country to the West always has inspired me with the extremest curiosity, and animated me with the loftiest hopes. Since the year 1683 that great river, the Mississippi, emptying into the Mississippi, has been looked upon as the way to the Pacific Ocean. One hundred years from that time—that is to say, in 1783—I myself asked one of the ablest of our Westerners, none other than General George Rogers Clark, to undertake a journey of exploration up that Western river. It was not done. Three years later, when accredited to the court at Paris, I met a Mr. Ledyard, an American then abroad. I desired him to cross Russia, Siberia and the Pacific Ocean, and then to journey eastward over the Stony Mountains, to find, if he could, the head of that Missouri River of which we know so little. But Ledyard failed, for reasons best known, perhaps, to the monarch of Russia.

"Later than that, and long before I had the power which now is mine to order matters of the sort, the Boston sailor, Captain Grey, in 1792, as you know, found the mouth of the Columbia River. The very next year after that I engaged the scientist Michaux to explore in that direction; but he likewise failed.

"All my life I have seen what great opportunities would be ours if once we owned

that vast country yonder. As a private citizen I planned that we should at least explore it—always it was my dream to know more of it. It being clear to me that the future of our republic lay not to the east, but to the west of the Alleghanies—indeed, to the west of the Mississippi itself—never have I relinquished the ambition that I have so long entertained. Never have I forgotten the dream which animated me even in my younger years. I am here now to announce to you, so that you may announce to all the world, certain news which I have here regarding that Western region, which never was ours, but which I always wished might be ours.”

With the middle finger of his left hand the President flicked at the mysterious bit of crumpled paper still held aloft in his right. There was silence all down the long table.

“More than a year ago I once more chose a messenger into that country,” went on Thomas Jefferson. “I chose a leader of exploration, of discovery. I chose him because I knew I could trust in his loyalty, in his judgment, in his courage. Well and thoroughly he has fitted himself for that leadership.”

He turned his gaze contemplatively down the long table. The gaze of many of his guests followed him, still wondering, as he went on.

“My leader for this expedition into the West, which I planned more than a year ago, is here with you now. Captain Meriwether Lewis, will you stand up for a moment? I wish to present you to these, my friends.”

With wonder, doubt, and, indeed, a certain perturbation at the President's unexpected summons, the young Virginian rose to his feet and stood gazing questioningly at his chief.

“I know your modesty as well as your courage, Captain Lewis,” smiled Mr. Jefferson. “You may be seated, sir, since now we all know you.

“Let me say to you others that I have had opportunity of knowing intimately my captain of this adventure. In years he is not yet thirty, but he is and always was a leader, mature, wise, calm, and resolved. Of courage undaunted, possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities can divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, and yet steady in

the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country against duplication of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal; of sound understanding, and of a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he shall report will be as certain as if seen by ourselves—with all these qualifications, I say, as if selected and implanted by nature in one body, for one purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding this enterprise—the most cherished enterprise of my administration—to him whom now you have seen here before you.”

The President bowed deeply to the young man, who had modestly resumed his place. Then, for just a moment, Mr. Jefferson stood silent, absorbed, rapt, carried away by his own vision.

“And now for my news,” he said at length. “Here you have it!”

He waved once more the little scrap of paper.

“I had this news from New York this morning. It was despatched yesterday evening. To-morrow it will reach all the world. The mails will bring it to you; but news like this could not wait for the mails. No horse could bring it fast enough. It was brought by a dove—the dove of peace, I trust. Let me explain briefly what my news concerns.

“As you know, that new country yonder belonged at first to any one who might find it—to England, if she could penetrate it first; to Spain, if she were first to put her flag upon it; to Russia, if first she conquered it from the far Northwest. But none of these three ever completed acquisition by those means under which nations take title to the new territories of the world. Louisiana, as we term it, has been unclaimed, unknown, unowned—indeed, virgin territory so far as definite title was concerned.

“In the north, such title as might be was conveyed to Great Britain by France after the latter power was conquered at Quebec. The lower regions France—supposing that she owned them—conveyed, through her monarch, the fifteenth Louis, to Spain. Again, in the policy of nations, Spain sold them to France once more, in a time of need. France owned the territory then, or had the title, though Spain still was in pos-

session. It lay still unoccupied, still contested—until but now.

"My friends, I give you news. On the 2d of May last, Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of France, sold to this republic, the United States of America, all of Louisiana, whatever it may be, from the Mississippi to the Pacific! Here are seven words which carry an empire with them—the empire of humanity—a land in which democracy, humanity, shall expand and grow forever! This is my news:

"General Bonaparte signed May 2—Fifteen millions—Rejoice!"

A deep sigh rose as if in unison all along the table. The event was too large for instant grasping. There was no applause at first. Some—many—did not understand. Not so certain others.

The minister from Great Britain, the minister from Spain, Aaron Burr and a few other men acquainted with great affairs, prominent in public life, turned and looked at the President's tall figure at the head of the table, and then at that of the silent young man whom Mr. Jefferson had publicly honored.

The face of Aaron Burr grew pale. The faces of the foreign ministers showed sudden consternation. Theodosia Alston turned, her own eyes fixed upon the grave face of the young man sitting at her side, who made no sign of the strong emotion possessing his own soul.

"I have given you my news," the voice of Mr. Jefferson went on, rising now, vibrant and masterful, fearless, compelling. "There you have it, this little message, large as any ever written in the world. The title to that Western land has passed to us. We set our seal on it now. Cost what it may, we shall hold it so long as we can claim a flag or a country on this continent. The price is nothing. Fifteen millions means no more than the wine or water left in a half-empty glass. It might be fifty times fifteen millions, and yet not be one fiftieth enough. These things are not to be measured by known signs or marks of values. It is not in human comprehension to know what we have gained. Hence we have no human right to boast. The hand of Almighty God is in this affair! It was He who guided the fingers of those who signed this cession to the United States of America!

"My friends, now I am content. What

remains is but detail. Our duty is plain. Between us and this purpose, I shall hold all intervention of whatever nature, friendly or hostile, as no more than details to be ignored. Yonder lies and has always lain the scene of my own ambition. Always I have hungered to know that vast new land beyond all maps, as yet ignorant of human metes and bounds. Always I have coveted it for this republic, knowing that without room for expansion we must fail, that with it we shall triumph to the edge of our ultimate dream of human destiny—triumph and flourish while governments shall remain known among men.

"I offer that faith to the eyes of the world to-day and of all the days to come, believing in every humility that God guided the hands of those who signed this title-deed of a great empire, and that God long ago implanted in my unworthy bosom the strong belief that one day this might be which now has come to pass. It is no time for boasting, no time for any man to claim glory or credit for himself. We are in the face of events so vast that their margins leave our vision. We cannot see to the end of all this, cannot read all the purpose of it, because we are but men.

"Gentlemen, you Americans, men of heart, of courage! You also, ladies, who care most for gentlemen of heart and courage, whose pulses beat even with our own to the stimulus of our deeds! I say to you all that I would gladly lay aside my office and its honors—I would lay aside all my other ambitions, all my desire to be remembered as a man who at least endeavored to think and to act—if thereby I might lead this expedition of our volunteers for the discovery of the West. That may not be. These slackened sinews, these shrinking limbs, these fading eyes, do not suffice for such a task. It is in my heart, yes; but the heart for this magnificent adventure needs stronger pulses than my own.

"My heart—did I say that I had need of another, a better? Did I say that I had need of eyes and brains, of thews and sinews, of calm nerves and steady blood? Did I say I had need of courage and resolution—all these things combined? I have them! That Providence who has given us all needful instruments and agents to this point in our career as a republic has given us yet another, and the last one needful. To-morrow my friend, my special messenger, Captain Meriwether Lewis, starts with

his expedition. He will explore the country between the Missouri and the Pacific—the country of my dream and his. It is no longer the country of any other power—it is our own!

"Gentlemen, I give you a toast—Captain Meriwether Lewis!"

CHAPTER VI

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY

THE simplicity dinner was at an end. Released by the President's withdrawal, the crowd—it could be called little else—broke from the table. The anteroom filled with struggling guests, excited, gesticulating, exclaiming.

Meriwether Lewis, anxious only to escape from his social duties that he might rejoin his chief, felt a soft hand on his arm, and turned. Theodosia Alston was looking up at him.

"Do you forget your friends so soon? I must add my good wishes. It was splendid, what Mr. Jefferson said—and it was true!"

"I wish it might be true," said the young man. "I wish I might be worthy of such a man."

"You are worthy of us all," returned Theodosia.

"People are kind to the condemned," said he sententiously.

At the door they were once more close to the others of the diplomatic party who had sat in company at table. The usual crush

of those clamoring for their carriages had begun.

"My dear," said Mr. Merry to his irate spouse, "I shall, if Mrs. Alston will permit, ask you to take her up in your carriage with you to her home. I am to go with Mr. Burr."

The Spanish minister made similar excuse to his own wife. Thus Theodosia Alston left Meriwether Lewis for the second time that day.

It was a late conference, the one held that night at the home of the Vice-President of the United States. Burr, cool, calculating, always in hand, sat and weighed many matters well before he committed himself beyond repair. His keen mind saw now, and seized, the advantage for which he waited.

"You say right, gentlemen, both of you," he began, leaning forward. "I would not blame you if you never went to the White House again."

"Should I ever do so again," blazed the Spanish minister, "I will take my own wife in to dinner on my own arm, and place her at the head of the table, where she belongs! It was an insult to my sovereign that we received to-day."

"As much myself, sir!" said Mr. Merry, his brows contracted, his face flushed still with anger. "I shall know how to answer the next invitation which comes from Mr. Jefferson.* I shall ask him whether or not there is to be any repetition of this sort of thing."

"So much for the rule of the plain peo-

*During the following winter Mr. Merry had opportunity to fulfil his threat. In February, 1804, the President again invited him to dine, in the following words:

"Thomas Jefferson asks the favor of Mr. Merry to dine with a small party of friends on Monday, the 13th, at half past three."

Mr. Merry, still smarting all these months, stood on his dignity and addressed his reply to the Secretary of State. Reviewing at some length what seemed to him important events, he added:

"If Mr. Merry should be mistaken as to the meaning of Mr. Jefferson's note, and it should prove that the invitation is designed for him in a public capacity, he trusts that Mr. Jefferson will feel equally that it must be out of his power to accept it, without receiving previously, through the channel of the Secretary of State, the necessary formal assurances of the President's determination to observe toward him those niceties of distinction which have heretofore been shown by the executive government of the United States to the persons who have been accredited as our majesty's ministers."

"Mr. Merry has the honor to request of Mr. Madison to lay this explanation before the President, and to accompany it with the strongest assurances of his highest respect and consideration."

The Secretary of State, who seems to have been acting as social secretary to Mr. Jefferson, without hesitation replied as follows:

"Mr. Madison presents his compliments to Mr. Merry. He has communicated to the President Mr. Merry's note of this morning, and has the honor to remark to him that the President's invitation,

ple!" said Burr, as he laid the tips of his fingers together contemplatively.

"Yet, Colonel Burr, you are Vice-President under this administration!" broke out Merry.

"One must use agencies and opportunities as they offer. My dear sir, perhaps you do not fully know me. I took this election only in order to be close to the seat of affairs. I am no such rabid adherent to democracy as some may think. You would be startled if I told you that I regard this republic as no more than an experiment. This is a large continent. Take all that Western country—Louisiana—it ought not to be called attached to the United States. At this very moment it is half in rebellion against its constituted authorities. More than once it has been ready to take arms, to march against New Orleans, and to set up a new country of its own. It is geography which fights for monarchy, against democracy, on this continent—in spite of what all these people say."

"Sir," said the British minister, "you have been a student of affairs."

"And why not? I claim intelligence, good education, association with men of thought. My reason tells me that conquest is in the blood of those men who settled in the Mississippi Valley. They went into Kentucky and Tennessee for the sake of conquest. They are restless, unattached, dissatisfied—ready for any great move. No move can be made which will seem too great or too daring for them. Now, let me confess somewhat to you—for I know that you will respect my confidence, if you go no further with me than you have gone to-night. I have bought large acreages of land in the lower Louisiana country, ostensibly for colonization purposes. I do purpose colonization there—but not under the flag of this republic!"

Silence greeted his remark. The others sat for a moment, merely gazing at him, half stunned, remembering only that he was Jefferson's colleague, Vice-President of the United States.

"You cannot force geography," resumed Burr, in tones as even as if he had but spoken of bartering for a house and lot.

"Lower Louisiana and Mexico together—yes, perhaps. Florida with us—yes, perhaps. Indeed, territories larger perhaps than any of us dare dream at present, once our new flag is raised. All that I purpose is to do what has been discussed a thousand times before—to unite in a natural alliance of self-interest those men who are sundered in every way of interest and alliance from the government on this side of the Alleghenies. Would you call that treason—conspiracy? I dislike the words. I call it rather a plan based upon sound reason and common sense; and I hold that its success is virtually assured."

"You will explain more fully, Colonel Burr?" Mr. Merry was intent now on all that he heard.

"I march only with destiny, yonder—do you not see, gentlemen?" Burr resumed. "Those who march with me are in alliance with natural events. This republic is split now, at this very moment. It must follow its own fate. If the flag of Spain were west of it on the south, and the flag of Britain west of it on the north, why, then we should have the natural end of the republic's expansion. With those great powers in alliance at its back, with the fleets of England on the seas, at the mouth of the great river—owning the lands in Canada on the north—it would be a simple thing, I say, to crush this republic against the wall of the Appalachians, or to drive it once more into the sea."

They were silent before the enormity of this. Reading their thoughts, Burr raised his hand in deprecation.

"I know what is in your minds, gentlemen. The one thing which troubles you is this—the man who speaks to you is Vice-President of the United States. I say what in your country would be treason. In this country I maintain it is not yet treason, because thus far we are in an experiment. We have no actual reign of reason and of law; and he marches to success who marches with natural laws and along the definite trend of existing circumstances and conditions."

"What you say, Mr. Burr," began Merry gravely, "assuredly has the merit of au-

being in the style used by him in like cases, had no reference to the points of form which will deprive him of the pleasure of Mr. Merry's company at dinner on Monday next.

"Mr. Madison tenders to Mr. Merry his distinguished consideration."

The friction arising out of this and interlocking incidents was part of the unfortunate train of events which later led up to the war of 1812.

dacity. And I see that you have given it thought."

"I interest you, gentlemen! You can go with me only if it be to your interest and to that of your countries to join with me in these plans. They have gone far forward—let me tell you that. I know my men from St. Louis to New Orleans—I know my leaders—I know that population. If this be treason, as Mr. Patrick Henry said, let us make the most of it. At least it is the intention of Aaron Burr. I stake upon it all my fortune, my life, the happiness of my family. Do you think I am sincere?"

Merry sat engaged in thought. He could see vast movements in the game of nations thus suddenly shown before him on the diplomatic board. And on his part it is to be said that he was there to represent the interests of his own government alone.

In the same even tones, Burr resumed his astonishing statements.

"My son-in-law, Mr. Alston, of South Carolina—a very wealthy planter of that State—is in full accord with all my plans. My own resources have been pledged to their utmost, and he has been so good as to add largely from his own. I admit to you that I sought alliance with him deliberately when he asked my daughter's hand. He is an ambitious man, and perhaps he saw his way to the fulfilment of certain personal ambitions. He has contributed fifty thousand dollars to my cause. He will have a place of honor and profit in the new government which will be formed yonder in the Mississippi Valley."

"So, then," began Yrujo, "the financing is somewhat forward! But fifty thousand is only a drop."

"We may as well be plain," rejoined Burr. "Time is short—you know that it is short. We all heard what Mr. Jefferson said—we know that if we are to take action it must be at once. That expedition must not succeed! If that wedge be driven through to the Pacific—and who can say what that young Virginian may do?—your two countries will be forever separated on this continent by one which will wage successful war on both. Swift action is my only hope—and yours."

"Your funds," said Mr. Merry, "seem to me inadequate for the demands which will be made upon them. You said fifty thousand?"

Burr nodded.

"I pledge you as much more—on one condition that I shall name."

Burr turned from Mr. Merry to Señor Yrujo. The latter nodded.

"I undertake to contribute the same amount," said the envoy of Spain, "but with no condition attached."

The color deepened in the cheek of the great conspirator. His eye glittered a trifle more brilliantly.

"You named a certain condition, sir," he said to Merry.

"Yes, one entirely obvious."

"What is it, then, your excellency?" Burr inquired.

"You yourself have made it plain. The infernal ingenuity of yonder Corsican—curse his devilish brain!—has rolled a greater stone in our yard than could be placed there by any other human agency. We could not believe that Napoleon Bonaparte would part with Louisiana thus easily. No doubt he feared the British fleet at the mouth of the river—no doubt Spain was glad enough that our guns were not at New Orleans ere this. But, I say, he rolled that stone in our yard. If title to this Louisiana purchase is driven through to the Pacific—as Mr. Jefferson plans so boldly—the end is written now, Colonel Burr, to all your enterprises! Britain will be forced to content herself with what she can take on the north, and Spain eventually will hold nothing worth having on the south. By the Lord, General Bonaparte fights well—he knows how to sacrifice a pawn in order to checkmate a king!"

"Yes, your excellency," said Burr, "I agree with you, but—"

"And now my condition. Follow me closely. I say if that wedge is driven home—if that expedition of Mr. Jefferson's shall succeed—its success will rest on one factor. In short, there is a man at the head of that expedition who must fight with us and not against us, else my own interest in this matter lacks entirely. You know the man I have in mind."

Burr nodded, his lips compressed.

"That young man, Colonel Burr, will go through! I know his kind. Believe me, if I know men, he is a strong man. Let that man come back from his expedition with the map of a million square miles of new American territory hanging at his belt, like a scalp torn from his foes—and there will be no chance left for Colonel Burr and his friends!"

"All that your excellency has said tallies entirely with our own beliefs," rejoined Burr. "But what then? What is the condition?"

"Simply this—you must have Captain Lewis with us and not against us. I want that man! I must have him. That expedition must never proceed. It must be delayed, stopped. Money was raised twenty years ago in London to make this same sort of journey across the continent, but the plan fell through. Revive it now, and we English still may pull it off. But it will be too late if Captain Lewis goes forward now—too late for us—too late for you and your plan, Mr. Burr. I want that man! We must have him with us!"

Burr sat in silence for a time.

"You open up a singular train of thought for me, your excellency," said he at length. "He does belong with us, that young Virginian!"

"You know him, then?" inquired the British minister. "That is to say, you know him well?"

"Perfectly. Why should I not? He nearly was my son-in-law. Egad! Give him two weeks more, and he might have been—he got the news of my daughter's marriage just too late. It hit him hard. In truth, I doubt if he ever has recovered from it. They say he still takes it hard. Now, you ask me how to get that man, your excellency. There is perhaps one way in which it could be accomplished, and only one."

"How then?" inquired Merry.

"The way of a woman with a man may always be the answer in matters of that sort!" said Aaron Burr.

The three sat and looked each at the other for some time without comment.

"I find Colonel Burr's brain active in all ways!" began Señor Yrujo dryly. "Now I confess that he goes somewhat in advance of mine."

"Listen," said Aaron Burr. "What Mr. Jefferson said of Captain Lewis is absolutely true—his will has never been known to relax or weaken. Once resolved, he cannot change—I will not say he does not, but that he cannot."

"Then even the unusual weapon you suggest might not avail!" Mr. Merry's smile was not altogether pleasant.

"Women would listen to him readily, I think," remarked Yrujo.

"Gallant in his way, yes," said Burr.

"Then what do you mean by saying something about the way of a woman with a man?"

"Only that it is the last remaining opportunity for us," rejoined Aaron Burr. "The appeal to his senses—of course, we will set that aside. The appeal to his chivalry—that is better! The appeal to his ambition—that is less, but might be used. The appeal to his sympathy—the wish to be generous with the woman who has not been generous with him, for the reason that she could not be—here again you have another argument which we may claim as possible."

"You reason well," said Merry. "But, while men are mortal, yonder, if I mistake not, is a gentleman."

"Precisely," said Burr. "If we ask him to resign his expedition we are asking him to alter all his loyalty to his chief—and he will not do that. Any appeal made to him must be to his honor or to his chivalry; otherwise it were worse than hopeless. He would no more be disloyal to my son-in-law, the lady's husband—in case it came to that—than he would be disloyal to the orders of his chief."

"Fie! Fie!" said Yrujo, serving himself with wine from a decanter on the table. "All men are mortal. I agree with your first proposition, Colonel Burr, that the safest argument with a man—with a young man especially, and such a young man—is a woman—and such a woman!"

"One thing is sure," rejoined Burr, flushing. "That man will succeed unless some woman induces him to change—some woman, acting under an appeal to his chivalry or his sense of justice. His reasons must be honest to him. They must be honest to her alike."

Burr added this last virtuously, and Mr. Merry bowed deeply in return.

"That is not only honorable of you, Colonel Burr, but logical."

"That means some sort of sacrifice for him," suggested Yrujo presently. "But some one is sacrificed in every great undertaking. We cannot count the loss of men when nations seek to extend their boundaries and enhance their power. Only the question is, at what sacrifice, through what appeal to his chivalry, can his assistance be carried to us?"

"We have left out of our accounting one factor," said Burr after a time.

"What, then?"

"One factor, I repeat, we have overlooked," said Burr. "That is the wit of a woman! I am purposing to send as our agent with him no other than my daughter, Mrs. Alston. There is no mind more brilliant, no heart more loyal, than hers—nor any soul more filled with ambition! She believes in her father absolutely—will use every resource of her own to upbuild her father's ambitions.* Now, women have their own ways of accomplishing results. Suppose we leave it to my daughter to fashion her own campaign? There is nothing wrong in the relations of these two, but at table to-day I saw his look to her, and hers to him in reply. We are speaking in deep and sacred confidence here, gentlemen. So I say to you, ask no questions of me, and let me ask none of her. Let me only say to her: 'My daughter, your father's success, his life, his fortune—the life and fortune and success of your husband as well—depend upon one event, depend upon you and your ability to stop yonder expedition of Captain Meriwether Lewis into the Missouri country!'"

"When could we learn?" demanded the British minister.

"I cannot say how long a time it may take," Burr replied. "I promise you that my daughter shall have a personal interview with Captain Lewis before he starts for the West."

"But he starts at dawn!" smiled Minister Merry.

"Were it an hour earlier than that, I would promise it. But now, gentlemen, let us come to the main point. If we succeed, what then?"

The British minister was businesslike and definite.

"Fifty thousand dollars at once, out of a special fund in my control. Meantime I

would write at once to my government and lay the matter before them.† We shall need a fleet at the south of the Mississippi River. That will cost money—it will require at least half a million dollars to assure any sort of success in plans so large as yours, Mr. Burr. But on the contingency that she stops him, I promise you that amount. Fifty thousand down—a half-million more when needed."

The dark eye of Aaron Burr flashed.

"Then," said he firmly, "success will meet our efforts—I guarantee it! I pledge all my personal fortune, my friends, my family, to the last member."

"I am for my country," said Mr. Merry simply. "It is plain to see that Napoleon sought to humble us by ceding that great region to this republic. He meant to build up in the New World another enemy to Great Britain. But if we can thwart him—if at the very start we can divide the forces which might later be allied against us—perhaps we may conquer a wider sphere of possession for ourselves on this rich continent. There is no better colonizing ground in all the world!"

"You understand my plan," said Aaron Burr. "Reduced to the least common denominator, Meriwether Lewis and my daughter Theodosia have our fate in their hands."

The others rose. The hour was past midnight. The secret conference had been a long one.

"He starts to-morrow—is that sure?" asked Merry.

"As the clock," rejoined Burr. "She must see him before the breakfast hour."

"My compliments, Colonel Burr. Good night!"

"Good night, sir," added Yrujo. "It has been a strange day."

*It is generally conceded that Theodosia Burr Alston must have been acquainted with her father's most intimate ambitions, and with at least part of the questionable plans by which he purposed to further them. Her blind and unswerving loyalty to him, passing all ordinary filial affection, was a predominant trait of her singular and by no means weak or hesitant character, in which masculine resolution blended so strangely with womanly reserve and sweetness.

†Mr. Merry did so and reported the entire proposition made by Burr. The proposition was that the latter should "lend his assistance to his majesty's government in any manner in which they may think fit to employ him, particularly in endeavoring to effect a separation of the Western part of the United States from that which lies between the mountains in its whole extent."

But though deeply interested in Mr. Burr's conspiracy to separate the Western country, Mr. Merry was not too confiding, for in his message to Mr. Pitt he added the following confidence, showing his own estimate of Burr:

"I have only to add that if strict confidence could be placed in him, he certainly possesses, perhaps in a much greater degree than any other individual in this country, all the talents, energy, intrepidity, and firmness which it requires for such an enterprise."

"Secrecy, gentlemen, secrecy! I hope soon to have more news for you, and good news, too. *Au revoir!*"

Burr himself accompanied them to the door.

CHAPTER VII

COLONEL BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER

ONE instant Aaron Burr sat, his head dropped, revolving his plans. The next, he pulled the bell-cord and paced the floor until he had answer.

"Go at once to Mrs. Alston's rooms, Charles," said he to the servant. "Tell her to rise and come to me at once. Tell her not to wait. Do you hear?"

He still paced the floor until he heard a light *frou-frou* in the hall, a light knock at the door. His daughter entered, her eyes still full of sleep, her attire no more than a loose peignoir caught up and thrown above her night garments.

"What is it, father—are you ill?"

"Far from it, my child," said he, turning, with head erect. "I am alive, well, and happier than I have been for months—years. I need you—come, sit here and listen to me."

He caught her to him with a swift, paternal embrace—he loved no mortal being as he did his daughter—then pushed her tenderly into the deep seat near-by the lamp, while he continued pacing up and down the room, voluble and persuasive, full of his great idea.

The matters which he had but now discussed with the two foreign officials he placed before his daughter. He told her all—except the truth. And Aaron Burr knew how to gild falsehood itself until it seemed the truth.

"Now you have it, my dear," said he. "You see, my ambition to found a country of my own, where a man may have a real ambition. This dirty village here is too narrow a field for talents like yours or mine. Let me tell you, Napoleon has played a great jest with Mr. Jefferson. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States—I am lawyer enough to know that—which will make it possible for Congress to ratify the purchase of Louisiana. We cannot carve new States from that country—it is already settled by the subjects of another government. Hence the expedition of Mr. Lewis must fail—it

must surely fall of its own weight. It is based upon an absurdity. Not even Mr. Jefferson can fly in the face of the supreme laws of the land.

"But as to the Mississippi Valley, matters are entirely different. There is no law against that country's organizing for a better government. There is every natural reason for that. As these States on the East confederated in the cause against oppression, so can those yonder. There will be more opportunity for strong men there when that game is on the board—men like Captain Lewis, for instance. Should one ally one's self with a foredoomed failure? Not at all. I prefer rather success—station, rank, power, money, for myself, if you please. With us—a million dollars for the founding of our new country. With him—for the undertaking of yonder impracticable and chimerical expedition, twenty-five hundred dollars! Which enterprise, think you, will win?"

"But, on the other hand, if that expedition of Mr. Jefferson's should succeed by virtue of accident, or of good leadership, all my plans must fail—that is plain. It comes, therefore, to this, Theo, and I may tell you plainly—Captain Lewis must be seen—he must be stopped—we must hold a conference with him. It would be useless for me to undertake to arrange all that. There is only one person who can save your father's future—and that one, my daughter, is—you!"

He caught Theodosia's look of surprise, her start, the swift flush on her cheek—and laughed lightly.

"Let me explain. Aaron Burr and all his family—all his friends—will reach swift advancement in yonder new government. Power, place—these are the things that strong men covet. That is what the game of politics means for strong men—that is why we fight so bitterly for office. I plan for myself some greater office than second fiddle in this tawdry republic along the Atlantic. I want the first place, and in a greater field! I will take my friends with me. I want men who can lead other men. I want men like Captain Lewis."

"It seems that you value him more now than once you did."

"Yes, that is true, Theo, that is true. I did not favor his suit for your hand at that time. Although he had a modest fortune in Virginia lands, he could not offer you the future assured by Mr. Alston. I was re-

joiced—I admit it frankly—when I learned that young Captain Lewis came just too late, for I feared you would have preferred him. And yet I saw his quality then—Mr. Jefferson sees it—he is a good chooser of men. But Captain Lewis must not advance beyond the Ohio. That is a large task for a woman."

"What woman, father?"

A flush came to her pale cheek. Her father turned to her directly, his own piercing gaze aflame.

"There is but one woman on earth could do that, my daughter! That young man's fate was settled when he looked on that woman—when he looked on you!"

She swiftly turned her head aside, not answering.

"Am I so engaged in affairs that I cannot see the obvious, my dear?" went on the vibrant voice. "Had I no eyes for what went on at my side this very evening, at Mr. Jefferson's dinner-table? Could I fail to observe his look to you—and, yes, am I not sensible to what your eyes said to him in reply?"

"Do you believe that of me—and you my father?"

"I believe nothing dishonorable of you, my dear," said Burr. "Neither could I ask anything dishonorable. But I know what young blood will do. Your eyes said no more than that for me. I know you wish him well—know you wish well for his ambition, his success—am sure you do not wish to see him doomed to failure. What? Would you see his career blighted when it should be but begun?"

"There would be prospects for him?"

"All the prospects in the world! I would place him only second to myself, so highly do I value his talents in an enterprise such as this. Alston's money, but Lewis's brains and courage! They both love you—do I not know?"

Troubled, again she turned her gaze aside.

"Listen, my daughter. That young man is wise—he has no such vast belief in yonder expedition. He is going in desperation, to escape a memory! Is it not true? Tell me—and believe that I am not blind—is not Captain Lewis going into the Missouri country in order to forget a certain woman? And do we not know, my daughter, who that woman is?"

Still her downcast eye gave him no reply.

"Meriwether Lewis yonder among the

savages is a failure. Meriwether Lewis with me is second only to the vice-regent of the lower Louisiana country. Texas, Florida, much of Mexico, will join with us, that is sure. We fight with the great nations of the world, not against them—we fight with the stars in their courses, and not against them.

"Now, you have two pictures, my dear—one of Meriwether Lewis, the wanderer, a broken and hopeless man, living among the savages, a log hut his home, a campfire the only hearth he knows. Picture that hopeless and broken man—condemned to that by yourself, my dear—and then picture that other figure whom you can see rescued, restored to the world, placed by your own hand in a station of dignity and power. Then, indeed, he might forget—he might forgive. Yonder he will forsake his manhood—he will relax his ideals, and go down, step by step, until he shall not think of you again.

"There are two pictures, my daughter. Which do you prefer—what do you decide to do? Shall you condemn him, or shall you rescue him? Forgive your father for having spoken thus plainly. I know your heart—I know your generosity as well as I know your loyalty and ambition. There is no reason, my dear, why, for the sake of your father, for the sake of yourself, *and for the sake of that young man yonder*, you should not go to him immediately and carry my message."

"Could it be possible," she began at length, half musing, "that I, who made Captain Lewis so unhappy, could aid a man like him to reach a higher and better place in life? Could I save him from himself—and from myself?"

"You speak like my own daughter! If that generous wish bore fruit, I think that in the later years of life, for both of you, the reflection would prove not unwelcome. I know, as well as I know anything, that no other woman will ever hold a place in the heart of Meriwether Lewis. There is a memory there which will shut out all other things on earth. We deal now in delicate matters, it is true; but I have been frank with you, because, knowing your loyalty and fairness, knowing your ambition, even-paced with mine, none the less I know your discretion and your generosity as well. You see, I have chosen the best messenger in all the world to advance my own ambition. Indeed, I have chosen the

only one in all the world who might undertake this errand with the slightest prospect of success."

"What can I do, father?"

"In the morning that young man will start. It is now two by the clock. We are late. He will start with the rising sun. It is doubtful if he will see his bed at all to-night."

"You have called me for a strange errand, father," said Theodosia Alston, at length. "So far as my brain grasps these things, I go with you in your plans. I could plan no treachery against this country, nor could you—you are its sworn servant, its high official."

"Treachery? No, it is statesmanship, it is service to mankind!"

"My consent to that, yes. But as to seeing Captain Lewis, there is, as you know, but one way. I go not as Theodosia Burr, but as Mrs. Alston of Carolina. I am a woman of honor; he is a man of honor. No argument on earth would avail with him except such as might be based upon honor and loyalty. Nor would any argument, even if offered by my father, avail otherwise with me."

She turned upon him now the full gaze of her dark eyes, serious, luminous, yet tender, her love for him showing so clearly that he came to her softly, took her hands, caught her to his bosom, and kissed her tenderly.

"Theodosia," said he, "aid me! If the fire of my ambition has consumed me, I have come to you, because I know your love, because I know your loyalty! I have not slept to-night," he added, passing a hand across his forehead.

"There will be no more sleep for me to-night," was her reply.

"You will see him in the morning?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER VIII

THE PARTING

THERE were others in Washington who did not sleep that night. A light burned until sunrise in the little office-room of Thomas Jefferson. Spread upon his desk, covering its litter of unfinished business, lay a large map—a map which to-day would cause any schoolboy to smile, but which at that time represented the wisdom of the world regarding the interior of the great

North American continent. It had served to afford anxious study for two men, these many hours.

"Yonder it lies, Captain Lewis!" said Mr. Jefferson at length. "How vast, how little known! We know our climate and soil here. It is but reasonable to suppose that they exist yonder as they do with us, in some part, at least. If so, yonder are homes for millions now unborn. Had General Bonaparte known the value of that land, he would have fought the world rather than alienate such a region."

The President tapped a long forefinger on the map.

"This, then," he went on, "is your country. Find it out—bring back to me examples of its soil, its products, its vegetable and animal life. Espy out especially for us any strange animals there may be of which science has not yet account. I hold it probable that there may be yonder living examples of the mastodon, whose bones we have found in Kentucky. You yourself may see those enormous creatures yet alive."

Meriwether Lewis listened in silence. Mr. Jefferson turned to another branch of his theme.

"I fancy that some time there will be a canal built across the isthmus that binds this continent to the one below—a canal which shall connect the two great oceans. But that is far in the future. It is for you to spy out the way now, across the country itself. Explore it—discover it—it is our new world."

"A few must think for the many," he went on. "I had to smuggle this appropriation through Congress—twenty-five hundred dollars—the price of a poor Virginia farm! I have tampered with the Constitution itself in order to make this purchase of a country not included in our original territorial lines. I have taken my own chances—just as you must take yours now. The finger of God will be your guide and your protector. Are you ready, Captain Lewis? It is late."

Indeed, the sun was rising over Washington, the mists of morning were reeking along the banks of the Potomac.

"I can start in half an hour," replied Meriwether Lewis.

"Are your men ready, your supplies gathered together?"

"The rendezvous is at Harper's Ferry, up the river. The wagons with the supplies are ready there. I will take boat from here

myself with a few of the men. Not later than to-morrow afternoon I promise that we will be on our way. We burn the bridges behind us, and cross none until we come to them."

"Spoken like a soldier! It is in your hands. Go then!"

There was one look, one hand-clasp. The two men parted; nor did they meet again for years.

Mr. Jefferson did not look from his window to see the departure of his young friend, nor did the latter again call at the door to say good-by. Theirs was indeed a warrior-like simplicity.

The sun still was young when Meriwether Lewis at length descended the steps of the Executive Mansion.

He was clad now for his journey, not in buckskin hunting-garb, but with regard for the conventions of a country by no means free of convention. His jacket was of close wool, belted; his boots were high and suitable for riding. His stock, snowy white—for always Meriwether Lewis was immaculate—rose high around his throat, in spite of the hot summer season, and his hands were gloved. He seemed soldier, leader, officer, and gentleman.

No retinue, however, attended him; no servant was at his side. He went afoot, and carried with him his most precious luggage—the long rifle which he never entrusted to any hands save his own. Close wrapped around the stock, on the crook of his arm, and not yet slung over his shoulder, was a soiled buckskin pouch, which went always with the rifle—the "possible sack" of the wilderness hunter of that time. It contained his bullets, bullet-molds, flints, a bar or two of lead, some tinder for priming, a set of awls.

Such was the leader of one of the great expeditions of the world.

Meriwether Lewis had few good-byes to say. He had written but one letter—to his mother—late the previous morning. It was worded thus:

The day after to-morrow I shall set out for the Western country. I had calculated on the pleasure of visiting you before I started, but circumstances have rendered it impossible. My absence will probably be equal to fifteen or eighteen months.

The nature of this expedition is by no means dangerous. My route will be altogether through tribes of Indians friendly to the United States, therefore I consider the chances of life just as much in my favor as I should conceive them

were I to remain at home. The charge of this expedition is honorable to myself, as it is important to my country.

For its fatigues I feel myself perfectly prepared, nor do I doubt my health and strength of constitution to bear me through it. I go with the most perfect preconception in my own mind of returning safe, and hope, therefore, that you will not suffer yourself to indulge in any anxiety for my safety.

I will write again on my arrival at Pittsburgh. Adieu, and believe me your affectionate son.

No regrets, no weak reflections for this man with a warrior's weapon on his arm—where no other burden might lie in all his years. His were to be the comforts of the trail, the rude associations with common men, the terrors of the desert and the mountain; his fireside only that of the camp. Yet he advanced to his future steadily, his head high, his eye on ahead—a splendid figure of a man.

He did not at first hear the gallop of hoofs on the street behind him as at last, a mile or more from the White House gate, he turned toward the river-front. He was looking at the dull flood of the Potomac, now visible below him; but he paused, something appealing to the strange sixth sense of the hunter, and turned.

A rider, a mounted servant, was beckoning to him. Behind the horseman, driven at a stiff gait, came a carriage which seemed to have but a single occupant. Captain Lewis halted, gazed, then hastened forward, hat in his hand.

"Mrs. Alston!" he exclaimed, as the carriage came up. "Why are you here? Is there any news?"

"Yes, else I could not have come."

"But why have you come? Tell me!"

He motioned the outrider aside, sprang into the vehicle and told the driver to draw a little apart from the main public street. Here he caught up the reins himself, and, ordering the driver to join the footman at the edge of the roadway they had left, turned to the woman at his side.

"Pardon me," said he, and his voice was cold; "I thought I had cut all ties."

"Knit them again for my sake, then, Meriwether Lewis! I have brought you a summons to return."

"A summons? From whom?"

"My father—Mr. Merry—Señor Yrujo. They were at our home all night. We could not—they could not—I could not—bear to see you sacrifice yourself. This expedition can only fail! I implore you not to go

upon it! Do not let your man's pride drive you!"

She was excited, half sobbing.

"It does drive me, indeed," said he simply. "I am under orders—I am the leader of this expedition of my government. I do not understand—"

"At this hour—on this errand—only one motive could have brought me! It is your interest. Oh, it is not for myself—it is for your future."

"Why did you come thus, unattended? There is something you are concealing. Tell me!"

"Ah, you are harsh—you have no sympathy, no compassion, no gratitude! But listen, and I will tell you. My father, Mr. Merry, the Spanish minister, are all men of affairs. They have watched the planning of this expedition. Why fly in the face of prophecy and of Providence? That is what my father says. He says that country can never be of benefit to our Union—that no new States can be made from it. He says the people will pass down the Mississippi River, but not beyond it; that it is the natural line of our expansion—that men who are actual settlers are bound not into the unknown West, but into the well-known South. He begs of you to follow the course of events, and not to fly in the face of Providence."

"You speak well! Go on."

"England is with us, and Spain—they back my father's plans."

He turned now and raised a hand.

"Plans? What plans? I must warn you, I am pledged to my own country's service."

"Is not my father also? He is one of the highest officers in the government of this country."

"You may tell me more or not, as you like."

"There is little more to tell," said she. "These gentlemen have made certain plans of which I know little. My father said to me that Thomas Jefferson himself knows that this purchase from Napoleon cannot be made under the Constitution of the United States—that, given time for reflection, Mr. Jefferson himself will admit that the Louisiana purchase was but a national folly from which this country cannot benefit. Why not turn, then, to a future which offers certainties? Why not come with us, and not attempt the impossible? That is what he said. And he asked me to implore you to pause."

He sat motionless, looking straight ahead, as she went on.

"He only besought me to induce you, if I could, either to abandon your expedition wholly as soon as you honorably might do so, or to go on with it only to such point as will prove it unfeasible and impracticable. Not wishing you to prove traitorous to a trust, these gentlemen wish you to know that they would value your association—that they would give you splendid opportunity. With men such as these, that means a swift future of success for one—for one—whom I shall always cherish warmly in my heart."

The color was full in her face. He turned toward her suddenly, his eye clouded.

"It is an extraordinary matter in every way which you bring for me," he said slowly; "extraordinary that foreigners, not friends of this country, should call themselves the friends of an officer sworn to the service of the republic! I confess I do not understand it. And why send you?"

"It is difficult for me to tell you. But my father knew the antagonism between Mr. Jefferson and himself, and knew your friendship for Mr. Jefferson. He knew also the respect, the pity—oh, what shall I say?—which I have always felt for you—the regard—"

"Regard! What do you mean?"

"I did not mean regard, but the—the wish to see you succeed, to help you, if I could, to take your place among men. I told you that but yesterday."

She was all confusion now. He seemed pitiless.

"I have listened long enough to have my curiosity aroused. I shall have somewhat to ponder—on the trail to the West."

"Then you mean that you will go on?"

"Yes!"

"You do not understand—"

"No! I understand only that Mr. Jefferson has never abandoned a plan or a promise or a friend. Shall I, then, who have been his scholar and his friend?"

"Ah, you two! What manner of men are you that you will not listen to reason? He is high in power. Will you not also listen to the call of your own ambition? Why, in that country below, you might hold a station as proud as that of Mr. Jefferson himself. Will you throw that away, for the sake of a few dried skins and flowers? You speak of being devoted to your country.

What is devotion—what is your country? You have no heart—that I know well; but I credited you with the brain and the ambition of a man!"

He sat motionless under the sting of her reproaches; and as some reflection came to her upon the savagery of her own words, she laughed bitterly.

"Think you that I would have come here for any other man?" she demanded. "Think you that I would ask of you anything to my own dishonor, or to your dishonor? But now you do not listen. You will not come back—even for me!"

In answer he simply bent and kissed her hand, stepped from the carriage, raised his hat. Yet he hesitated for half an instant and turned back.

"Theodosia," said he, "it is hard for me not to do anything you ask of me—you do not know how hard; but surely you understand that I am a soldier and am under orders. I have no option. It seems to me that the plans of your father and his friends should be placed at once before Mr. Jefferson. It is strange they sent you, a woman, as their messenger! You have done all that a woman could. No other woman in the world could have done as much with me. But—my men are waiting for me."

This time he did not turn back again.

Colonel Burr's carriage returned more slowly than it had come. It was a dejected occupant who at last made her way, still at an early hour, to the door of her father's house.

Burr met her at the door. His keen eye read the answer at once.

"You have failed!" said he.

She raised her dark eyes to his, herself silent, mournful.

"What did he say?" demanded Burr.

"Said he was under orders—said you should go to Mr. Jefferson with your plan—said Mr. Jefferson alone could stop him. Failed? Yes, I failed!"

"You failed," said Burr, "because you did not use the right argument with him. The next time *you must not fail*. You must use better arguments!"

Theodosia stood motionless for an instant, looking at her father, then passed back into the house.

"Listen, my daughter," said Burr at length, in his eye a light that she never had known before. "You *must* see that man again, and bring him back into our camp!

We need him. Without him I cannot handle Merry, and without Merry I cannot handle Yrujo. Without them my plan is doomed. If it fails, your husband has lost fifty thousand dollars and all the moneys to which he is pledged beyond that. You and I will be bankrupt—penniless upon the streets, do you hear?—unless you bring that man back. Granted that all goes well, it means half a million dollars pledged for my future by Great Britain herself, half as much pledged by Spain, success and future honor and power for you and me—and him. He *must* come back! That expedition must not go beyond the Mississippi. You ask me what to tell him? Ask him no longer to return to us and opportunity. *Ask him to come back to Theodosia Burr and happiness—do you understand?*"

"Sir," said his daughter, "I think—I think I do not understand!"

He seemed not to hear her—or to toss her answer aside.

"You must try again," said he, "and with the right weapons—the old ones, my dear—the old weapons of a woman!"

CHAPTER IX

MR. THOMAS JEFFERSON

NOT in fifty years, said Thomas Jefferson in the last days of his life, had the sun caught him in bed. On this morning, having said good-by to the man to whose hands he had entrusted the dearest enterprise of all his life, he turned back to his desk in the little office-room, and throughout the long and heated day, following a night spent wholly without sleep, he remained engaged in his usual labors, which were the heavier in his secretary's absence.

He was an old man now, but a giant in frame, a giant in mind, a giant in industry as well. He sat at his desk absorbed, sleepless, with that steady application which made possible the enormous total of his life's work. He was writing in a fine, delicate hand—legible to this day—certain of those thousands of letters and papers which have been given to us as the record of his career.

In what labor was the President of the United States engaged on this particularly eventful day? It seems he found more to do with household matters than with affairs of state. He was making careful accounts of his French cook, his Irish coachman, his

black servants still remaining at his country house in Virginia.

All his life Thomas Jefferson kept itemized in absolute faithfulness a list of all his personal expenses—even to the gratuities he expended in traveling and entertainment. We find, for instance, that "John Cramer is to go into the service of Mr. Jefferson at twelve dollars a month and twopence for drink, two suits of clothes and a pair of boots." It seems that he bought a boot-jack for three shillings; and the cost of countless other household items is as carefully set down.

We may learn from records of this date that in the past year Mr. Jefferson had expended in charity \$1,585.60. He tells us that in the first three months of his Presidency his expenses were \$565.84—and he was wrong ten cents in his addition of the total! In his own hand he sets down "A View of the Consumption of Butchers' Meat from September 6, 1801, to June 12, 1802." He knew perfectly well, indeed, what all his household expenses were, also what it cost him to maintain his stables. He did all this bookkeeping himself, and at the end of each year was able to tell precisely where his funds had gone.

We may note one such annual statement, that of the year ended five months previous to the time when Captain Lewis set forth into the West:

Provisions	\$4,059.98
Wines	1,296.63
Groceries	1,624.76
Fuel	553.68
Secretary	600.00
Servants	2,014.89
Miscellaneous	433.30
Stable	399.06
Dress	246.05
Charities	1,585.60
Pres. House	226.59
Books	497.41
Household expenses	393.00
Monticello—plantation	2,226.45
" —family	1,028.79
Loans	274.00
Debts	529.61
Acquisitions—lands bought	2,156.86
" —buildings	3,567.92
" —carriages	363.75
" —furniture	664.10
Total	\$24,682.45

Mr. Jefferson says in rather shamefaced fashion to his diary:

I ought by this statement to have cash in hand..... \$183.70

But I actually have in hand \$293.00
So that the errors of this statement

amt to..... 109.20

The whole of the nails used for Monticello and smithwork are omitted, because no account was kept of them. This makes part of the error, and the article of nails has been extraordinary this year.

There was a curious accuracy in the analytical tests which Mr. Jefferson applied to all the ordinary transactions of life. It was not enough for him to know exactly how many dollars and cents he had expended; he must know what should be the average result of such expenditures. In the middle of a life of tremendous and marvelously varied activities he finds time to leave for us such records as these:

Mr. Remsen tells me that six cord of hickory last a fireplace well the winter.

Myrtle candles of last year out.

Pd Farren an impudent surcharge for Venetian blinds, 2.66.

Borrowed of Mr. Maddison order on bank for 150d.

Enclosed to D. Rittenhouse, Lieper's note of 238.57d, out of which he is to pay for equatorial instrument for me.

Hitzeimer says that a horse well fed with grain requires 100 lb. of hay, and without grain 130 lb.

T. N. Randolph has had 9 galls. whisky for his harvest.

My first pipe of Termo is out—begun soon after I came home to live from Philadelphia.

Agreed with Robt. Chuning to serve me as overseer at Monticello for £25 and 600 lb. pork. He is to come Dec. 1.

Agreed with — Bohlen to give 300 *livres* *tournois* for my bust made by Ceracchi, if he shall agree to take that sum.

My daughter Maria married this day.

March 16—The first shad at this market to-day.

" 28—The weeping willow shows the green leaf.

April 9—Asparagus come to table.

" 10—Apricots blossom.

" 12—Genl. Thaddeus Kosciusko puts into my hands a Warrant of the Treasury for 3,684.54d to have bills of exchange bought for him.

March 8—Tea out, the pound has lasted exactly 7 weeks, used 6 times a week; this is 8-21 or 4 of an oz. a time for a single person. A pound of tea making 126 cups costs 2d, 126 cups or ounces of coffee—8 lb. cost 1.6.

March 18—On trial it takes 11 dwt. Troy of double refined maple sugar to a dish of coffee, or 1 lb. avoirdupois to 26.5 dishes, so that at 20 cents per lb. it is 8 mills per dish. An ounce of coffee at 20 cents per lb. is 12.5 mills, so that sugar and coffee of a dish is worth 2 cents.

As to the code of official etiquette which we have seen to exist in Washington, the

President himself was responsible for it, for we have, written out in his own delicate hand, the following explicit instructions:

The families of foreign ministers, arriving at the seat of government, receive the first visit from those of the national ministers, as from all other residents. Members of the legislature and of the judiciary, independent of their offices, have a right as strangers to receive the first visit. No title being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence. Difference of grade among the diplomatic members gives no precedence.

At public ceremonies the government invites the presence of foreign ministers and their families. A convenient seat or station will be provided for them, with any other strangers invited, and the families of the national ministers, each taking place as they arrive, and without any precedence.

To maintain the principle of equality, or of pell-mell, and prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the executive will practise at their own houses, and recommend an adherence to the ancient usages of the country of gentlemen in mass giving precedence to the ladies in mass, in passing from one apartment where they are assembled into another.

And so on, through reams and reams of a strange man's life records.

Why should we care to note his curious concern over details? The answer to that question is this—obviously, Thomas Jefferson's estimate of a man must also in all likelihood have been curiously exact. He did not make public to the world his judgment of Colonel Aaron Burr, at that time Vice-President of the United States; but in his diary, written in frankness by himself for himself, he put down the following:

I have never seen Colonel Burr till he became a member of the Senate. His conduct very soon inspired me with distrust. I habitually cautioned Mr. Madison against trusting him too much. I saw that under General W. and Mr. Adams, where a great military appointment or a diplomatic one was to be made, he came post to Philadelphia to show himself, and in fact he was always in the market if they wanted him. He was indeed told by Dayton in 1800 that he might be Secretary at War, but this bid was too late. His election as Vice-President was then foreseen. With these impressions of Colonel Burr, there never has been any intimacy between us, and but little association.

A certain plan of this same Colonel Burr's now went forward in such fashion as involved the loyalty of Meriwether Lewis, the man to whom, of all others of

his acquaintance, Thomas Jefferson gave first place in trust and confidence and friendship—the young man who but now was making his unostentatious departure on the great adventure that they two had planned.

His garb ill-cared-for, his hair unkempt, his face a trifle haggard, working on into the day whose dawn he had seen arise, the tall, gaunt old man set aside first one minor matter, then another, leaving them all exactly finished. At last he wrote down, for later forwarding, the last item of his own knowledge regarding the new country into which he had sent his young friend.

I have received word from Paris that Mr. Broughton, one of the companions of Captain Vancouver, went up the Columbia River one hundred miles in December, 1792. He stopped at a point he named Vancouver. Here the river Columbia is still a quarter of a mile wide. From this point Mount Hood is seen about twenty leagues distant, which is probably a dependency of the Stony Mountains. Accept my affectionate salutations.

This was the last word Meriwether Lewis received from his chief. As the latter finished it, he sat looking out of the window toward that West which meant so much to him.

He did not at first note the interruption of his reverie. Long ago he had made public his announcement that the time of Thomas Jefferson belonged to the public, and that he might be seen at any time by any man. He hesitated now but a moment, therefore, when old Henry, his faithful black, threw open the door and stated simply that there was "a lady wantin' to see Mistah Jef'son."

"Who is she, Henry?" inquired the President of the United States mildly. "I am somewhat busy to-day."

"Tain't no diff'rence, she say—she sho'ly want see Mistah Jef'son."

The tired old man smiled and shrugged his shoulders. A moment later the persistent caller was ushered into the office of the nation's chief executive. He rose courteously to meet her.

It was Theodosia Alston, whom he had known from her childhood. Mr. Jefferson greeted her with his hand outstretched, and, her arm still in his, led her to a seat.

"My dear," said he, "you will pardon our confusion here, I am sure. There are many matters—"

"I know it is an intrusion, Mr. Jeffer-

son," began Theodosia Alston again, her face flushing swiftly. "But you are so good, so kind, so great in your patience that we all take advantage of you. And yet you are so tired," she added impulsively, as she caught sight of his haggard face.

"I was not so fortunate as to find time for sleep last night." He smiled again with humorous, half-twisted mouth.

"Nor was I."

"Tut, tut! No, no, my dear, that sort of thing will not do." He looked at her in silence for some time. "Perhaps, my dear," said he at last, "you come regarding Captain Lewis?"

"How did you know?" she exclaimed, startled.

"Why should I not know?" He pushed his chair so close that he might lay a hand upon her arm. "Listen, Theo, my child. I am an old man, and I am your friend, and his also. I had need to be very blind had I not known long ago what I did know. I am, perhaps, the only confidant of Captain Lewis, and I repose in him confidences that I would venture to no other man; but he is not the sort to speak of such matters. It is only by virtue of exceptional circumstances, my dear, that I know the story of you two."

She was looking straight into his face, her eyes mournful.

"I was glad to send him away, sorely as I miss him. But then, you said, you come to me about him?"

"Yes, after he is gone—knowing all that you say—because I trust your great kindness and your chivalry. I come to ask you to call him back! Oh, Mr. Jefferson, were it any other man in the world but yourself I had not dared come here; but you know my story and his. It is your right to believe that he and I were—that is to say, we might have been—ah, sir, how can I speak?"

"You need not speak, my dear, I know."

"I shall be faithful to my husband, Mr. Jefferson."

The old man nodded.

"Captain Lewis knows that also. He would be the last to wish it otherwise. But, since it was his misfortune to set his regard upon one so fair as yourself, and since fate goes so hard for a strong man like him, then I must admit it needed strong medicine for his case. I sent him away, yes. Would you ask him back—for any cause?"

In turn she laid a small hand upon the President's arm.

"Only for himself—for that reason alone, Mr. Jefferson, and not to change your plans—for himself, because you love him. Oh, sir, even the greatest courts sometimes arrest their judgment if there is new evidence to be introduced. At the last moment justice gives a condemned man one more chance."

"What is it, Theodosia?" he said quietly.

"I do not grasp all this."

"Able men say that this government cannot take advantage of the sale of Louisiana to us by Napoleon—that our Constitution prevents our taking over a foreign territory already populated to make into new States of our own—"

"Good, my learned counsel—say on!"

"Forgive my weak wit—I only try to say this as I heard it, well and plainly."

"As well as any man, my dear! Go on."

"Therefore, even if Captain Lewis does go forward, he can only fail at the last. This is what is said by the Federalists, by your enemies."

"And perhaps by certain of my own party not Federalists—by Colonel Aaron Burr, for instance!" Thomas Jefferson smiled grimly.

"Yes!" She spoke firmly and with courage.

"I cannot pause to inquire what my enemies say, my dear lady. But in what way could this affect our friend, Captain Lewis? He is under orders, on my errand."

"I saw him this very morning—I took my reputation in my hands—I followed him—I urged him, I implored him to stop!"

"Yes? And did he?"

"Not for an instant. Ah, I see you smile! I might have known he would not. He said that nothing but word from you could induce him to hesitate for a moment."

"My dear young lady, I said to Captain Lewis that no report from any source would cause me for an instant to doubt his loyalty to me. If anything could shake him in his loyalty, it would be his regard for you yourself; but since I trust his honor and your own, I do not fear that such a conflict can ever occur!"

She did not reply. After a time the President went on gently.

"My dear, would you wish him to come back—would you condemn him further to the tortures of the damned? And would you halt him while he is trying to do his

duty as a man and a soldier? What benefit to you?"

She drew up proudly.

"What benefit, indeed, to me? Do you think I would ask this for myself? No, it was for *him*—it was for *his* welfare only that I dared to come to you. And you will not hear new evidence?"

But now she was speaking to Thomas Jefferson, the President of the United States, man of affairs as well, man of firm will and clear-cut decision.

"Madam," said he, coldly, "in this office we do a thing but once. Had I condemned yonder young man to his death—and perhaps I have—I would not now reconsider that decision. I would not speak so long as this over it, did I not know and love you both—yes, and grieve over you both; but what is written is written."

His giant hand fell lightly, but with firmness, on the desk at his side. The inexorableness of a great will was present in the room as an actual thing. Tears swam in her eyes.

"You would not hear what was the actual cause of my wish for him—"

"No, my dear! We have made our plans."

"There are other plans afoot these days, Mr. Jefferson."

"Tut, tut! Are you my enemy, too? Oh, yes, I know there are enemies enough in wait for me and my administration on every side. Yes, I know a plan—I know of many such. But one thing also I do know, madam, and it is this—not all the enemies on this earth can alter me one iota in this undertaking on which I have sent Captain Lewis. As against that magnificent adventure there is nothing can be offered as an offset, nothing that can halt it for an instant. No reward to him or me—nay, no reward to any other human being—shall stop his advancement in that purpose which he shares with me. If he fails, I fail with him—and all my life as well!"

She rose now, calm before the imperious quality of his nature, so unlike his former gentleness.

"You refuse, then, Mr. Jefferson? You will not reopen this case?"

"I refuse nothing to you gladly, my dear lady. But you have seen him—you have tested him. Did he turn back? Shall I, his friend and his chief, halt him at such a time? Now that were the worst kindness to him in the world. And I am convinced

that you and I both plan only kindness for him."

Suddenly he saw the tears in her eyes. At once he was back again, the courteous gentleman.

"Do not weep, Theodosia, my child," said he. "Let me kiss you, as your father or your grandfather would—one who holds you tenderly in his heart. Forgive me that I pass sentence on you both, but you must part—you must not ask him back. There now, my dear, do not weep, or you will make me weep. Let me kiss you for him—and let us all go on about our duties in the world. My dear, good-by! You must go."

CHAPTER X

THE THRESHOLD OF THE WEST

MERIWETHER LEWIS, having put behind him one set of duties, now addressed himself to another, and did so with care and thoroughness. A few of his men, a part of his outfitting, he found already assembled at Harper's Ferry, up the Potomac. Before sunset of the first day the little band knew they had a leader.

There was not a knife or a tomahawk of the entire equipment which he himself did not examine—not a rifle which he himself did not personally test. He went over the boxes and bales which had been gathered here, and saw to their arrangement in the transport-wagons. He did all this without bluster or officiousness, but with the quiet care and thoroughness of the natural leader of men.

In two days they were on their way across the Alleghanies. A few days more of steady travel sufficed to bring them to Pittsburgh, the head of navigation on the Ohio River, and at that time the American capital in the upper valley of the West. At Pittsburgh Captain Lewis was to build his boats, to complete the details of his equipment, to take on additional men for his party—now to be officially styled the Volunteers for the Discovery of the West. He lost no time in urging forward the necessary work.

The young adventurer found this inland town half maritime in its look. Its shores were lined with commerce suited to a seaport. Schooners of considerable tonnage lay at the wharfs, others were building in the busy shipyards. The destination of these craft obviously was down the Mis-

issippi, to the sea. Here were vessels bound for the West Indies, bound for Philadelphia, for New York, for Boston—carrying the products of this distant and little-known interior.

As he looked at this commerce of the great West, pondered its limitations, saw its trend with the down-slant of the perpetual roadway to the sea, there came to the young officer's mind with greater force certain arguments that had been advanced to him.

He saw that here was the heart of America, realized how natural was the insistence of all these hardy Western men upon the free use of the Mississippi and its tributaries. He easily could agree with Aaron Burr that, had the fleet of Napoleon ever sailed from Haiti—had Napoleon ever done otherwise than to cede Louisiana to us—then these boats from the Ohio and the Mississippi would at this very moment, perhaps, be carrying armed men down to take New Orleans, as so often they had threatened.

There came, however, to his mind not the slightest thought of alteration in his own plans. With him it was no question of what might have been, but of what actually was. The cession by Napoleon had been made, and Louisiana was ours. It was time to plot for expeditions, not down the great river, but across it, beyond it, into that great and unknown country that lay toward the farther sea.

The keen zest of this vast adventure came to him as a stimulus—the feel of the new country was as the breath of his nostrils. His bosom swelled with joy as he looked out toward that West which had so long allured him—that West, of which he was to be the discoverer. The carousing riffraff of the wharfs, the flotsam and jetsam of the river trade, were to him but passing phenomena. He shouldered his way among them indifferently. He walked with a larger vision before his eyes.

Now, too, he had news—good news, fortunate news, joyous news—none less than the long-delayed answer of his friend, Captain William Clark, to his proposal that he should associate himself with the Volunteers for the Discovery of the West. Misspelled, scrawled, done in the hieroglyphics which marked that remarkable gentleman, William Clark's letter carried joy to the heart of Meriwether Lewis. It cemented one of the most astonishing partnerships ever known

among men, one of the most beautiful friendships of which history leaves note. I give the strange epistle in Clark's own spelling:

DEAR MERNE:

Yours to hand touching upon the Expedition into the Missouri Country, & I send this by special bote up the river to mete you at Pts'brgh, at the Foarks. You convey a moast welcome and appreciated invitation to join you in an Enterprise conjenial to my Every thought and Desire. It will in all likelyhood require at least a year to make the journey out and Return, but although that means certain Sacrifices of a personal sort, I hold such far less than the pleasure to enlist with you, wh. indeed I hold to be my duty aliso.

I need not say how content I am to be associated with the man moast of all my acquaintance apt to achieve Success in an undertaking of so difficult and pelous nature. As you know, it is in the wilderness men are moast severaly tried, and there we know a man. I have seen you so tried, and I Know what you are. I am proud that you apeare to hold me and my own qualities in like confident trust and belief, and I shall hope to merit no alteration in your Judgment.

There is no other man I would go with on such an undertaking, nor consider it seriously, although the concern of my family largely has been with things military and adventurous, and we are not new to life among Savidges. Too well I know the dangers of bad leadership in such affairs, yes and my brother, the General, also, as the story of Detroit and the upper Ohio country could prove. All of that country should have been ours from the first, and only lack of courage lost it so long to us.

You are so kind as to offer me a place equal in command with you—I accept not because of the Rank, which is no moving consideration, eather for you or for me—but because I see in the jenerosity of the man proposing such a division of his own Honors, the best assurance of success.

You will find me at or near the Falls of the Ohio awaiting the arrival of your party, which I taik it will be in early August or the Midel of that month.

Pray convey to Mr. Jefferson my humble and obedient respects, and thanks for this honor wh. I shall endeavor to merit as best lies within my powers.

With all affec'n, I remain,

Your friend,

WM. CLARK.

P. S.—God alone knows how mutch this all may mean to You and me, Merne—WILL.

Clark, then, was to meet him at the Falls of the Ohio, and he, too, counseled haste. Lewis drove his drunken, lazy workmen in the shipyards as hard as he might, week

after week, yet found six weeks elapsed before at last he was in any wise fitted to set sail. The delay fretted him, even though he received word from his chief bidding him not to grieve over the possible loss of a season in his start, but to do what he might and to possess his soul in patience and in confidence.

Recruits of proper sort for his purposes did not grow on trees, he found, but he added a few men to his party now and then, picking them slowly, carefully. One morning, while engaged in his duties of supervising the work in progress at the shipyards, he had his attention attracted to a youth of some seventeen or eighteen years, who stood, cap in hand, at a little distance, apparently too timid to accost him.

"What is it, my son?" said he. "Did you wish to see me?"

The boy advanced, smiling.

"You do not know me, sir. My name is Shannon—George Shannon. I used to know you when you were stationed here with the army. I was a boy then."

"You are right—I remember you perfectly. So you are grown into a strapping young man, I see!"

The boy twirled his cap in his hands.

"I want to go along with you, captain," said he shyly.

"What? You would go with me—do you know what is our journey?"

"No. I only hear that you are going up the Missouri, beyond St. Louis, into new country. They say there are buffalo there, and Indians. 'Tis too quiet here for me—I want to see the world with you."

The young leader, after his fashion, stood silently regarding the other for a time. An instant served him.

"Very well, George," said he. "If your parents consent, you shall go with me. Your pay will be such that you can save somewhat, and I trust you will use it to complete your schooling after your return. There will be adventure and a certain honor in our undertaking. If we come back successful, I am persuaded that our country will not forget us."

And so that matter was completed. Strangely enough, as the future proved, were the fortunes of these two to intermingle. From the first, Shannon attached himself to his captain almost in the capacity of personal attendant.

At last the great bateau lay ready, launched from the docks and moored

alongside the wharf. Fifty feet long it was, with mast, tholes, and walking-boards, for the arduous up-stream work. It had received a part of its cargo, and soon all was in readiness for the start.

On the evening of that day Lewis sat down to pen a last letter to his chief. He wrote in the little office-room of the inn where he was stopping, and for a time he did not note the presence of young Shannon, who stood, as usual, silent until his leader might address him.

"What is it, George?" he asked at length, looking up.

"Some one waiting to see you, sir—they are in the parlor. They sent me—"

"They? Who are they?"

"I don't know, sir. She asked me to come for you."

"She? Who is she?"

"I don't know, sir. She spoke to her father. They are in the room just across the hall, sir."

The face of Meriwether Lewis was pale when presently he opened the door leading to the apartment which had been indicated. He knew, or thought he knew, who this must be. But why—why?

The interior was dim. A single lamp of the inefficient sort then in use served only to lessen the gloom. Presently, however, he saw awaiting him the figure he had anticipated. Yes, it was she herself. Almost his heart stood still.

Theodosia Alston arose from the spot where she sat in the deeper shadows, and came forward to him. He met her, his hands outstretched, his pulse leaping eagerly in spite of his reproofs. He dreaded, yet rejoiced.

"Why are you here?" he asked at length.

"My father and I are on a journey down the river to visit Mr. Blennerhasset on his island. You know his castle there?"

"Why is it that you always come to torment me the more? Another day and I should have been gone!"

"Torment you, sir?"

"You rebuke me properly. I presume I should have courage to meet you always—to speak with you—to look into your eyes—to take your hands in mine. But I find it hard, terribly hard! Each time it is worse—because each time I must leave you. Why did you not wait one day?"

She made no reply. He fought for his self-control.

"Mr. Jefferson, how is he?" he demanded at length. "You left him well?"

"Unchangeable as flint. You said that only the order of your chief could change your plans. I sought to gain that order—I went myself to see Mr. Jefferson, that very day you started. He said that nothing could alter his faith in you, and that nothing could alter the plan you both had made. He would not call you back. He ordered me not to attempt to do so; but I have broken the President's command. You find it hard! Do you think this is not hard for me also?"

"These are strange words. What is your motive? What is it that you plan? Why should you seek to stop me when I am trying to blot your face out of my mind? Strange labor is that—to try to forget what I hold most dear!"

"You shall not leave my face behind you, Captain Lewis!" she said suddenly.

"What do you mean, Theodosia? What is it?"

"You shall see me every night under the stars, Meriwether Lewis. I will not let you go. I will not relinquish you!"

He turned swiftly toward her, but paused as if caught back by some mighty hand.

"What is it?" he said once more, half in a whisper. "What do you mean? Would you ruin me? Would you see me go to ruin?"

"No! To the contrary, shall I allow you to hasten into the usual ruin of a man? If you go yonder, what will be the fate of Meriwether Lewis? You have spoken beautifully to me at times—you have awakened some feeling of what images a woman may make in a man's heart. I have been no more to you than any woman is to any man—the image of a dream. But, that being so beautiful, ought I to allow you to turn it to ruin? Shall I let you go down in savagery? Ah, if I thought I were relinquishing you to that, this would be a heavy day for me!"

"Can you fancy what all this means to me?" he broke out hoarsely.

"Yes, I can fancy. And what for me? So much my feeling for you has been—oh, call it what you like—admiration, affection, maternal tenderness—I do not know what—but so much have I wished, so much have I planned for your future in return for what you have given me—ah, I do not dare tell you! I could not dare come here if I did not know that I was never to see or speak

to you again. It tears my heart from my bosom that I must say these things to you. I have risked all my honor in your hands. Is there no reward for that? Is my recompense to be only your assertion that I torment you, that I torture you? What? Is there no torture for me as well? The thought that I have done this covertly, secretly—what do you think that costs me?"

"Your secret is absolutely safe with me, Theodosia. No, it is not a secret! We have sworn that neither of us would lay a secret upon the other. I swear that to you once more."

"And yet you upbraid me when I say I cannot give you up to any fate but that of happiness and success—oh, not with me, for that is beyond us two—it is past forever. But happiness—"

"There are some words that burn deep," he said slowly. "I know that I was not made for happiness."

"Does a woman's wish mean nothing to you? Have I no appeal for you?"

Something like a sob was torn from his bosom.

"You can speak thus with me?" he said huskily. "If you cannot leave me happiness, can you not at least leave me partial peace of mind?"

She stood slightly swaying, silent.

"And you say you will not relinquish me, you will not let me go to that fate which surely is mine? You say you will not let me be savage? I say I am too nearly savage now. Let me go—let me go yonder into the wilderness, where I may be a gentleman!"

He saw her movement as she turned, heard her sigh.

"Sometimes," she said, "I have thought it worth a woman's life thrown away, that a strong man may succeed. Failure and sacrifice a woman may offer—not much more. But it is as my father told me!"

"He told you what?"

"That only chivalry would ever make you forget your duty—that you never could be approached through your weakness, but only through your strength, through your honor. I cannot approach you through your strength, and I would not approach you through your weakness, even if I could. No! Wait. Perhaps some day it will all be made clear for both of us, so that we may understand. Yes, this is torture for us both!"

He heard the soft rustle of her gown, her

light footfall as she passed; and once more he was alone.

CHAPTER XI

THE TAMING OF PATRICK GASS

"SHANNON, go get the men!"

It was midnight. For more than an hour Meriwether Lewis had sat, his head drooped in silence.

"We are going to start?" Shannon's face lightened eagerly. "We'll be off at sunup?"

"Before that. Get the men—we'll start now. I'll meet you at the wharf."

Eager enough, Shannon hastened away on his midnight errand. Within an hour every man of the little party was at the water-front, ready for departure. They found their leader walking up and down, his head bent, his hands behind him.

It was short work enough, the completion of such plans as remained unfinished. The great keel-boat lay completed and equipped at the wharf. The men lost little time in stowing such casks and bales as remained unshipped. Shannon stepped to his chief.

"All's aboard, sir," said he. "Shall we cast off?"

Without a word Lewis nodded and made his way to his place in the boat. In the darkness, without a shout or a cheer to mark its passing, the expedition was launched on its long journey.

Slowly the boat passed along the water-front of Pittsburgh town. Here rose gauntly, in the glare of torch or camp-fire, the mast of some half-built schooner. House-boats were drawn up or anchored along-shore, long pirogues lay moored or beached, or now and again a giant broadhorn, already partially loaded with household goods, common carrier for that human flood passing down the great waterway, stood out blacker than the shadows in which it lay.

Here and there camp-fires flickered, each the center of a ribald group of the hardy river-men. Through the night came sounds of roistering, songs, shouts. Arrested, pent, dammed up, the lusty life of that great waterway leading into the West and South scarce took time for sleep.

The boat slipped on down, now crossing a shaft of light flung on the water from some lamp or fire, now blending with the ghostlike shadows which lay in the moonless night. It passed out of the town itself,

and edged into the shade of the forest that swept continuously for so many leagues on ahead.

"Hello, there!" called a voice through the darkness, after a time. "Who goes there?"

The splash of a sweep had attracted the attention of some one on shore. The light of a camp-fire showed.

Every one in the boat looked at the leader, but none vouchsafed a reply to the hail.

"Ahoy there, the boat!" insisted the same voice.

"Shall I fire on yez to make yez answer a civil question? Come ashore wance—I can lick the best of yez in three minutes, or me name's not Patrick Gass!"

The captain of the boat turned slowly in his seat, casting a glance over his silent crew.

"Set in!" said he, sharply and shortly.

Without a word they obeyed, and with oar and steering-sweep the great craft slowly swung inshore.

Lewis stepped from the boat, and, not waiting to see whether he was followed—as he was by all of his men—strode on up the bank into the circle of light made by the camp-fire. About the fire lay a dozen or more men of the hardest of the river type, which was saying quite enough; for of all the lawless and desperate characters of the frontier, none have ever surpassed in reckless audacity and truculence the men of the old boat trade of the Ohio and the Mississippi.

These fellows lay idly looking at Lewis as he entered the light, not troubling to accost him.

"Who hailed us?" demanded the latter shortly.

"Begorra, 'twas me," said a short, strongly built man, stepping forward from the other side of the fire.

Clad in loose shirt and trousers, like most of his comrades, he showed a powerful man, a shock of reddish hair falling over his eyes, a bull-like neck rising above his open shirt in such fashion that the size of his shoulder muscles might easily be seen.

"'Twas me hailed yez, and what of it?"

"That is what I came ashore to learn," said Meriwether Lewis. "We are about our business. What concern is that of yours? I am here to learn."

"Yez can learn, if ye're so anxious," replied the other. "'Tis me have got three

drinks of Monongahaly in me that says I can whip you or anny man of your boat. And if that ain't cause for ye to come ashore, 'tis no fighting man ye are, an' I'll say that to your face!"

It was the accepted fashion of challenge known anywhere along two thousand miles of waterway at that time, in a country where physical prowess and readiness to fight were the sole tests of distinction. Wo to the man who evaded such an issue, once it was offered to him!

The speaker had stepped close to Lewis—so close that the latter did not need to advance a foot. Instead, he held his ground, and the challenger, accepting this as a sign of willingness for battle, rushed at him, with the evident intent of a rough-and-tumble grapple after the fashion of his kind. To his surprise, he was held off by the leveled forearm of his opponent, rigid as a bar against his throat.

At this rebuff he roared like a bull, and, breaking back, rushed in once more, his giant arms flailing. Lewis swung back half a step, and then, so quickly that none saw the blow, but only its result was visible, he shifted on his feet, leaned into his thrust, and smote the joyous challenger so fell a stroke in the throat as laid him quivering and helpless. The brief fight was ended all too soon to suit the wishes of the spectators, used to more prolonged and bloodier encounters.

A sort of gasp, a half roar of surprise and anger, came from the group upon the ground. Some of the party rose to their feet menacingly. They met the silent front of the boat party, the clicking of whose well-oiled rifle-locks offered the most serious of warnings.

The sudden appearance of these visitors, so silent and so prompt—the swift act of their leader, without threat, without warning—the instant readiness of the others to back their leader's initiative—caught every one of these rude fighting men in the sudden grip of surprise. They hesitated.

"I am no fighting man," said Meriwether Lewis, turning to them; "yet neither may I be insulted by any lout who chooses to call me ashore to thrash him. Do you think that an officer of the army has no better business than that? Who are you that would stop us?"

The group fell back muttering, lacking concerted action. What might have occurred in case they had reached their arms

was prevented by the action of the party of the first part in this *rencontre*—of the second part, perhaps, he might better have been called. The fallen warrior sat up, rubbing his throat; he struggled to his knees, and at length stood. There was something of rude river chivalry about him, after all.

"An officer, did ye say?" said he. "Oh, wirra! What have I done now, and me a soldier! But ye done it fair! And ye niver wance gouged me nor jumped on me whin I was down! Begorrah, I felt both me eyes to see if they was in! Ye done it fair, and ye're an officer and a gentleman, whoever ye be. I'd like to shake hands with ye!"

"I am not shaking hands with ruffians who insult travelers," Captain Lewis sternly rejoined; but he saw the crestfallen look which swept over the strong face of the other. "There, man," said he, "since you seem to mean well!"

He shook hands with his opponent, who, stung by the rebuke, now began to snifle.

"Sor," said he, "I am no ruffian. I am a soldier meself, and on me way to join me company at Kaskasky, down below. Me time was out a while back, and I came East to the States to have a bit av a fling before I enlisted again. Now, what money I haven't give to me parents I've spint like a man. I have had me fling for a while, and I'm goin' back to sign on again. Sor, I am a sergeant and a good wan, though I do say it. Me record is clean. I am Patrick Gass, first sergeant of the Tinth Dragoons, the same now stationed at Kaskasky. Though ye are not in uniform, I know well enough ye are an officer. Sor, I ask yer pardon—'twas only the whisky made me feel sportin' like at the time, do ye mind?"

"Gass, Patrick Gass, you said?"

"Yis, sor, of the Tinth. Barrin' me love for fightin' I am a good soldier. There are stripes on me sleeves be rights, but me old coat's hangin' in the barracks down below."

Lewis stood looking curiously at the man before him, the power of whose grip he had felt in his own. He cast an eye over his erect figure, his easy and natural dropping into the position of the soldier.

"You say the Tenth?" said he briefly. "You have been with the colors? Look here, my man, do you want to serve?"

"I am going right back to Kaskasky for it, sor."

"Why not enlist with us? I need men. We are off for the West, up the Missouri—

for a long trip, like enough. You seem a well-built man, and you have seen service. I know men when I see them. I want men of courage and good temper. Will you go?"

"I could not say, sor. I would have to ask leave at Kaskasky. I gave me word I'd come back after I'd had me fling here in the East, ye see."

"I'll take care of that. I have full authority to recruit among enlisted men."

"Excuse me, sor, ye are sayin' ye are goin' up the Missouri? Then I know yez—yez are the Captain Lewis that has been buildin' the big boat the last two months up at the yards—Captain Lewis from Washington."

"Yes, and from the Ohio country before then—and Kentucky, too. I am to join Captain Clark at the Point of Rocks on the Ohio. I need another oar. Come, my man, we are on our way. Two minutes ought to be enough for you to decide."

"I'll need not the half of two!" rejoined Patrick Gass promptly. "Give me leave of my captain, and I am with yez! There is nothin' in the world I'd liever see than the great plains and the buffalo. 'Tis fond of travel I am, and I'd like to see the ind of the world before I die."

"You will come as near seeing the end of it with us as anywhere else I know," rejoined Lewis quietly. "Get your war-bag and come aboard."

In this curious fashion Patrick Gass of the army—later one of the journalists of the expedition, and always one of its most faithful and efficient members—signed his name on the rolls of the Lewis and Clark expedition.

There was not one of the frontiersmen in the boat who had any comment to make upon any phase of the transaction; indeed, it seemed much in the day's work to them. But from that instant every man in the boat knew he had a leader who could be depended upon for prompt and efficient action in any emergency; and from that moment, also, their leader knew he could depend on his men.

"I have nothing to complain of," said Patrick Gass, addressing his new friends impartially, as he shifted his belongings to suit him and took his place at a rowing seat. "I have nothing to complain of. I've been sayin' I would like to have one more rale fight before I enlisted—the army is too tame for a fellow of rale spirit. None o'

thim at the camp yonder, where I was two days, would take it on with me after the first day. I was fair longin' for something to interest me—and bejabbers, I found it! Now I am continted to ind me vacation and come back to the monotony of business life."

The boat advanced steadily enough thereafter throughout the night. They pulled ashore at dawn, and, after the fashion of experienced travelers, were soon about the business of the morning meal.

The leader of the party drew apart for the morning plunge which was his custom. Cover lacking on the bare bar where they had landed, he was not fully out of sight when at length, freshened by his plunge, he stood drying himself for dressing. Unconsciously, his arm extended, he looked for all the world the very statue of the young Apoxyomenos of the Vatican—the finest figure of a man that the art of antiquity has handed down to us.

As that smiling youth out of the past stood, scraper in hand, drying himself after the games, so now stood this young American, type of a new race, splendid as the Greeks themselves in the immortal beauty of life. His white body shining in the sun, every rolling muscle plainly visible—even that rare muscle over the hip beloved of the ancients, but now forgotten of sculptors, because rarely seen on a man to-day—so comely was he, so like a god in his clean youth, that Patrick Gass, unhampered by backwardness himself, turned to his new companions, whom already he addressed each by his first name.

"George," said he to young Shannon, "George, saw ye ever the like of yon? What a man! Lave I had knowed he could strip like yon, niver would I have taken the chance I did last night. 'Tis wonder he didn't kill me—in which case I'd niver have had me job. The Lord loves us Irish, anny way you fix it!"

CHAPTER XII

CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK

"WILL!"

"Merne!"

The two young men gripped hands as the great bateau swung inshore at the Point of Rocks on the Kentucky side of the Ohio. They needed not to do more, these two. The face of each told the other what he

felt. Their mutual devotion, their generosity and unselfishness, their unflagging unity of purpose, their perfect manly comradeship—what wonder so many have called the story of these two more romantic than romance itself?

"It has been long since we met, Will," said Meriwether Lewis. "I have been eating my heart out up at Pittsburgh. I got your letter, and glad enough I was to have it. I had been fearing that I would have to go on alone. Now I feel as if we already had succeeded. I cannot tell you—but I don't need to try."

"And you, Merne," rejoined William Clark—Captain William Clark, if you please, border fighter, leader of men, one of a family of leaders of men, tall, gaunt, red-headed, blue-eyed, smiling, himself a splendid figure of a man—"you, Merne, are a great man now, famous there in Washington! Mr. Jefferson's right-hand man—we hear of you often across the mountains. I have been waiting for you here, as anxious as yourself."

"The water is low," complained Lewis, "and a thousand things have delayed us. Are you ready to start?"

"In ten minutes—in five minutes. I will have my boy York go up and get my rifle and my bags."

"Your brother, General Clark, how is he?"

William Clark shrugged with a smile which had half as much sorrow as mirth in it.

"The truth is, Merne, the general's heart is broken. He thinks that his country has forgotten him."

"Forgotten him? From Detroit to New Orleans—we owe it all to George Rogers Clark. It was he who opened the river from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. He'll not need, now, to be an ally of France again. Once more a member of your family will be in at the finding of a vast new country!"

"Merne, I've sold my farm. I got ten thousand dollars for my place—and so I am off with you, not with much of it left in my pockets, but with a clean bill and a good conscience, and some of the family debts paid. I care not how far we go, or when we come back. I thank Mr. Jefferson for taking me on with you. 'Tis the gladdest time in all my life!"

"We are share and share alike, Will," said his friend Lewis, soberly. "Tell me,

can we get beyond the Mississippi this fall, do you think?"

"Doubtful," said Clark. "The Spanish of the valley are not very well reconciled to this Louisiana sale, and neither are the French. They have been holding all that country in partnership, each people afraid of the other, and both showing their teeth to us. But I hear the commission is doing well at St. Louis, and I presume the transfer will be made this fall or winter. After that they cannot stop us from going on. Tell me, have you heard anything of Colonel Burr's plan? There have come new rumors of the old attempt to separate the West from the government at Washington, and he is said to have agents scattered from St. Louis to New Orleans."

He did not note the sudden flush on his friend's face—indeed, gave him no time to answer, but went on, absorbed in his own executive details.

"What sort of men have you in your party, Merne?"

"Only good ones, I think. Young Shannon and an army sergeant by the name of Gass, Patrick Gass—they should be very good men. I brought on Collins from Maryland and Pete Weiser from Pennsylvania, also good stuff, I think. McNeal, Potts, Gibson—I got those around Carlisle. We need more men."

"I have picked out a few here," said Clark. "You know Kentucky breeds explorers. I have a good blacksmith, Shields, and Bill Bratton is another blacksmith—either can tinker a gun if need be. Then I have John Coalter, an active, strapping chap, and the two Fields boys, whom I know to be good men; and Charlie Floyd, Nate Pryor, and a couple of others—Warner and Whitehouse. We should get the rest at the forts around St. Louis. I want to take my boy York along—a negro is always good-natured under hardship, and a laugh now and then will not hurt any of us."

Lewis nodded assent.

"Your judgment of men is as good as mine, Will. But come, it is September, and the leaves are falling. All my men have the fall hunt in their blood—they will start for any place at any moment. Let us move. Suppose you take the boat on down, and let me go across, horseback, to Kaskaskia. I have some business there, and I will try for a few more recruits. We must have fifty men."

"Nothing shall stop us, Merne, and we cannot start too soon. I want to see fresh grass every night for a year. But you—how can you be content to punish yourself for so long? For me, I am half Indian; but I expected to have heard long ago that you were married and settled down as a Virginia squire, raising tobacco and negroes, like any one else. Tell me, how about that old affair of which you once used to confide to me when we were soldiering together here, years back? 'Twas a fair New York maid, was it not? From what you said I fancied her quite without comparison, in your estimate, at least. Yet here you are, vagabonding out in a country where you may be gone for years—or never come back at all, for all we know. Have a care, man—pretty girls do not wait!"

As he spoke, so strange a look passed over his friend's face that William Clark swiftly put out a hand.

"What is it, Merne? Pardon me! Did she—not wait?"

His companion looked at him gravely.

"She married, something like three years ago. She is the wife of Mr. Alston, a wealthy planter of the Carolinas, a friend of her father and a man of station. A good marriage for her—for him—for both."

The sadness of his face spoke more than his words to his warmest friend, and left them both silent for a time. William Clark ceased breaking bark between his fingers and flipping away the pieces.

"Well, in my own case," said he at length, "I have no ties to cut. 'Tis as well—we shall have no faces of women to trouble us on our trails out yonder. They don't belong there, Merne—the ways of the trappers are best. But we must not talk too much of this," he added. "I'll see you yet well settled down as a Virginia squire—your white hair hanging down on your shoulders and a score of grandchildren about your knees to hamper you."

William Clark meant well—his friend knew that; so now he smiled, or tried to smile.

"Merne," the red-headed one went on, throwing an arm across his friend's shoulders, "pass over this affair—cut it out of your heart. Believe me, believe me, the friendship of men is the only one that lasts. We two have eaten from the same pannikin, slept under the same bear-robe before now—we still may do so. And look at the adventures before us!"

"You are a boy, Will," said Meriwether Lewis, actually smiling now, "and I am glad you are and always will be; because, Will, I never was a boy—I was born old. But, now," he added sharply, as he rose, "a pleasant journey to us both—and the longer the better!"

CHAPTER XIII

UNDER THREE FLAGS

THE day was but beginning for us of the American republic. All the air was vibrant with the passion of youth and romance. Yonder in the West there might be fame and fortune for any man with courage to adventure. The world had not yet settled down to inexorable grooves of life, from which no human soul might fight its way out save at cost of sweetness and content and hope. The chance of one man might still equal that of another—yonder, in that vast new world along the Mississippi, beyond the Mississippi, more than a hundred years ago.

Into that world there now pressed a flowing, seething, restless mass, a new population seeking new avenues of hope and life, of adventure and opportunity. Riflemen, axmen, fighting men, riding men, boatmen, plowmen—they made ever out and on, laughing the Cossack laugh at the mere thought of any man or thing withstanding them.

Over this new world, alert, restless, full of Homeric youth, full of the lust of life and adventure, floated three flags. The old war of France and Spain still smoldered along the great waterway into the South. The flag of Great Britain had withdrawn itself to the North. The flag of our republic had not yet advanced.

Those who made the Western population at that time cared little enough about flags or treaty rights. They concerned themselves rather with possession. Let any who liked observe the laws. The strong made their own laws from day to day, and wrote them in one general codex of adventure and full-blooded, roistering life. The world was young. Buy land? No, why buy it, when taking it was so much more simple and delightful?

Based on this general lust of conquest, this Saxon zeal for new territories, must have been that inspiration of Thomas Jefferson in his venture of the far Northwest.

He saw there the splendid vision of his ideal republic. He saw there a citizenry no longer riotous and roistering, not yet frenzied or hysterical, but strong, sober, and constant. His was a glorious vision. Would God we had fully realized his dream!

There were three flags afloat here or there in the Western country then, and none knew what land rightly belonged under any of the three. Indeed, over the heart of that region now floated all the three banners at the same time—that of Spain, passing but still proud, for a generation actual governor if not actual owner of all the country beyond the Mississippi, so far as it had any government at all; that of France, owner of the one great seaport, New Orleans, settler of the valley for a generation; and that of the new republic only just arriving into the respect of men either of the East or the West—a republic which had till recently exacted respect chiefly through the stark deadliness of its fighting and marching men.

It was a splendid game in which these two boys, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark—they scarcely were more than boys—now were entering. And with the superb unconsciousness and self-trust of youth, they played it with dash and confidence, never doubting their success.

The prediction of William Clark none the less came true. In this matter of flags, autocratic Spain was not disposed to yield. De Lassus, Spanish commandant for so many years, would not let the young travelers go beyond St. Louis, even so far as Charette. He must be sure that his country—which, by right or not, he had ruled so long—had not only been sold by Spain to France, but that the cession had been duly confirmed; and, furthermore, he must be sure that the cession by France to the United States had also been concluded formally.

Traders and trappers had been passing through from the plains country, yes—but this was a different matter. Here was a flotilla under a third flag—it must not pass. Spanish official dignity was not thus to be shaken, not to be hurried. All must wait until the formalities had been concluded.

This delay meant the loss of the entire winter. The two young leaders of the expedition were obliged to make the best of it they could.

Clark formed an encampment in the timbered country across the Mississippi from

St. Louis, and soon had his men comfortably ensconced in cabins of their own building. Meanwhile he picked up more men around the adjacent military posts—Ordway and Howard and Frazer of the New England regiment; Cruzatte, Labiche, Lajeunesse, Drouillard and other voyageurs for watermen. They made a hardy and efficient band.

Upon Captain Lewis devolved most of the scientific work of the expedition. It was necessary for him to spend much time in St. Louis, to complete his store of instruments, to extend his own studies in scientific matters. Perhaps, after all, the success of the expedition was furthered by this delay upon the border.

Twenty-nine men they had on the expedition rolls by spring—forty-five in all, counting assistants who were not officially enrolled. Their equipment for the entire journey out and back, of more than two years in duration, was to cost them not more than twenty-five hundred dollars. A tiny army, a meager equipment, for the taking of the richest empire of the world!

But now this army of a score and a half of men was to witness the lowering before it of two of the greatest flags then known to the world. It already had seen the retirement of that of Great Britain. The wedge which Burr and Merry and Yrujo had so dreaded was now about to be driven home. The country must split apart—Great Britain must fall back to the North—these other powers, France and Spain, must make way to the South and West.

The army of the new republic, under two loyal boys for leaders, pressed forward, not with drums or banners, not with the roll of kettle-drums, not with the pride and circumstance of glorious war. The soldiers of its ranks had not even a uniform—they were clad in buckskin and linsey, leather and fur. They had no trained fashion of march, yet stood shoulder and shoulder together well enough. They were not drilled into the perfection of trained soldiers, perhaps, but each could use his rifle, and knew how far was one hundred yards.

The boats were coming down with furs from the great West—from the Omahas, the Kaws, the Osages. Keel-boats came up from the lower river, mastering a thousand miles and more of that heavy flood to bring back news from New Orleans. Broad-horns and keel-boats and sailboats and river pirogues passed down.

The strange, colorful life of the little capital of the West went on eagerly. St. Louis was happy; Detroit was glum—the fur trade had been split in half. Great Britain had lost—the furs now went out down the Mississippi instead of down the St. Lawrence. A world was in the making and remaking; and over that disturbed and divided world there still floated the three rival flags.

Five days before Christmas of 1803, the flag of France fluttered down in the old city of New Orleans. They had dreaded the fleet of Great Britain at New Orleans—had hoped for the fleet of France. They got a fleet of Americans in flatboats—rude men with long rifles and leathern garments, who came under paddle and oar, and not under sail.

Laussat was the last French commandant in the valley. De Lassus, the Spaniard, holding on to his dignity up the Missouri River beyond St. Louis, still clung to the sovereignty that Spain had deserted. And across the river, in a little row of log cabins, lay the new army with the new flag—an army of twenty-nine men, backed by twenty-five hundred dollars of a nation's hoarded war gold!

It was a time for hope or for despair—a time for success or failure—a time for loyalty or for treason. And that army of twenty-nine men in buckskin altered the map of the world, the history of a vast continent.

While Meriwether Lewis gravely went about his scientific studies, and William Clark merrily went about his dancing with the gay St. Louis belles, when not engaged in drilling his men beyond the river, the winter passed. Spring came. The ice ceased to run in the river, the geese honked northward in millions, the grass showed green betimes.

The men in Clark's encampment were almost mutinous with lust for travel. But still the authorities had not completed their formalities; still the flag of Spain floated over the cross-bars of the gate of the stone fortress, last stronghold of Spain in the valley of our great river.

March passed, and April. Not until the 9th of May, in the year 1804, were matters concluded to suit the punctilio of France and Spain alike. Now came the assured word that the republic of the United States intended to stand on the Louisiana purchase, Constitution or no Constitution—

that the government purposed to take over the land which it had bought. On this point Mr. Jefferson was firm. De Lassus yielded now.

On that May morning the soldiers of Spain manning the fortifications of the old post stood at parade when the drums of the Americans were heard. One company of troops, under command of Captain Stoddard, represented our army of occupation. Our real army of invasion was that in buckskin and linsey and leather—twenty-nine men; whose captain, Meriwether Lewis, was to be our official representative at the ceremony of transfer.

De Lassus choked with emotion as he handed over the keys and the archives which so long had been under his charge.

"Sir," said he, addressing the commander, "I speak for France as well as for Spain. I hand over to you the title from France, as I hand over to you the rule from Spain. Henceforth both are for you. I salute you, gentlemen!"

With the ruffle of the few American drums the transfer was gravely acknowledged. The flag of Spain slowly dropped from the staff where it had floated. That of France took its place, and for one day floated by courtesy over old St. Louis. On the morrow arose a strange new flag—the flag of the United States. It was supported by one company of regulars and by the little army of joint command—the army of Lewis and Clark—twenty-nine enlisted men in leather!

"Time now, at last!" said William Clark to his friend. "Time for us to say farewell! Boats—three of them—are waiting, and my men are itching to see the great plains. What is the latest news in the village, Merne?" he added. "I've not been across there for two weeks."

"News enough," said Meriwether Lewis gravely. "I just have word of the arrival in town of none other than Colonel Aaron Burr."

"The Vice-President of the United States! What does he here? Tell me, is he bound down the river? Is there anything in all this talk I have heard about Colonel Burr? Is he alone?"

"No. I wish he were alone. Will, she is with him—his daughter, Mrs. Alston!"

"Well, what of that? Oh, I know—I know, but why should you meet?"

"How can we help meeting here in the society of this little town, whose people are

like one family? They have been invited by Mr. Chouteau to come to his house—I also am a guest there. Will, what shall I do? It torments me!"

"Oh, tut, tut!" said light-hearted William Clark. "What shall you do? Why, in the first place, pull the frown from your face, Merne. Now, this young lady forsakes her husband, travels—with her father, to be sure, but none the less she travels—along the same trail taken by a certain young man down the Ohio, up the Mississippi, here to St. Louis. Should you call that a torment? Not I! I should flatter myself over it. A torment? Should you call the flowers that change in sweetness as we ride along through the wood a torment? Let them beware of me! I am no respecter of fortune when it comes to a pretty face, my friend. It is mine if it is here, and if I may kiss it—don't rebuke me, Merne! I am full of the joy of life. Woman—the nearest woman—to call her a torment! And you a soldier! I don't blame them. Torment you? Yes, they will, so long as you allow it. Then don't allow it!"

"You preach very well, Will. Of course, I know you don't practise what you preach—who does?"

"Well, perhaps! But, seriously, why take life so hard, Merne? Why don't you relax—why don't you swim with the current for a time? We live but once. Tell me, do you think there was but one woman made for each of us men in all the world? My faith, if that be true, I have had more than my share, I fear, as I have passed along! But even when it comes to marrying and settling down to hoeing an acre of corn-land and raising a shoat or two for the family—tell me, Merne, what woman does a man marry? Doesn't he marry the one at hand—the one that is ready and waiting? Do you think fortune would always place the one woman in the world ready for the one man at the one time, just when the hoeing and the shoat-raising was to the fore? It is absurd, man! Nature dares not take such chances—and does not."

Lewis did not answer his friend's jesting argument.

"Listen, Merne," Clark went on. "The memory of a kiss is better than the memory of a tear. No, listen, Merne! The print of a kiss is sweet as water of a spring when you are athirst. And the spring shows none the worse for the taste of heaven it gave you. Lips and water alike—they tell

no tales. They are goods the gods gave us as part of life. But the great thirst—the great thirst of a man for power, for deeds, for danger, for adventure, for accomplishment—ah, that is ours, and that is harder to slake, I am thinking! A man's deeds are his life. They tell the tale."

"His deeds! Yes, you are right, they do, indeed, tell the tale. Let us hope the reckoning will stand clean at last."

"Merne, you are a soldier, not a preacher."

"Will, you are neither—you are only a boy!"

CHAPTER XIV

THE RENT IN THE ARMOR

AARON BURR came to St. Louis in the spring of 1804 as much in desperation as with definite plans. Matters were going none too well for him. All the time he was getting advices from the lower country, where lay the center of his own audacious plans; but the thought of the people was directed westward, up the Missouri.

The fame of the Lewis and Clark expedition now had gathered volume. Constitution or no Constitution, the purchase of Louisiana had been completed, the transfer had been formally made. The American wedge was driving on through. If ever he was to do anything for his own enterprise, it was now high time.

Burr's was a mind to see to the core of any problem in statecraft. He knew what this sudden access of interest in the West indicated, so far as his plans were concerned. It must be stopped—else it would be too late for any dream of Aaron Burr for an empire of his own.

His resources were dwindling. He needed funds for the many secret agents in his employ—needed yet more funds for the purchase and support of his lands in the South. And the minister of Great Britain had given plain warning that unless this expedition up the Missouri could be stopped, no further aid need be hoped from him.

Little by little Burr saw hope slip away from him. True, Captain Lewis was still detained by his duties among the Osage Indians, a little way out from the city; but the main expedition had actually started.

William Clark, occupied with the final details, did not finally get his party under

way until five days after the formal transfer of the new territory of Louisiana to our flag, and three days after Burr's arrival. At last, however, on the 14th of May, the three boats had left St. Louis wharf, with their full complement of men and the last of the supplies aboard for the great voyage. Captain Clark, ever light-hearted and careless of his spelling-book, if not of his rifle, says it was "a jentle brease" which aided the oars and the squaresail as they started up the river.

Assuredly the bark of Aaron Burr was sailing under no propitious following wind. Distracted, he paced up and down his apartment in the home where he was a guest, preoccupied, absorbed, almost ready to despair. He spoke but little, but time and again he cast an estimating eye upon the young woman who accompanied him.

"You are ill, Theodosia!" he exclaimed at last. "Come, come, my daughter, this will not do! Have you no arts of the toilet that can overcome the story of your megrims? Shall I get you some sort of bitter herbs? You need your brightest face, your best apparel now. These folk of St. Louis must see us at our best, my dear, our very best. Besides—"

He needed not to complete the sentence. Theodosia Alston knew well enough what was in her father's mind—knew well enough why they both were here. It was because she would not have come alone. And she knew that the burden of the work they had at heart must once more lie upon her shoulders. She once more must see Captain Meriwether Lewis—and it must be soon, if ever. He was reported as being ready to leave town at once upon his return from the Osage Indians.

But courtesy did not fail the young Virginian, and at last—although with dread in his own heart—within an hour of his actual departure, he called to pay his compliments to guests so distinguished as these, to a man so high in rank under the government which he himself served. He found it necessary to apologize for his garb, suited rather to the trail than to the drawing-room. He stood in the hall of the Chouteau home, a picture of the soldier of the frontier rather than the courtier of the capital.

His three-cornered military hat, his blue uniform coat—these made the sole formality of his attire, for his feet were moccasined, his limbs were clad in tight-fitting

buckskins, and his shirt was of rough linsey, suitable for the work ahead.

"I ask your pardon, Colonel Burr," said he, "for coming to you as I am, but the moment for my start is now directly at hand. I could not leave without coming to present my duties to you and Mrs. Alston. Indeed, I have done so at once upon my return to town. I pray you carry back to Mr. Jefferson my sincerest compliments. Say to him, if you will, that we are setting forth with high hopes of success."

Formal, cold, polite—it was the one wish of Captain Lewis to end this interview as soon as he might, and to leave all sleeping dogs lying as they were.

But Aaron Burr planned otherwise. His low, deep voice was never more persuasive, his dark eye never more compelling—nor was his bold heart ever more in trepidation than now, as he made excuse for delay—delay—delay.

"My daughter, Mrs. Alston, will join us presently," he said. "So you are ready, Captain Lewis?"

"We are quite prepared, Colonel Burr. My men are on ahead two days' journey, camped at St. Charles, and waiting for me to overtake them. Dr. Saugrain, Mr. Chouteau, Mr. Labadie—one or two others of the gentlemen in the city—are so kind as to offer me a convoy of honor so far as St. Charles. We are quite flattered. So now we start—they are waiting for me at the wharf now, and I must go. All bridges are burned behind me!"

"All bridges burned?"

The deep voice of Aaron Burr almost trembled. His keen eye searched the face of the young man before him.

"Every one," replied the young Virginian. "I do not know how or when I may return. Perhaps Mr. Clark or myself may come back by sea—should we ever reach the sea. We can only trust to Providence."

He was bowing and extending his own hand in farewell, with polite excuses as to his haste—relieved that his last ordeal had been spared him. He turned, as he felt rather than heard the approach of another, whose coming caused his heart almost to stop beating—the woman dreaded and demanded by every fiber of his being.

"Oh, not so fast, not so fast!" laughed Theodosia Alston as she came into the room, offering her hand. "I heard you talking, and have been hurrying to pretty myself up for Captain Lewis. What? Were you try-

ing to run away without ever saying good-by to me? And how you are prettied up!"

Her gaze, following her light speech, resolved itself into one of admiration. Theodosia Alston, as she looked, found him a goodly picture as he stood ready for the trail.

"I was just going, yes," stammered Meriwether Lewis. "I had hoped—" But what he had hoped he did not say.

"Why might we not walk down with you to the wharf, if you are so soon to go?" she demanded—her own self-control concealing any disappointment she may have felt at her cavalier reception.

"An excellent idea!" said Aaron Burr, backing his daughter's hand, and trusting to her to have some plan. "A warrior must spend his last word with some woman, captain! Go you on ahead—I surrender my daughter to you, and I shall follow presently to bid you a last Godspeed. You said those other gentlemen were to join you there?"

Meriwether Lewis found himself walking down the narrow street of the frontier settlement, between the lines of hollyhocks and budding roses which fronted many of the little residences. It was spring, the air was soft. He was young. The woman at his side was very beautiful. So far as he could see they were alone.

They passed along the street, turned, made their way down the rock-faced bluff to the water-front; but still they were alone. All St. Louis was at the farther end of the wharf, waiting for a last look at the idol of the town.

Theodosia sighed.

"And so Captain Lewis is going to have his way as usual? And he was going—in spite of all—even without saying good-by to me!"

"Yes, I would have preferred that."

"Captain Lewis is mad. Look at that river! They say that when the boat started last week it took them an hour to make a quarter of a mile, when they struck into the Missouri. How may thousands of hours will it take to ascend to the mountains? How will you get your boats across the mountains? What cascades and rapids lie on ahead? Your men will mutiny and destroy you. You cannot succeed—you will fail!"

"I thank you, madam!"

"Oh, you must start now, I presume—in fact, you have started; but I want you to

come back before your obstinacy has driven you too far."

"Just what do you mean?"

"Listen. You have given me no time, unkind as you are—not a moment—at an hour like this! In these unsettled times, who knows what may happen? In that very unsettlement lies the probable success of the plan which my father and I have put before you so often. We need you to help us. When are you going to come back to us, Merne?"

As she spoke, they were approaching the long wharf along the water-front, lined with rude craft which plied the rivers at that time—flatboats, keel-boats, pirogues, canoes—and, far off at the extremity of the line, the boat which Lewis and his friends were to take. A party of idlers and observers stood about it even now. The gaze of the young leader was fixed in that direction. He did not make any immediate sign that he had heard her speech.

"I told Shannon, my aid, to meet me here," he said at last. "He was to fetch my long spy-glass. There are certain little articles of my equipment over yonder in the wharf shed. Would you excuse me for just a moment?"

He stooped at the low door and entered. But she followed him—followed after him unconsciously, without plan, feeling only that he must not go, that she could not let him away from her.

She saw the light floating through the door fall on his sunny hair, long, loosely bagged in its cue. She saw the quality of his strong figure, in all the fittings of a frontiersman, saw his stern face, his troubled eye, saw the unconscious strength which marked his every movement as he strode about, eager, as it seemed to her, only to be done with his last errands, and away on that trail which so long had beckoned to him.

The strength of the man, the strength of his purpose—the sudden and full realization of both—this caught her like a tangible thing, and left her no more than the old, blind, unformed protest. He must not go! She could not let him go!

But the words she had spoken had caught him, after all. He had been pondering—had been trying to set them aside as if unheard.

"Coming back?" he began, and stopped short once more. They were now both within the shelter of the old building.

"Yes, Merne!" she broke out suddenly. "When are you coming back to me, Merne?"

He stood icy silent, motionless, for just a moment. It seemed to her as if he was made of stone. Then he spoke very slowly, deliberately.

"Coming back to *you*? And you call me by that name? Only my mother, Mr. Jefferson, and Will Clark ever did so."

"Oh, stiff-necked man! It is so hard to be kind with you! And all I have ever done—every time I have followed you in this way, each time I have humiliated myself thus—it always was only in kindness for you!"

He made no reply.

"Fate ran against us, Merne," she went on tremblingly. "We have both accepted fate. But in a woman's heart are many mansions. Is there none in a man's—in yours—for me? Can't I ask a place in a good man's heart—an innocent, clean place? Oh, think not you have had all the unhappiness in your own heart! Is all the world's misery yours? I don't want you to go away, Merne, but if you do—if you must—won't you come back? Oh, won't you, Merne?"

Her voice was trembling, her hand half raised, her eyes sought after him. She stood partly in shadow, the flare of light from the open door falling over her face. She might have been some saint of old in pictured guise; but she was a woman, alive, beautiful, delectable, alluring—especially now, with this tone in her voice, this strangely beseeching look in her eyes.

Her hands were almost lifted to be held out to him. She stood almost inclined to him, wholly unconscious of her attitude, forgetting that her words were imploring, remembering only that he was going.

He seemed not to hear her voice as he stood there, but somewhere, as if out of some savage past, a voice did speak to him, saying that when a man is sore athirst, then a man may drink—that the well-spring would not miss the draft, and would tell no tale of it!

He stood, as many another man has stood, and fought the fight many another man has fought—the fight between man the primitive and man the gentleman, chivalry contending with impulse, blood warring with breeding.

"Yes!" so said the voice in his ear. "Why should the spring grudge a draft to

a soul aflame with an undying thirst? Vows? What have vows to do with this? Duty? What is duty to a man perishing?"

These, these—all the old arguments of dishonor—made themselves heard to him now—all the old temptations, all the old specious pleas.

Yes, it was the last sight he would ever have of her. After this, whatever had been in his mind to say to her must remain forever unspoken. Whatever was in his heart for her must be given now or never. Was it right—was it possible that this might not be?

A single, little chance word, a nickname of endearment—that was what did it. That little spark, dropped almost by chance, worked its havoc in the tremendous magazine of this man's nature.

"Merne!" she had said.

What she wrought with that one word was madness. Speaking thus unthinkingly, striking thus blindly, she had won. She had found the weak place in this man's armor—had struck him through his strength!

"To you? Come back to *you*! Ah, would God I never had to leave you!"

That is what Meriwether Lewis thought he was saying, when he tried to speak; but really he did not make articulate speech at all. For a moment only meaningless sounds came from him; but at length he did say brokenly:

"Theo—Theo!"

The flood of his pent nature had burst forth at last—the stern control of a mighty soul was gone.

In a flash he caught her in his arms, held her, kissed her—kissed her once!—the imprint of soul on soul, life on life, stern, masterful, as if the time had come, the great hour for both of them; and indeed it was their great hour.

But he started back, his arms half spread, arrested as they had fallen away from her unprotesting body. She stood motionless, herself now a woman of stone, speechless, her face white. She tottered, trembled, looked about for some support; and as he hastened to her once more he saw the tears come.

She wept without a sob, without a cry, her face white, the tears welling strongly from her eyes, from her soul—her hands clasped above her bosom. She did not sob—only those blistering tears came from her soul. She wept as a child does when hurt

by something it has trusted—silently, with grief too great for voice.

As for him, he stood accused and convicted of sacrilege. He had forsworn the God of his fathers, had left his own creed. He had lifted his hand to what was another's. He had sinned against the law!

Ah, too late he saw all the speciousness of those arguments of lips and the spring! He could see his kiss flaming on her lips now—never would they cease to reproach him.

"Oh, God, what have I done? Theo, I have wronged you! I never thought this could have been. How did it come?"

She did not speak, and he went on trying—with his trembling hands—to dry her tears.

"Forgive me, Theo, oh, forgive me!" he was whispering. "It was not I—I do not know what it was. Something passed by—something with mighty wings—I know not what it was. I heard it. I felt it. Forgive me, it was not I myself! Oh, Theo, what have I done?"

She could not speak, could not even sob. Neither horror nor resentment was possible

for her, nor any protest, save the tears which welled silently, terribly.

Unable longer to endure this, Meriwether Lewis turned to leave behind him his last hope of happiness, and to face alone what he now felt to be the impenetrable night of his own destiny. He never knew when his hands fell from Theodosia Alston's face, or when he turned away; but at least he felt himself walking, forcing his head upright, his face forward.

He passed, a tall, proud man in his half-savage trappings—a man in full ownership of splendid physical powers; but as he walked his feet were lead, his heart was worse than lead. And though his face was turned away from her, he knew that always he would see what he had left—this picture of Theodosia weeping—this picture of a saint mocked, of an altar desecrated. She wept, and it was because of him.

The dumb cry of his remorse, his despair, must have struck back to where she still stood, her hands on her bosom, staring at him as he passed:

"Theo! Theo! What have I done? What have I done?"

(The second and concluding part of "The Magnificent Adventure" will appear in MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE for May.)

WHITHER?

This is the road—there is no other—

Where, caught and sprinkled with its shower of blood,
The wayside dust in little heaps
Lies moistened, while the flood,
Trailing and gathering ever, steep
The seedling grass. Our way, my brother!

This is the road—there is no turning;

Our way lies thro' the trampled corn
And black, ungarnered harvest sheaves.
The cricket chirps its note forlorn;
The swallow by the ruined caves
Dips high and low in plaintive yearning.

This is the road—straight on before us,

Lit in the dusk by shooting stars of death,
To where a blinding smoke enshrouds
The plain, and where with fiery breath
The shrapnel rips the sunset clouds.
March on, with song and chorus!

The road—the quiet finger pointing

Our path! With shining gaze and head erect,
With roll of drum and flag unfurled,
With leap of pulse and nerve unchecked
March in the search-light of the world!
Sure of the kiss of God's anointing!

Bertha Fordyce